James E Hamill

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THE WORKS OF

THOMAS CARLYLE

IN THIRTY VOLUMES

VOL. XII

HISTORY OF FREDERICK THE GREAT

I

Frederick the Great.

THOMAS CARLYLE

HISTORY
OF
FRIEDRICH II. OF PRUSSIA
CALLED
FREDERICK THE GREAT

IN EIGHT VOLUMES

VOLUME I

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME I

PAGE
INTRODUCTION xi

BOOK I

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE, 1712

CHAP.
I. PROEM: FRIEDRICH'S HISTORY FROM THE DISTANCE WE ARE AT 1
  1. Friedrich then, and Friedrich now, p. 4.
  2. Eighteenth Century, 8.
  3. English Prepossessions, 10.
  4. Encouragements, Discouragements, 15.
II. FRIEDRICH'S BIRTH 20
III. FATHER AND MOTHER: THE HANOVERIAN CONNEXION 23
IV. FATHER'S MOTHER 34
V. KING FRIEDRICH I. 44

BOOK II

OF BRANDENBURG AND THE HOHENZOLLERNS, 928-1417

I. BRANNIBOR: HENRY THE FOWLER 55
II. PREUSSEN: SAINT ADALBERT 63
III. MARKGRAVES OF BRANDENBURG 69
  End of the First Shadowy Line, p. 69.
  Second Shadowy Line, 70.
  Substantial Markgraves: Glimpse of the Contemporary Kaisers, 72.

2170

CHAP. PAGE

IV. ALBERT THE BEAR 74

V. CONRAD OF HOHENZOLLERN, AND KAISER BARBAROSSA 80

Conrad has become Burggraf of Nürnberg (A.D. 1170), p. 84.
Of the Hohenzollern Burggraves generally, 87.

VI. THE TEUTSCH RITTERS, OR TEUTONIC ORDER . . 90

Head of Teutsch Order moves to Venice, p. 92.
Teutsch Order itself goes to Preussen, 94.
The stuff Teutsch Ritters were made of. Conrad of Thüringen: Saint Elizabeth; Town of Marburg, 99.

VII. MARGRAVIATE OF CULMBACH: BAIREUTH, ANSPACH . 103

Burggraf Friedrich III., and the Anarchy of Nineteen Years, p. 106.
Kaiser Rudolf and Burggraf Friedrich III., 110.

VIII. ASCANIER MARKGRAVES IN BRANDENBURG . . . 112

Of Berlin City, p. 113.
Margraf Otto IV., or Otto with the Arrow, 114.

IX. BURGGRAF FRIEDRICH IV.. 117

Contested Elections in the Reich: Kaiser Albert I., after whom Six Non-Hapsburg Kaisers, p. 118.
Of Kaiser Henry VII. and the Luxemburg Kaisers, 121.
Henry's Son Johann is King of Bohemia; and Ludwig the Bavarian, with a Contested Election, is Kaiser, 123.

X. BRANDENBURG LAPSES TO THE KAISER . . . 128

XI. BAVARIAN KURFURSTS IN BRANDENBURG . . . 132

A Resuscitated Ascanier; the False Waldemar, p. 133.
Margaret with the Pouch-mouth, 135.

XII. BRANDENBURG IN KAISER KARL'S TIME: END OF THE BAVARIAN KURFURSTS. 139

End of Resuscitated Waldemar; Kurfürst Ludwig sells out, p. 141.
Second, and then Third and Last, of the Bavarian Kurfürsts in Brandenburg, 143.

XIII. LUXEMBURG KURFURSTS IN BRANDENBURG . . 144

CHAP. PAGE
XIV. Burggraf Friedrich vi. 146

Sigismund is Kurfürst of Brandenburg, but is King of Hungary also, p. 148.
Cousin Jobst has Brandenburg in Pawn, 150.
Brandenburg in the hands of the Pawnbrokers; Rupert of the Pfalz is Kaiser, 152.
Sigismund, with a struggle, becomes Kaiser, 154.
Brandenburg is pawned for the last time, 157.
The Seven Intercalary or Non-Hapsburg Kaisers, 160.

BOOK III

THE HOHENZOLLERNS IN BRANDENBURG, 1412-1713

I. Kurfurst Friedrich i. 162

II. Matinees du Roi de Prusse 167

III. Kurfurst Friedrich ii. 172

IV. Kurfurst Albert Achilles, and his Successor . 179

Johann the Cicero is Fourth Kurfürst, and leaves Two notable Sons, p. 184.

V. Of the Baireuth-Anspach Branch . . . 187

Two Lines in Culmbach or Baireuth-Anspach: the Gera Bond of 1598, p. 188.
The Elder Line of Culmbach; Friedrich and his Three notable Sons there, 191.
Friedrich's Second Son, Margraf George of Anspach, 193.

VI. Hochmeister Albert, Third notable Son of Friedrich 203

VII. Albert Alcibiades 213

VIII. Historical Meaning of the Reformation . . 219

IX. Kurfurst Joachim i. 223

Of Joachim's Wife and Brother-in-law, p. 224.

CHAP. PAGE
X. KURFURST JOACHIM II. 229

Joachim gets Co-infeftment in Preussen, p. 235.
Joachim makes 'Heritage-Brotherhood' with the Duke of Leignitz, 235.

XI. SEVENTH KURFURST, JOHANN GEORGE . . . 241

XII. OF ALBERT FRIEDRICH, THE SECOND DUKE OF PREUSSEN 244

Of Duke Albert Friedrich's Marriage: who his Wife was, and what her possible Dowry, p. 246.
Margraf George Friedrich comes to Preussen, to administer, 249.

XIII. NINTH KURFURST, JOHANN SIGISMUND . . . 252

How the Cleve Heritage dropped, and many sprang to pick it up, p. 253.
The Kaiser's Thoughts about it, and the World's, 257.

XIV. SYMPTOMS OF A GREAT WAR COMING . . . 259

First Symptom; Donauwörth, 1608, p. 259.
Second Symptom; Seizure of Jülich by the Kaiser, and Siege and Recapture of it by the Protestant parties, 1610. Whereupon 'Catholic League,' to balance Evangelical Union, 261.
Symptom Third; a Dinner-scene at Düsseldorf, 1613; Spaniards and Dutch shoulder-arms in Cleve, 263.
Symptom Fourth, and Catastrophe upon the heels of it, 267.
What became of the Cleve-Jülich Heritage, and of the Preussen one, 269.

XV. TENTH KURFURST, GEORGE WILHELM . . . 271

XVI. THIRTY-YEARS WAR 274

Second Act, or Epoch, 1624-1629. A second Uncle put to the Ban, and Pommern snatched away, p. 276.
Third Act, and what the Kurfürst suffered in it, 279.

XVII. DUCHY OF JAGERNDORF 283

Duke of Jägerndorf, Elector's Uncle, is put under Ban, p. 283.

CHAP. PAGE

XVIII. Friedrich Wilhelm, the Great Kurfurst, Eleventh of the Series 286

What became of Pommern at the Peace; final Glance into Cleve-Jülich, p. 289.
The Great Kurfürst's Wars; what he achieved in War and Peace, 290.

XIX. King Friedrich I. again 303

How Austria settled the Silesian Claims, p. 304.
His real Character, 307.

XX. Death of King Friedrich I. 310

The Twelve Hohenzollern Electors, p. 316.
Genealogical Diagram; the Two Culmbach Lines, 318.

BOOK IV

FRIEDRICH'S APPRENTICESHIP, FIRST STAGE, 1713-1723

I. Childhood; Double Educational Element . . 319

First Educational Element, the French one, p. 320.

II. The German Element 326

Of the Dessauer, not yet 'Old,' p. 327.

III. Friedrich Wilhelm is King 334

IV. His Majesty's Ways 347

V. Friedrich Wilhelm's One War 355

The Devil in harness: Creutz the Finance-Minister, p. 367.

VI. The Little Drummer 370

VII. Transit of Czar Peter 375

VIII. The Crown-Prince is put to his Schooling . . 385

IX. Wusterhausen 398

CHAP. PAGE
X. THE HEIDELBERG PROTESTANTS 404

Of Kur-Pfalz Karl Philip: How he got a Wife long since, and did Feats in the World, p. 405.
Karl Philip and his Heidelberg Protestants, 408.
Friedrich Wilhelm's Method;—proves remedial in Heidelberg, 411.
Prussian Majesty has displeased the Kaiser and the King of Poland, 413.
There is an absurd Flame of War, blown out by Admiral Byng; and a new Man of Genius announces himself to the dim Populations, 416.

XI. OF THE CROWN-PRINCE'S PROGRESS IN HIS SCHOOLING 418

The Noltenius-and-Panzendorf Drill-exercise, p. 423.

XII. CROWN-PRINCE FALLS INTO DISFAVOUR WITH PAPA . 426

XIII. RESULTS OF THE CROWN-PRINCE'S SCHOOLING . . 430

MAP

CLEVE-JULICH, BAIREUTH-ANSPACH . . . *at page* 252

LIST OF PLATES

FREDERICK THE GREAT . . . . . *frontispiece*
CHARLES XII. . . . . *at page* 359
THE LITTLE DRUMMER . . . . . „ 370

INTRODUCTION

The vast historical project which was in its execution to occupy nearly the whole remaining portion of Carlyle's working life may first have suggested itself to him as early as 1844, a good many years, that is to say, before it took definite shape as a determined plan. For, as we know from his distinguished biographer, it was in 1844 that he first came across Preuss's work upon Frederick, and he had thoughts of an expedition to Berlin after finishing *Cromwell.* In the interval, however, between the birth of his conception and the beginnings of his attempt to realise it, he had still much literary work to do. It was during these years that he published the *Latter Day Pamphlets,* the most vehemently controversial of all his writings, and the *Life of Sterling,* which, on the other hand, is perhaps the one among them all which divides readers the least. Not until this last-named volume had been got off his hands did he at length resolve upon undertaking the great biography and settle resolutely down to the collection and arrangement of his mountainous materials. From that time forth until the appearance of the last volume—fourteen years later—his life, according to his own incessant complaints, was a continuous martyrdom, in which Mrs. Carlyle too often involuntarily shared. It was at the end of 1851 that he set seriously to work, commencing by six months of steady reading, during which he cut himself almost entirely from his wife's society, and was only at last driven from his seclusion by the 'maddening' noise of the workmen engaged in the repairs of his house. A tour in Germany followed in the autumn of 1852, and, returning enriched with fresh materials for his biography, Carlyle applied himself doggedly to his task in

London throughout the whole of the next two years. Nor indeed till the autumn of the year following does he seem to have allowed himself any respite from his labours. In August 1855, however, and at intervals in 1856, we find him indulging in occasional holidays; but in the winter of the latter year, he again buried himself among his books at Chelsea and took another long spell of work in the 'sound-proof' room which he had erected at the top of his house. In July 1857 the first chapters of *Frederick* were at last getting into print, and in the autumn of 1858 he again visited Germany on a tour of inspection of the historic scenes of the Seven Years' War, thus enabling himself to combine the fine dramatic quality of his battle-pieces with a technical and scientific accuracy which has earned for his *Frederick the Great* a well-merited place among the text-books of German military students. He returned to England in September 1858, and a little later—that is to say, more than seven years after the commencement of the work—its first two volumes were given to the world. Its success was immediate, and considering its subject, remarkable, four thousand copies being sold before the end of the year. The third volume appeared in 1862, the fourth in 1864, and the fifth and sixth, by which the great work was brought to a conclusion, in 1865.

To call in question the merits of this colossal biography would be of course absurd. Even were it not informed—one cannot perhaps say throughout, but in many brilliant passages and pages—by Carlyle's extraordinary genius, it would yet remain a monument of historical industry and acumen, and an achievement on which, though it stood alone, the most ambitious of historians might be well content to rest his fame. We cannot even say that, with due allowance made where allowance is due, it is in any way inferior in execution to its author's lofty standard of literary workmanship. Emerson, as quoted by Mr. Leslie Stephen, pronounced it 'the wittiest book in the world,' and it is certainly rich in the inimitable humour of the mind which gave it birth.

Still it cannot be denied that the work is guilty of a double offence against the canons of proportion. Great as was the part played by Frederick II. in the history of his country, and indirectly in that of Europe, it can hardly be contended that it deserved treatment at such portentous length. Nor, even if such a contention were tenable, can it be admitted that the various parts of this monumental structure stand in due relation to each other. The biographer unquestionably dwells at excessive length on the parentage and upbringing of his hero, and takes an unconscionable time in getting to close quarters with the real subject of his narrative. The early years and training of Frederick, and the stern experiences of his youth, had, no doubt, an important bearing on his future career, which indeed would be hardly intelligible without a somewhat full account not only of his predecessor's work of military organisation, but of the singularly though undesignedly fortifying discipline to which he subjected his son. But Carlyle lingers beyond all tolerable measure over his minute portrait of the brutal old grenadier, and his readiness in excuse or palliation of Frederick William's half-insane excesses of savagery, is not only irritating in itself, but, worse still, is apt to beget a not unnatural distrust of his advocacy when he comes to deal with the more questionable passages of his hero's life.

The general dimensions, however, of the '*Frederick*,' and even the undue elaboration of its preliminaries, were determined by causes which it is not difficult to indicate. Carlyle had always been too apt to write both history and biography in the spirit of the denunciatory political prophet, and the habit had grown upon him with years. The spirit in question may almost be said to have dictated his choice of a subject. His enthusiasm for the founder of the Prussian Monarchy was partly factitious; indeed if certain reported remarks may be taken as seriously meant, he had in reality no very high opinion of Vater Fritz. But, unsatisfactory though he was as a hero in one sense of the word, he served Carlyle's turn well enough in another. When Carlyle speaks of Frederick as the last specimen of the King ('King, König, Canning, Able-Man, 'one who kens or cans'), his eulogies must be taken with some reservation. All that can fairly be said of Frederick in the character of the 'Hero as King,' is that he was a good enough stick to beat the dog of Democracy withal. Carlyle was just then in his most contentious mood. The *Latter-day Pamphlets* had, as has been said, aroused vehement protest. He had a feeling that it had set the world against him, and he became daily more and more convinced that he had been cast by destiny for the *rôle* of Athanasius. This is hardly the spirit in which to look about for a subject of biography, and certainly if a writer is to select a hero with a special view to using his biography for a temporary polemical purpose, it is just as well that he should not plan his work on such a scale as to make it last him the remainder of his life. But no doubt it was the selection which determined the plan, and it was the mass of biographical detail which German industry, German formlessness, and German inartistic lack of perception for the inessential had accumuluted round the hero, which made the choice so fatal a one. It was not exactly a free choice either. Theoretically speaking, any born 'leader of men,' any one of the figures, for instance, whom he had robed and crowned as ideal rulers in his lectures on Hero-Worship, would have answered that temporary polemical purpose to which he eventually made so gigantic a sacrifice. But practically he found on examination that none of them would do. 'He thought of Ireland,' writes the late Professor Nichol, 'but that was too burning a subject; of William the Conqueror, of Simon de Montfort, the Norsemen, the Cid; but these may have seemed to him too remote. Why, ask patriotic Scotsmen, did he not take up his and their favourite Knox? But Knox's life had been fairly handled by M'Crie, and Carlyle would have found it hard to adjust his treatment of that essentially national hero to the exodus from Houndsditch. Luther might have been an apter theme; but there too it would have been a strain to steer clear of theological controversy, of which he had had enough. Napoleon was at heart too much of a *gamin* for his taste. Looking over Prussia in more recent times, he concluded 'that the Prussian monarchy had been the centre of modern stability, and that it had been made so by its actual creator Frederick II. called the Great.' And thus it was that he found himself at last, spade in hand, before that Titanic midden, that 'Pelion laid on Ossa of Prussian Dryasdust,' which in the result it took him fourteen mortal years to dig through.

Merely to have played the 'Golden Dustman' to this huge pile of biographical refuse; merely to have 'screened' and sifted it with such resolute and untiring labour; to have extricated, stored, arranged, labelled and catalogued its buried treasures, and to have carted away the mass of superincumbent rubbish, to be 'shot' once for all in its proper limbo of oblivion—this alone would have been a great and valuable work. But seeing that to this Carlyle has added the construction of a magnificently imposing, if imperfectly proportioned, museum, for the safe custody and perpetual preservation of the recovered treasures, it might seem ungracious to grudge the long years that were consumed on the accomplishment of the work. Regret only awakens when we turn away from what we have gained—no doubt a quite indefensible proceeding—to consider what we have lost; to reflect on the matchless excellence and perfect adequacy of so many of Carlyle's shorter pieces; and mentally to enumerate all those memorable events in the world's history which have waited in vain to hear their story told as he alone could tell it, all those its epic figures who might be living for us now with the full and vivid life of a Mirabeau or a Cromwell, had not he who of all men was best fitted to play their *vates sacer* been 'otherwise engaged.'

H. D. TRAILL.

BOOK I

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE

1712

CHAPTER I

PROEM: FRIEDRICH'S HISTORY FROM THE DISTANCE WE ARE AT

About fourscore years ago, there used to be seen sauntering on the terraces of Sans Souci, for a short time in the afternoon, or you might have met him elsewhere at an earlier hour, riding or driving in a rapid business manner on the open roads or through the scraggy woods and avenues of that intricate amphibious Potsdam region, a highly interesting lean little old man, of alert though slightly stooping figure; whose name among strangers was King *Friedrich the Second*, or Frederick the Great of Prussia, and at home among the common people, who much loved and esteemed him, was *Vater Fritz*,—Father Fred,—a name of familiarity which had not bred contempt in that instance. He is a King every inch of him, though without the trappings of a King. Presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vesture: no crown but an old military cocked-hat,—generally old, or trampled and kneaded into absolute *softness*, if new;—no sceptre but one like Agamemnon's, a walking-stick cut from the woods, which serves also as a riding-stick (with which he hits the horse 'between the ears,' say authors);—and for royal robes, a mere soldier's blue coat with red facings, coat likely to be old, and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it; rest of the apparel dim, unobtrusive in colour or cut, ending in high over-knee military boots, which may be brushed (and, I hope, kept soft with an underhand suspicion of oil), but are not permitted to be blackened or varnished; Day and Martin with their soot-pots forbidden to approach.

The man is not of godlike physiognomy, any more than of imposing stature or costume: close-shut mouth with thin lips, prominent jaws and nose, receding brow, by no means of Olympian height; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative gray eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man; nor yet, by all appearance, what is called a happy. On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, as they are termed, of much hard labour done in this world; and seems to anticipate nothing but more still coming. Quiet stoicism, capable enough of what joy there were, but not expecting any worth mention; great unconscious and some conscious pride, well tempered with a cheery mockery of humour,—are written on that old face; which carries its chin well forward, in spite of the slight stoop about the neck; snuffy nose rather flung into the air, under its old cocked-hat,—like an old snuffy lion on the watch; and such a pair of eyes as no man or lion or lynx of that Century bore elsewhere, according to all the testimony we have. 'Those eyes,' says Mirabeau, 'which, at the bidding of his great soul, fascinated you with seduction or with terror (*portaient, au gré de son âme héroïque, la séduction ou la terreur*).'[1] Most excellent potent brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, stedfast as the sun; gray, we said, of the azure-gray colour; large enough, not of glaring size; the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidity resting on depth. Which is an excellent combination; and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance springing from some great inner sea of light and fire in the man. The voice, if he speak to you, is of similar physiognomy: clear, melodious and sonorous; all tones are in it, from that of ingenuous inquiry, graceful sociality, light-flowing banter (rather prickly for most part) up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation; a voice 'the clearest and most agreeable in conversation I ever heard,' says witty Dr. Moore.[1] 'He speaks a great deal,' continues the doctor; 'yet those who hear him, regret that he does not speak a good deal more. His observations are always lively, very often just; and few men possess the talent of repartee in greater perfection.'

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[1] Mirabeau, *Histoire Secrète de la Cour de Berlin*, Lettre 28^{me} (24 Septembre 1786), p. 128 (in edition of Paris, 1821).

Just about threescore and ten years ago,[2] his speakings and his workings came to finis in this World of Time; and he vanished from all eyes into other worlds, leaving much inquiry about him in the minds of men;—which, as my readers and I may feel too well, is yet by no means satisfied. As to his speech, indeed, though it had the worth just ascribed to it and more, and though masses of it were deliberately put on paper by himself, in prose and verse, and continue to be printed and kept legible, what he spoke has pretty much vanished into the inane; and except as record or document of what he did, hardly now concerns mankind. But the things he did were extremely remarkable; and cannot be forgotten by mankind. Indeed, they bear such fruit to the present hour as all the Newspapers are obliged to be taking note of, sometimes to an unpleasant degree. Editors vaguely account this man the 'Creator of the Prussian Monarchy'; which has since grown so large in the world, and troublesome to the Editorial mind in this and other countries. He was indeed the first who, in a highly public manner, notified its creation; announced to all men that it was, in very deed, created; standing on its feet there, and would go a great way, on the impulse it had got from him and others. As it has accordingly done; and may still keep doing to lengths little dreamt of by the British Editor in our time; whose prophesyings upon Prussia, and insights into Prussia, in its past, or present or future, are truly as yet inconsiderable, in proportion to the noise he makes with them! The more is the pity for him,—and for myself too in the Enterprise now on hand.

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[1] Moore, *View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany* (London, 1779), ii. 246.

[2] A.D. 1856,—17th August 1786.

It is of this Figure, whom we see by the mind's eye in those Potsdam regions, visible for the last time seventy years ago, that we are now to treat, in the way of solacing ingenuous human curiosity. We are to try for some Historical Conception of this Man and King; some answer to the questions, 'What was he, then? Whence, how? And what did he achieve and suffer in the world?'—such answer as may prove admissible to ingenuous mankind, especially such as may correspond to the Fact (which stands there, abstruse indeed, but actual and unalterable), and so be sure of admissibility one day.

An Enterprise which turns out to be, the longer one looks at it, the more of a formidable, not to say unmanageable nature! Concerning which, on one or two points, it were good, if conveniently possible, to come to some preliminary understanding with the reader. Here, flying on loose leaves, are certain incidental utterances, of various date: these, as the topic is difficult, I will merely label and insert, instead of a formal Discourse, which were too apt to slide into something of a Lamentation, or otherwise take an unpleasant turn.

1. *Friedrich then, and Friedrich now*

This was a man of infinite mark to his contemporaries; who had witnessed surprising feats from him in the world; very questionable notions and ways, which he had contrived to maintain against the world and its criticisms. As an original man has always to do; much more an original ruler of men. The world, in fact, had tried hard to put him down, as it does, unconsciously or consciously, with all such; and after the most conscious exertions, and at one time a dead-lift spasm of all its energies for Seven Years, had not been able. Principalities and powers, Imperial, Royal, Czarish, Papal, enemies innumerable as the sea-sand, had risen against him, only one helper left among the world's Potentates (and that one only while there should be help rendered in return); and he led them all such a dance as had astonished mankind and them.

No wonder they thought him worthy of notice. Every original man of any magnitude is;—nay, in the long-run, who or what else is? But how much more if your original man was a king over men; whose movements were polar, and carried from day to day those of the world along with them. The Samson Agonistes,—were his life passed like that of Samuel Johnson in dirty garrets, and the produce of it only some bits of written paper,—the Agonistes, and how he will comport himself in the Philistine mill; this is always a spectacle of truly epic and tragic nature. The rather, if your Samson, royal or other, is not yet blinded or subdued to the wheel; much more if he vanquish his enemies, *not* by suicidal methods, but march out at last flourishing his miraculous fighting implement, and leaving their mill and them in quite ruinous circumstances. As this King Friedrich fairly managed to do.

For he left the world all bankrupt, we may say; fallen into bottomless abysses of destruction; he still in a paying condition, and with footing capable to carry his affairs and him. When he died, in 1786, the enormous Phenomenon since called FRENCH REVOLUTION was already growling audibly in the depths of the world; meteoric-electric coruscations heralding it, all round the horizon. Strange enough to note, one of Friedrich's last visitors was Gabriel Honoré Riquetti, Comte de Mirabeau. These two saw one another; twice, for half an hour each time. The last of the old Gods and the first of the modern Titans;—before Pelion leapt on Ossa; and the foul Earth taking fire at last, its vile mephitic elements went up in volcanic thunder. This also is one of the peculiarities of Friedrich, that he is hitherto the last of the Kings; that he ushers-in the French Revolution, and closes an Epoch of World-History. Finishing-off forever the trade of King, think many; who have grown profoundly dark as to Kingship and him.

The French Revolution may be said to have, for about half a century, quite submerged Friedrich, abolished him from the memories of men; and now on coming to light again, he is found defaced under strange mud-incrustations, and the eyes of mankind look at him from a singularly changed, what we must call oblique and perverse, point of vision. This is one of the difficulties in dealing with his History;—especially if you happen to believe both in the French Revolution and in him; that is to say, both that Real Kingship is eternally indispensable, and also that the destruction of Sham Kingship (a frightful process) is occasionally so.

On the breaking-out of that formidable Explosion, and Suicide of his Century, Friedrich sank into comparative obscurity; eclipsed amid the ruins of that universal earthquake, the very dust of which darkened all the air, and made of day a disastrous midnight. Black midnight, broken only by the blaze of conflagrations;—wherein, to our terrified imaginations, were seen, not men, French and other, but ghastly portents, stalking wrathful, and shapes of avenging gods. It must be owned the figure of Napoleon was titanic; especially to the generation that looked on him, and that waited shuddering to be devoured by him. In general, in that French Revolution, all was on a huge scale; if not greater than anything in human experience, at least more grandiose. All was recorded in bulletins, too, addressed to the shilling-gallery; and there were fellows on the stage with such a breadth of sabre, extent of whiskerage, strength of windpipe, and command of men and gunpowder, as had never been seen before. How they bellowed, stalked and flourished about; counterfeiting Jove's thunder to an amazing degree! Terrific Drawcansir figures, of enormous whiskerage, unlimited command of gunpowder; not without sufficient ferocity, and even a certain heroism, stage-heroism, in them; compared with whom, to the shilling-gallery, and frightened excited theatre at large, it seemed as if there had been no generals or sovereigns before; as if Friedrich, Gustavus, Cromwell, William Conqueror and Alexander the Great were not worth speaking of henceforth.

All this, however, in half a century is considerably altered. The Drawcansir equipments getting gradually torn off, the natural size is seen better; translated from the bulletin style into that of fact and history, miracles, even to the shilling-gallery, are not so miraculous. It begins to be apparent that there lived great men before the era of bulletins and Agamemnon. Austerlitz and Wagram shot away more gunpowder,—gunpowder probably in the proportion of ten to one, or a hundred to one; but neither of them was tenth-part such a beating to your enemy as that of Rossbach, brought about by strategic art, human ingenuity and intrepidity, and the loss of 165 men. Leuthen, too, the battle of Leuthen (though so few English readers ever heard of it) may very well hold up its head beside any victory gained by Napoleon or another. For the odds were not far from three to one; the soldiers were of not far from equal quality; and only the General was consummately superior, and the defeat a destruction. Napoleon did indeed, by immense expenditure of men and gunpowder, overrun Europe for a time: but Napoleon never, by husbanding and wisely expending his men and gunpowder, defended a little Prussia against all Europe, year after year for seven years long, till Europe had enough, and gave-up the enterprise as one it could not manage. So soon as the Drawcansir equipments are well torn off, and the shilling-gallery got to silence, it will be found that there were great kings before Napoleon,—and likewise an Art of War, grounded on veracity and human courage and insight, not upon Drawcansir rodomontade, grandiose Dick-Turpinism, revolutionary madness, and unlimited expenditure of men and gunpowder. 'You may paint with a very big brush, and yet not be a great painter,' says a satirical friend of mine! This is becoming more and more apparent, as the dust-whirlwind, and huge uproar of the last generation, gradually dies away again.

2. *Eighteenth Century*

One of the grand difficulties in a History of Friedrich is, all along, this same, That he lived in a Century which has no History and can have little or none. A Century so opulent in accumulated falsities,—sad opulence descending on it by inheritance, always at compound interest, and always largely increased by fresh acquirement on such immensity of standing capital;—opulent in that bad way as never Century before was! Which had no longer the consciousness of being false, so false had it grown; and was so steeped in falsity, and impregnated with it to the very bone, that—in fact the measure of the thing was full, and a French Revolution had to end it. To maintain much veracity in such an element, especially for a king, was no doubt doubly remarkable. But now, how extricate the man from his Century? How show the man, who is a Reality worthy of being seen, and yet keep his Century, as a Hypocrisy worthy of being hidden and forgotten, in the due abeyance?

To resuscitate the Eighteenth Century, or call into men's view, beyond what is necessary, the poor and sordid personages and transactions of an epoch so related to us, can be no purpose of mine on this occasion. The Eighteenth Century, it is well known, does not figure to me as a lovely one; needing to be kept in mind, or spoken of unnecessarily. To me the Eighteenth Century has nothing grand in it, except that grand universal Suicide, named French Revolution, by which it terminated its otherwise most worthless existence with at least one worthy act;—setting fire to its old home and self; and going up in flames and volcanic explosions, in a truly memorable and important manner. A very fit termination, as I thankfully feel, for such a Century. Century spendthrift, fraudulent-bankrupt; gone at length utterly insolvent, without real *money* of performance in its pocket, and the shops declining to take hypocrisies and speciosities any farther:—what could the poor Century do, but at length admit, 'Well, it is so. I am a swindler-century, and have long been; having learned the trick of it from my father and grandfather; knowing hardly any trade but that in false bills, which I thought foolishly might last forever, and still bring at least beef and pudding to the favoured of mankind. And behold it ends; and I am a detected swindler, and have nothing even to eat. What remains but that I blow my brains out, and do at length one true action?' Which the poor Century did; many thanks to it, in the circumstances.

For there was need once more of a Divine Revelation to the torpid frivolous children of men, if they were not to sink altogether into the ape condition. And in that whirlwind of the Universe,—lights obliterated, and the torn wrecks of Earth and Hell hurled aloft into the Empyrean; black whirlwind, which made even apes serious, and drove most of them mad,—there was, to men, a voice audible; voice from the heart of things once more, as if to say: 'Lying is not permitted in this Universe. The wages of lying, you behold, are death. Lying means damnation in this Universe; and Beelzebub, never so elaborately decked in crowns and mitres, is *not* God! This was a revelation truly to be named of the Eternal, in our poor Eighteenth Century; and has greatly altered the complexion of said Century to the Historian ever since.

Whereby, in short, that Century is quite confiscate, fallen bankrupt, given up to the auctioneers;—Jew-brokers sorting out of it at this moment, in a confused distressing manner, what is still valuable or saleable. And, in fact, it lies massed up in our minds as a disastrous wrecked inanity, not useful to dwell upon; a kind of dusky chaotic background, on which the figures that had some veracity in them,—a small company, and ever growing smaller as our demands rise in strictness,—are delineated for us.—'And yet it is the Century of our own Grandfathers?' cries the reader. Yes, reader! truly. It is the ground out of which we ourselves have sprung; whereon now we have our immediate footing, and first of all strike down our roots for nourishment;—and, alas, in large sections of the practical world, it (what we specially mean by *it*) still continues flourishing all round us! To forget it quite is not yet possible, nor would be profitable. What to do with it, and its forgotten fooleries and 'Histories,' worthy only of forgetting?—Well: so much of it as by nature *adheres*; what of it cannot be disengaged from our Hero and his operations: approximately so much, and no more! Let that be our bargain in regard to it.

3. *English Prepossessions*

With such wagonloads of Books and Printed Records as exist on the subject of Friedrich, it has always seemed possible, even for a stranger, to acquire some real understanding of him;—though practically, here and now, I have to own, it proves difficult beyond conception. Alas, the Books are not cosmic, they are chaotic; and turn out unexpectedly void of instruction to us. Small use in a talent of writing, if there be not first of all the talent of discerning, of loyally recognising; of discriminating what is to be written! Books born mostly of Chaos,—which want all things, even an *Index*,—are a painful object. In sorrow and disgust, you wander over those multitudinous Books: you dwell in endless regions of the superficial, of the nugatory: to your bewildered sense it is as if no insight into the real heart of Friedrich and his affairs were anywhere to be had. Truth is, the Prussian Dryasdust, otherwise an honest fellow, and not afraid of labour, excels all other Dryasdusts yet known; I have often sorrowfully felt as if there were not in Nature, for darkness, dreariness, immethodic platitude, anything comparable to him. He writes big Books wanting in almost every quality; and does not even give an *Index* to them. He has made of Friedrich's History a wide-spread, inorganic, trackless matter; dismal to your mind, and barren as a continent of Brandenburg sand!—Enough, he could do no other: I have striven to forgive him. Let the reader now forgive me; and think sometimes what probably my raw-material was!—

Curious enough, Friedrich lived in the Writing Era,—morning of that strange Era which has grown to such a noon for us;—and his favourite society, all his reign, was with the literary or writing sort. Nor have they failed to write about him, they among the others, about him and about him; and it is notable how little real light, on any point of his existence or environment, they have managed to communicate. Dim indeed, for most part a mere epigrammatic sputter of darkness visible, is the 'picture' they have fashioned to themselves of Friedrich and his Country and his Century. Men not 'of genius,' apparently? Alas, no; men fatally destitute of true eyesight, and of loyal heart first of all. So far as I have noticed, there was not, with the single exception of Mirabeau for one hour, any man to be called of genius, or with an adequate power of human discernment, that ever personally looked on Friedrich. Had many such men looked successively on his History and him, we had not found it now in such a condition. Still altogether chaotic as a History; fatally destitute even of the Indexes and mechanical appliances: Friedrich's self, and his Country, and his Century, still undeciphered; very dark phenomena, all three, to the intelligent part of mankind.

In Prussia there has long been a certain stubborn though planless diligence in digging for the outward details of Friedrich's Life-History; though as to organising them, assorting them, or even putting labels on them; much more as to the least interpretation or human delineation of the man and his affairs,—you need not inquire in Prussia. In France, in England, it is still worse. There an immense ignorance prevails even as to the outward facts and phenomena of Friedrich's life; and instead of the Prussian no-interpretation, you find, in these vacant circumstances, a great promptitude to interpret. Whereby judgments and prepossessions exist among us on that subject, especially on Friedrich's character, which are very ignorant indeed.

To Englishmen, the sources of knowledge or conviction about Friedrich, I have observed, are mainly these two. *First*, for his Public Character: it was an all-important fact, not to *it*, but to this country in regard to it, That George II., seeing good to plunge head-foremost into German Politics, and to take Maria Theresa's side in the Austrian-Succession War of 1740-48,—needed to begin by assuring his Parliament and Newspapers, profoundly dark on the matter, that Friedrich was a robber and villain for taking the other side. Which assurance, resting on what basis we shall see by and by, George's Parliament and Newspapers cheerfully accepted, nothing doubting. And they have reëchoed and reverberated it, they and the rest of us, ever since, to all lengths, down to the present day; as a fact quite agreed upon, and the preliminary item in Friedrich's character. Robber and villain to begin with; that was one settled point.

Afterwards when George and Friedrich came to be allies, and the grand fightings of the Seven-Years War took place, George's Parliament and Newspapers settled a second point, in regard to Friedrich: 'One of the greatest soldiers ever born.' This second item the British Writer fully admits ever since: but he still adds to it the quality of robber, in a loose way;—and images to himself a royal Dick Turpin, of the kind known in Review-Articles, and Disquisitions on Progress of the Species, and labels it *Frederick*; very anxious to collect new babblement of lying Anecdotes, false Criticisms, hungry French Memoirs, which will confirm him in that impossible idea. Had such proved, on survey, to be the character of Friedrich, there is one British Writer whose curiosity concerning him would pretty soon have died away; nor could any amount of unwise desire to satisfy that feeling in fellow-creatures less seriously disposed have sustained him alive, in those baleful Historic Acherons and Stygian Fens, where he has had to dig and to fish so long, far away from the upper light!—Let me request all readers to blow that sorry chaff entirely out of their minds; and to believe nothing on the subject except what they get some evidence for.

Second English source relates to the Private Character. Friedrich's Biography or Private Character, the English, like the French, have gathered chiefly from a scandalous libel by Voltaire, which used to be called *Vie Privée du Roi de Prusse* (Private Life of the King of Prussia):[1] libel undoubtedly written by Voltaire, in a kind of fury; but not intended to be published by him; nay burnt and annihilated, as he afterwards imagined. No line of which, that cannot be otherwise proved, has a right to be believed; and large portions of which *can* be proved to be wild exaggerations and perversions, or even downright lies,—written in a mood analogous to the Frenzy of John Dennis. This serves for the Biography or Private Character of Friedrich; imputing all crimes to him, natural and unnatural;—offering indeed, if combined with facts otherwise known, or even if well considered by itself, a thoroughly flimsy, incredible and impossible image. Like that of some flaming Devil's Head, done in phosphorus on the walls of the black-hole, by an Artist whom you had locked-up there (not quite without reason) overnight.

Poor Voltaire wrote that *Vie Privée* in a state little inferior to the Frenzy of John Dennis,—how brought about we shall see by and by. And this is the Document which English readers are surest to have read, and tried to credit as far as possible. Our counsel is, Out of window with it, he that would know Friedrich of Prussia! Keep it a while, he that would know François Arouet de Voltaire, and a certain numerous unfortunate class of mortals, whom Voltaire is sometimes capable of sinking to be spokesman for, in this world!—Alas, go where you will, especially in these irreverent ages, the noteworthy Dead is sure to be found lying under infinite dung, no end of calumnies and stupidities accumulated upon him. For the class we speak of, class of 'flunkies doing *saturnalia* below stairs,' is numerous, is innumerable; and can well remunerate a 'vocal flunky' that will serve their purposes on such an occasion!—

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[1] First printed, from a stolen copy, at Geneva, 1784; first proved to be Voltaire's (which some of his admirers had striven to doubt), Paris, 1788; stands avowed ever since, in all the Editions of his Works (ii. 9-113 of the Edition by Baudouin Frères, 97 vols., Paris 1825-1834), under the title *Mémoires pour servir à la Vie de M. de Voltaire*,—with patches of repetition in the thing called *Commentaire Historique*, which follows *ibid.* at great length.

Friedrich is by no means one of the perfect demigods; and there are various things to be said against him with good ground. To the last, a questionable hero; with much in him which one could have wished not there, and much wanting which one could have wished. But there is one feature which strikes you at an early period of the inquiry, That in his way he is a Reality; that he always means what he speaks; grounds his actions, too, on what he recognises for the truth; and, in short, has nothing whatever of the Hypocrite or Phantasm. Which some readers will admit to be an extremely rare phenomenon.

We perceive that this man was far indeed from trying to deal swindler-like with the facts around him; that he honestly recognised said facts wherever they disclosed themselves, and was very anxious also to ascertain their existence where still hidden or dubious. For he knew well, to a quite uncommon degree, and with a merit all the higher as it was an unconscious one, how entirely inexorable is the nature of facts, whether recognised or not, ascertained or not; how vain all cunning of diplomacy, management and sophistry, to save any mortal who does *not* stand on the truth of things, from sinking, in the long-run. Sinking to the very Mudgods, with all his diplomacies, possessions, achievements; and becoming an unnameable object, hidden deep in the Cesspools of the Universe. This I hope to make manifest; this which I long ago discerned for myself, with pleasure, in the physiognomy of Friedrich and his life. Which indeed was the first real sanction, and has all along been my inducement and encouragement, to study his life and him. How this man, officially a King withal, comported himself in the Eighteenth Century, and managed *not* to be a Liar and Charlatan as his Century was, deserves to be seen a little by men and kings, and may silently have didactic meanings in it.

He that was honest with his existence has always meaning for us, be he king or peasant. He that merely shammed and grimaced with it, however much, and with whatever noise and trumpet-blowing, he may have cooked and eaten in this world, cannot long have any. Some men do *cook* enormously (let us call it *cooking*, what a man does in obedience to his *hunger* merely, to his desires and passions merely),—roasting whole continents and populations, in the flames of war or other discord;—witness the Napoleon above spoken of. For the appetite of man in that respect is unlimited; in truth, infinite; and the smallest of us could eat the entire Solar System, had we the chance given, and then cry, like Alexander of Macedon, because we had no more Solar Systems to cook and eat. It is not the extent of the man's cookery that can much attach me to him; but only the man himself, and what of strength he had to wrestle with the mud-elements, and what of victory he got for his own benefit and mine.

4. *Encouragements, Discouragements*

French Revolution having spent itself, or sunk in France and elsewhere to what we see, a certain curiosity reawakens as to what of great or manful we can discover on the other side of that still troubled atmosphere of the Present and immediate Past. Curiosity quickened, or which should be quickened, by the great and all-absorbing question, How is that same exploded Past ever to settle down again? Not lost forever, it would appear: the New Era has not annihilated the old eras: New Era could by no means manage that;—never meant that, had it known its own mind (which it did not): its meaning was and is, to get its own well out of them; to readapt, in a purified shape, the old eras, and appropriate whatever was true and *not* combustible in them: that was the poor New Era's meaning, in the frightful explosion it made of itself and its possessions, to begin with!

And the question of questions now is: What part of that exploded Past, the ruins and dust of which still darken all the air, will continually gravitate back to us; be reshaped, transformed, readapted, that so, in new figures, under new conditions, it may enrich and nourish us again? What part of it, *not* being incombustible, has actually gone to flame and gas in the huge world-conflagration, and is now *gaseous*, mounting aloft; and will know no beneficence of gravitation, but mount, and roam upon the waste winds forever,—Nature so ordering it, in spite of any industry of Art? This is the universal question of afflicted mankind at present; and sure enough it will be long to settle.

On one point we can answer: Only what of the Past was *true* will come back to us. That is the one *asbestos* which survives all fire, and comes out purified; that is still ours, blessed be Heaven, and only that. By the law of Nature, nothing more than that; and also, by the same law, nothing less than that. Let Art struggle how it may, for or against,—as foolish Art is seen extensively doing in our time,—there is where the limits of it will be. In which point of view, may not Friedrich, if he was a true man and King, justly excite some curiosity again; nay some quite peculiar curiosity, as the last Crowned Reality there was antecedent to that general outbreak and abolition? To many it appears certain there are to be no Kings of any sort, no Government more; less and less need of them henceforth, New Era having come. Which is a very wonderful notion; important if true; perhaps still more important, just at present, if untrue! My hopes of presenting, in this Last of the Kings, an exemplar to my contemporaries, I confess, are not high.

On the whole, it is evident the difficulties to a History of Friedrich are great and many: and the sad certainty is at last forced upon me that no good Book can, at this time, especially in this country, be written on the subject. Wherefore let the reader put up with an indifferent or bad one; he little knows how much worse it could easily have been!—Alas, the Ideal of History, as my friend Sauerteig knows, is very high; and it is not one serious man, but many successions of such, and whole serious generations of such, that can ever again build up History towards its old dignity. We must renounce ideals. We must sadly take up with the mournfulest barren realities;—dismal continents of Brandenburg sand, as in this instance; mere tumbled mountains of marine-stores, without so much as an Index to them!

Has the reader heard of Sauerteig's last batch of *Springwurzeln*, a rather curious valedictory Piece? 'All History is an imprisoned Epic, nay an imprisoned Psalm and Prophecy,' says Sauerteig there. I wish, from my soul, he had *dis*imprisoned it in this instance! But he only says, in magniloquent language, how grand it would be if disimprisoned;—and hurls out, accidentally striking on this subject, the following rough sentences, suggestive though unpractical, with which I shall conclude:

'Schiller, it appears, at one time thought of writing an *Epic Poem upon Friedrich the Great*, "upon some action of Friedrich's," Schiller says. Happily Schiller did not do it. By oversetting fact, disregarding reality, and tumbling time and space topsyturvy, Schiller with his fine gifts might no doubt have written a temporary "epic poem," of the kind read and admired by many simple persons. But that would have helped little, and could not have lasted long. It is not the untrue imaginary Picture of a man and his life that I want from my

Schiller, but the actual natural Likeness, true as the face itself, nay *truer*, in a sense. Which the Artist, if there is one, might help to give, and the Botcher (*Pfuscher*) never can! Alas, and the Artist does not even try it; leaves it altogether to the Botcher, being busy otherwise!—

'Men surely will at length discover again, emerging from these dismal bewilderments in which the modern Ages reel and stagger this long while, that to them also, as to the most ancient men, all Pictures that cannot be credited are—Pictures of an idle nature; to be mostly swept out of doors. Such veritably, were it never so forgotten, is the law! Mistakes enough, lies enough will insinuate themselves into our most earnest portrayings of the True: but that we should, deliberately and of forethought, rake together what we know to be not true, and introduce that in the hope of doing good with it? I tell you, such practice was unknown in the ancient earnest times; and ought again to become unknown except to the more foolish classes!' That is Sauerteig's strange notion, not now of yesterday, as readers know:—and he goes then into 'Homer's Iliad,' the 'Hebrew Bible,' 'terrible Hebrew *veracity* of every line of it'; discovers an alarming 'kinship of Fiction to lying'; and asks, If anybody can compute 'the damage we poor moderns have got from our practices of fiction in Literature itself, not to speak of awfully higher provinces? Men will either see into all this by and by,' continues he; 'or plunge head foremost, in neglect of all this, whither they little dream as yet!—

'But I think all real *Poets*, to this hour, are Psalmists and Iliadists after their sort; and have in them a divine impatience of lies, a divine incapacity of living among lies. Likewise, which is a corollary, that the highest Shakspeare producible is properly the fittest Historian producible;—and that it is frightful to see the *Gelehrte Dummkopf*' (what we here may translate, *Dryasdust*) 'doing the function of History, and the Shakspeare and the Goethe neglecting it. "Interpreting events"; interpreting the universally visible, entirely *in*dubitable Revelation of the Author of this Universe: how can Dryasdust interpret such things, the dark chaotic dullard, who knows the meaning of nothing cosmic or noble, nor ever will know? Poor wretch, one sees what kind of meaning *he* educes from Man's History, this long while past, and has got all the world to believe of it along with him. Unhappy Dryasdust, thrice-unhappy world that takes Dryasdust's reading of the ways of God! But what else was possible? They that could have taught better were engaged in fiddling; for which there are good wages going. And our damage therefrom, our *damage*,—yes, if thou be still human and not cormorant,—perhaps it will transcend all Californias, English National Debts, and show itself incomputable in continents of Bullion!—

'Believing that mankind are not doomed wholly to dog-like annihilation, I believe that much of this will mend. I believe that the world will not always waste its inspired men in mere fiddling to it. That the man of rhythmic nature will feel more and more his vocation towards the Interpretation of Fact; since only in the vital centre of that, could we once get thither, lies all real melody; and that he will become, he, once again the Historian of events,—bewildered Dryasdust having at last the happiness to be his servant, and to have some guidance from him. Which will be blessed indeed. For the present, Dryasdust strikes me like a hapless Nigger gone masterless: Nigger totally unfit for self-guidance; yet without master good or bad; and whose feats in that capacity no god or man can rejoice in.

'History, with faithful Genius at the top and faithful Industry at the bottom, will then be capable of being written. History will then actually *be* written,—the inspired gift of God employing itself to illuminate the dark ways of God. A thing thrice-pressingly needful to be done! Whereby the modern Nations may again become a little less godless, and again have their "epics" (of a different from the Schiller sort), and again have several things they are still more fatally in want of at present!'—

So that, it would seem, there *will* gradually among mankind, if Friedrich last some centuries, be a real Epic made of his History? That is to say (presumably), it will become a perfected Melodious Truth, and duly significant and duly beautiful bit of Belief, to mankind; the essence of it fairly evolved from all the chaff, the portrait of it actually given, and its real harmonies with the laws of this Universe brought out, in bright and dark, according to the God's Fact as it *was*; which poor Dryasdust and the Newspapers never could get sight of, but were always far from!—

Well, if so,—and even if not quite *so*,—it is a comfort to reflect that every true worker (who has blown away chaff etc.), were his contribution no bigger than my own, may have brought the good result *nearer* by a handbreadth or two. And so we will end these preludings, and proceed upon our Problem, courteous reader.

CHAPTER II

FRIEDRICH'S BIRTH

Friedrich of Brandenburg-Hohenzollern, who came by course of natural succession to be Friedrich II. of Prussia, and is known in these ages as Frederick the Great, was born in the palace of Berlin, about noon, on the 24th of January 1712. A small infant, but of great promise or possibility; and thrice and four times welcome to all sovereign and other persons in the Prussian Court, and Prussian realms, in those cold winter days. His Father, they say, was like to have stifled him with his caresses, so overjoyed was the man; or at least to have scorched him in the blaze of the fire; when happily some much suitabler female nurse snatched this little creature from the rough paternal paws,—and saved it for the benefit of Prussia and mankind. If Heaven will but please to grant it length of life! For there have already been two little Princekins, who are both dead; this Friedrich is the fourth child; and only one little girl, wise Wilhelmina, of almost too sharp wits, and not too vivacious aspect, is otherwise yet here of royal progeny. It is feared the Hohenzollern lineage, which has flourished here with such beneficent effect for three centuries now, and been in truth the very making of the Prussian Nation, may be about to fail, or pass into some side branch. Which change, or any change in that respect, is questionable, and a thing desired by nobody.

Five years ago, on the death of the first little Prince, there had surmises risen, obscure rumours and hints, that the Princess Royal, mother of the lost baby, never would have healthy children, or even never have a child more: upon which, as there was but one other resource,—a widowed Grandfather, namely, and except the Prince Royal no son to him,—said Grandfather, still only about fifty, did take the necessary steps: but they have been entirely unsuccessful; no new son or child, only new affliction, new disaster has resulted from that third marriage of his. And though the Princess Royal has had another little Prince, that too has died within the year;—killed, some say on the other hand, by the noise of the cannon firing for joy over it![1] Yes; and the first baby Prince, these same parties farther say, was crushed to death by the weighty dress you put upon it at christening time, especially by the little crown it wore, which had left a visible black mark upon the poor soft infant's brow! In short, it is a questionable case; undoubtedly a questionable outlook for Prussian mankind; and the appearance of this little Prince, a third trump-card in the Hohenzollern game, is an unusually interesting event. The joy over him, not in Berlin Palace only, but in Berlin City, and over the Prussian Nation, was very great and universal;—still testified in

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[1] Förster, *Friedrich Wilhelm I., König von Preussen* (Potsdam, 1834), i. 126 (who quotes Morgenstern, a contemporary reporter). But see also Preuss, *Friedrich der Grosse mit seinen Verwandten und Freunden* (Berlin, 1838), pp. 379-80.

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manifold dull, unreadable old pamphlets, records official and volunteer,—which were then all ablaze like the bonfires, and are now fallen dark enough, and hardly credible even to the fancy of this new Time.

The poor old Grandfather, Friedrich I. (the first *King* of Prussia),—for, as we intimate, he was still alive, and not very old, though now infirm enough, and laden beyond his strength with sad reminiscences, disappointments and chagrins,—had taken much to Wilhelmina, as she tells us;[1] and would amuse himself whole days with the pranks and prattle of the little child. Good old man: he, we need not doubt, brightened up into unusual vitality at sight of this invaluable little Brother of hers; through whom he can look once more into the waste dim future with a flicker of new hope. Poor old man: he got his own back half-broken by a careless nurse letting him fall; and has slightly stooped ever since, some fifty and odd years now: much against his will; for he would fain have been beautiful; and has struggled all his days, very hard if not very wisely, to make his existence beautiful,—to make it magnificent at least, and regardless of expense;—and it threatens to come to little. Courage, poor Grandfather: here is a new second edition of a Friedrich, the first having gone off with so little effect: this one's back is still unbroken, his life's seedfield not yet filled with tares and thorns: who knows but Heaven will be kinder to this one? Heaven was much kinder to this one. Him Heaven had kneaded of more potent stuff: a mighty fellow this one, and a strange; related not only to the Upholsteries and Heralds' Colleges, but to the Sphere-harmonies and the divine and demonic powers; of a swift far-darting nature this one, like an Apollo clad in sunbeams and in lightnings (after his sort); and with a back which all the world could not succeed in breaking!—Yes, if, by most rare chance, this were indeed a new man of genius, born into the purblind rotting Century, in the acknowledged rank of a king there,—man of genius, that is to say, man of originality and veracity; capable of seeing with his eyes, and incapable of not believing what he sees;—then truly!—But as yet none knows; the poor old Grandfather never knew.

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[1] *Mémoires de Frédérique Sophie Wilhelmine de Prusse, Margrave de Bareith, Sœur de Frédéric-le-Grand* (London, 1812), i. 5.

Meanwhile they christened the little fellow, with immense magnificence and pomp of apparatus; Kaiser Karl, and the very Swiss Republic being there (by proxy), among the gossips; and spared no cannon-volleyings, kettle-drummings, metal crown, heavy cloth-of-silver, for the poor soft creature's sake; all of which, however, he survived. The name given him was Karl Friedrich (Charles Frederick); *Karl* perhaps, and perhaps also not, in delicate compliment to the chief gossip, the above-mentioned Kaiser, Karl or Charles VI.? At any rate, the *Karl*, gradually or from the first, dropped altogether out of practice, and went as nothing: he himself, or those about him, never used it; nor, except in some dim English pamphlet here and there, have I met with any trace of it. Friedrich (*Rich*-in-*Peace*, a name of old prevalence in the Hohenzollern kindred), which he himself wrote *Frédéric* in his French way, and at last even *Fédéric* (with a very singular sense of euphony), is throughout, and was, his sole designation.

Sunday 31st January 1712, age then precisely one week: then, and in this manner, was he ushered on the scene, and labelled among his fellow-creatures. We must now look round a little; and see, if possible by any method or exertion, what kind of scene it was.

CHAPTER III

FATHER AND MOTHER: THE HANOVERIAN CONNEXION

FRIEDRICH WILHELM, Crown-Prince of Prussia, son of Friedrich I. and Father of this little infant, who will one day be

Friedrich II., did himself make some noise in the world as second King of Prussia; notable not as Friedrich's father alone; and will much concern us during the rest of his life. He is, at this date, in his twenty-fourth year: a thick-set, sturdy, florid, brisk young fellow; with a jovial laugh in him, yet of solid grave ways, occasionally somewhat volcanic; much given to soldiering, and out-of-door exercises, having little else to do at present. He has been manager, or, as it were, Vice-King, on an occasional absence of his Father; he knows practically what the state of business is; and greatly disapproves of it, as is thought. But being bound to silence on that head, he keeps silence, and meddles with nothing political. He addicts himself chiefly to mustering, drilling and practical military duties, while here at Berlin; runs out, often enough, wife and perhaps a comrade or two along with him, to hunt, and take his ease, at Wusterhausen (some fifteen or twenty miles[1] southeast of Berlin), where he has a residence amid the woody moorlands.

But soldiering is his grand concern. Six years ago, summer 1706,[2] at a very early age, he went to the wars,—grand Spanish-Succession War, which was then becoming very fierce in the Netherlands; Prussian troops always active on the Marlborough-Eugene side. He had just been betrothed, was not yet wedded; thought good to turn the interim to advantage in that way. Then again, spring 1709, after his marriage and after his Father's marriage, 'the Court being full of intrigues,' and nothing but silence recommendable there, a certain renowned friend of his, Leopold, Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, of whom we shall yet hear a great deal,—who, still only about thirty, had already covered himself with laurels in those wars (Blenheim, Bridge of Casano, Lines of Turin, and other glories), but had now got into intricacies with the weaker sort, and was out of command,—agreed with Friedrich

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[1] English miles,—as always unless the contrary be stated. The German *Meile* is about five miles English; German *Stunde* about three.

[2] Förster, i. 116.

Wilhelm that it would be well to go and serve there as volunteers, since not otherwise.[1] A Crown-Prince of Prussia, ought he not to learn soldiering, of all things; by every opportunity? Which Friedrich Wilhelm did, with industry; serving zealous apprenticeship under Marlborough and Eugene, in this manner; plucking knowledge, as the bubble reputation, and all else in that field has to be plucked, from the cannon's mouth. Friedrich Wilhelm kept by Marlborough, now as formerly; friend Leopold being commonly in Eugene's quarter, who well knew the worth of him, ever since Blenheim and earlier. Friedrich Wilhelm saw hot service, that campaign of 1709; siege of Tournay, and far more;—stood, among other things, the fiery Battle of Malplaquet, one of the terriblest and deadliest feats of war ever done. No want of intrepidity and rugged soldier-virtue in the Prussian troops or their Crown-Prince; least of all on that terrible day, 11th September 1709;—of which he keeps the anniversary ever since, and will do all his life, the doomsday of Malplaquet always a memorable day to him.[2] He is more and more intimate with Leopold, and loves good soldiering beyond all things. Here at Berlin he has already got a regiment of his own, tallish fine men; and strives to make it in all points a very pattern of a regiment.

For the rest, much here is out of joint, and far from satisfactory to him. Seven years ago[3] he lost his own brave Mother and her love; of which we must speak farther by and by. In her stead he has got a fantastic, melancholic, ill-natured Stepmother, with whom there was never any good to be done; who in fact is now fairly mad, and kept to her own apartments. He has to see here, and say little, a chagrined heartworn Father flickering painfully amid a scene much filled with expensive futile persons, and their extremely pitiful cabals and mutual rages; scene chiefly of pompous inanity, and the art of solemnly and with great labour doing nothing. Such waste of labour and of means: what can one do but be silent? The other year, Preussen (*Prussia* Proper, province lying far eastward, out of sight) was sinking under pestilence and black ruin and despair: the Crown-Prince, contrary to wont, broke silence, and begged some dole or subvention for these poor people; but there was nothing to be had. Nothing in the treasury, your Royal Highness:—Preussen will shift for itself; sublime dramaturgy, which we call his Majesty's Government, costs so much! And Preussen, mown away by death, lies much of it vacant ever since; which has completed the Crown-Prince's disgust; and, I believe, did produce some change of ministry, or other ineffectual expedient, on the old Father's part. Upon which the Crown-Prince locks up his thoughts again. He has confused whirlpools, of Court-intrigues, ceremonials, and troublesome fantasticalities, to steer amongst; which he much dislikes, no man more; having an eye and heart set on the practical only, and being in mind as in body something of the genus *robustum*, of the genus *ferox* withal. He has been wedded six years; lost two children, as we saw; and now again he has two living.

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[1] Varnhagen von Ense, *Fürst Leopold von Anhalt-Dessau* (in *Biographische Denkmale*, 2d edition, Berlin, 1845), p. 185. *Thaten und Leben des weltberühmten Fürstens Leopoldi von Anhalt-Dessau* (Leipzig, 1742), p. 73. Förster, i. 129.

[2] Förster, i. 138.

[3] 1st February 1705.

His wife, Sophie Dorothee of Hanover, is his cousin as well. She is brother's-daughter of his Mother, Sophie Charlotte: let the reader learn to discriminate these two names. Sophie Charlotte, late Queen of Prussia, was also of Hanover: she probably had sometimes, in her quiet motherly thought, anticipated this connexion for him, while she yet lived. It is certain Friedrich Wilhelm was carried to Hanover in early childhood: his Mother,—that Sophie Charlotte, a famed Queen and lady in her day, Daughter of Electress Sophie, and Sister of the George who became George I. of England by and by,—took him thither; some time about the beginning of 1693, his age then five; and left him there on trial;

alleging, and expecting, he might have a better breeding there. And this, in a Court where Electress Sophie was chief lady, and Elector Ernst, fit to be called Gentleman Ernst,[1] the politest of men, was chief lord,—and where Leibnitz, to say nothing of lighter notabilities, was flourishing,—seemed a reasonable expectation. Nevertheless, it came to nothing, this articulate purpose of the visit; though perhaps the deeper silent purposes of it might not be quite unfulfilled.

Gentleman Ernst had lately been made 'Elector' (*Kurfürst*, instead of *Herzog*),—his Hanover no longer a mere sovereign Duchy, but an Electorate henceforth, new '*Ninth* Electorate,' by Ernst's life-long exertion and good luck;—which has spread a fine radiance, for the time, over court and people in those parts; and made Ernst a happier man than ever, in his old age. Gentleman Ernst and Electress Sophie, we need not doubt, were glad to see their burly Prussian grandson,—a robust, rather mischievous boy of five year old;—and anything that brought her Daughter oftener about her (an only Daughter too, and one so gifted) was sure to be welcome to the cheery old Electress, and her Leibnitz and her circle. For Sophie Charlotte was a bright presence, and a favourite with sage and gay.

Uncle George again, '*Kurprinz* Georg Ludwig' (Electoral Prince and Heir-Apparent), who became George I. of England; he, always a taciturn, saturnine, somewhat grim-visaged man, not without thoughts of his own but mostly inarticulate thoughts, was, just at this time, in a deep domestic intricacy. Uncle George the Kurprinz was painfully detecting, in these very months, that his august Spouse and cousin, a brilliant *not* uninjured lady, had become an indignant injuring one; that she had gone, and was going, far astray in her walk of life! Thus all is not radiance at Hanover either, Ninth Elector though we are; but, in the soft sunlight, there quivers a streak of the blackness of very Erebus withal. Kurprinz George, I think, though he too is said to have been good to the boy, could not take much interest in this burly Nephew of his just now!

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[1] 'Her Highness' (the Electress Sophie) 'has the character of the merry debonnaire Princess of Germany; a lady of extraordinary virtues and accomplishments; mistress of the Italian, French, High and Low Dutch, and English languages, which she speaks to perfection. Her husband' (Elector Ernst) 'has the title of the Gentleman of Germany; a graceful and' etc. etc. W. Carr, *Remarks of the Governments of the severall Parts of Germanie, Denmark, Sweedland* (Amsterdam, 1688), p. 147. See also *Ker of Kersland* (still more emphatic on this point, *sæpius*).

Sure enough, it was in this year 1693, that the famed Königsmark tragedy came ripening fast towards a crisis in Hanover; and next year the catastrophe arrived. A most tragic business; of which the little Boy, now here, will know more one day. Perhaps it was on this very visit, on one visit it credibly was, that Sophie Charlotte witnessed a sad scene in the Schloss of Hanover: high words rising, where low cooings had been more appropriate; harsh words, mutually recriminative, rising ever higher; ending, it is thought, in *things*, or menaces and motions towards things (actual box on the ear, some call it),—never to be forgotten or forgiven! And on Sunday 1st of July 1694, Colonel Count Philip Königsmark, Colonel in the Hanover Dragoons, was seen for the last time in this world. From that date, he has vanished suddenly underground, in an inscrutable manner; never more shall the light of the sun, or any human eye behold that handsome blackguard man. Not for a hundred and fifty years shall human creatures know, or guess with the smallest certainty, what has become of him.

And shortly after Köningsmark's disappearance, there is this sad phenomenon visible: A once very radiant Princess (witty, haughty-minded, beautiful, not wise or fortunate) now gone all ablaze into angry tragic conflagration; getting locked into the old Castle of Ahlden, in the moory solitudes of Lüneburg Heath: to stay there till she die,—thirty years as it proved,—and go into ashes and angry darkness as she may. Old peasants, late in the next century, will remember that they used to see her sometimes driving on the Heath,—beautiful lady, long black hair, and the glitter of diamonds in it; sometimes the reins in her own hand, but always with a party of cavalry round her, and their swords drawn.[1] 'Duchess of Ahlden,' that was her title in the eclipsed state. Born Princess of Zelle; by marriage, Princess of Hanover (*Kurprinzessin*); would have been Queen of England, too, had matters gone otherwise than they did.—Her name, like that of a little Daughter she had, is Sophie Dorothee: she is Cousin and Divorced Wife of Kurprinz George; divorced, and as it were abolished alive, in this manner. She is little Friedrich Wilhelm's Aunt-in-law; and her little Daughter comes to be his Wife in process of time. Of him, or of those belonging to him, she took small notice, I suppose, in her then mood, the crisis coming on so fast. In her happier innocent days she had two children, a King that is to be, and a Queen; George II. of England, Sophie Dorothee of Prussia; but must not now call them hers, or ever see them again.

This was the Königsmark tragedy at Hanover; fast ripening towards its catastrophe while little Friedrich Wilhelm was there. It has been, ever since, a rumour and dubious frightful mystery to mankind: but within these few years, by curious accidents (thefts, discoveries of written documents, in various countries, and diligent study of them), it has at length become a certainty and clear fact, to those who are curious about it. Fact surely of a rather horrible sort;—yet better, I must say, than was suspected: not quite so bad in the state of fact as in that of rumour. Crime enough is in it, sin and folly on both sides; there is killing too, but *not* assassination (as it turns out); on the whole there is nothing of atrocity, or nothing that was not accidental, unavoidable;—and there is a certain greatness of *decorum* on the part of those Hanover Princes and official gentlemen, a depth of silence, of polite stoicism, which deserves more praise than it will get in our times. Enough now of the Königsmark tragedy;[1] contemporaneous with Friedrich Wilhelm's stay at Hanover, but not otherwise much related to him or his doings there.

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[1] *Die Herzogin von Ahlden* (Leipzig, 1852), p. 22. Divorce was, 28th December 1694; death, 13th November 1726,—age then 60.

He got no improvement in breeding, as we intimated; none at all; fought, on the contrary, with his young Cousin (afterwards our George II.), a boy twice his age, though of weaker bone; and gave him a bloody nose. To the scandal and consternation of the French Protestant gentlewomen and court-dames in their stiff silks: 'Ahee, your Electoral Highness!' This had been a rough unruly boy from the first discovery of him. At a very early stage, he, one morning while the nurses were dressing him, took to investigating one of his shoe-buckles; would, in spite of remonstrances, slobber it about in his mouth; and at length swallowed it down,—beyond mistake; and the whole world cannot get it up! Whereupon, wild wail of nurses; and his 'Mother came screaming,' poor mother:—it is the same small shoe-buckle which is still shown, with a ticket and date to it, '31 December 1692,' in the Berlin

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[1] A considerable dreary mass of books, pamphlets, lucubrations, false all and of no worth or of less, have accumulated on this dark subject, during the last hundred-and-fifty years: nor has the process yet stopped,—as it now well might. For there have now two things occurred in regard to it. *First*: In the year 1847, a Swedish Professor, named Palmblad, groping about for other objects in the College Library of Lund (which is in the country of the Königsmark connexions), came upon a Box of Old Letters,—Letters undated, signed only with initials, and very enigmatic till well searched into,—which have turned out to be the very Autographs of the Princess and her Königsmark; throwing of course a henceforth indisputable light on their relation. *Second thing*: A cautious exact old gentleman, of diplomatic habits (understood to be 'Count von Schulenburg-Klosterrode of Dresden'), has, since that event, unweariedly gone into the whole matter; and has brayed it everywhere, and pounded it small; sifting, with sublime patience, not only those Swedish Autographs, but the whole mass of lying books, pamphlets, hints and notices, old and recent; and bringing out (truly in an intricate and thrice-wearisome, but for the first time in an authentic way) what real evidence there is. In which evidence the facts, or essential fact, lie at last indisputable enough. His Book, thick Pamphlet rather, is that same *Herzogin von Ahlden* (Leipzig, 1852) cited above. The dreary wheelbarrowful of others I had rather not mention again; but leave Count von Schulenburg to mention and describe them,—which he does abundantly, so many as had accumulated up to that date of 1852, to the affliction more or less of sane mankind.

Kunstkammer; for it turned out harmless, after all the screaming; and a few grains of rhubarb restored it safely to the light of day; henceforth a thrice-memorable shoe-buckle.[1]

Another time, it is recorded, though with less precision of detail, his Governess the Dame Montbail having ordered him to do something which was intolerable to the princely mind, the princely mind resisted in a very strange way: the princely body, namely, flung itself suddenly out of a third-story window, nothing but the *hands* left within; and hanging on there by the sill, and fixedly resolute to obey gravitation rather than Montbail, soon brought the poor lady to terms. Upon which, indeed, he had been taken from her, and from the women altogether, as evidently now needing rougher government. Always an unruly fellow, and dangerous to trust among crockery. At Hanover he could do no good in the way of breeding: sage Leibnitz himself, with his big black periwig and large patient nose, could have put no metaphysics into such a boy. Sublime *Théodicée* (Leibnitzian 'justification of the ways of God') was not an article this individual had the least need of, nor at any time the least value for. 'Justify? What doomed dog questions it, then? Are you for Bedlam, then?'—and in maturer years his rattan might have been dangerous! For this was a singular individual of his day; human soul still in robust health, and not given to spin its bowels into cobwebs. He is known only to have quarrelled much with Cousin George, during the year or so he spent in those parts.

But there was another Cousin at Hanover, just one other, little Sophie Dorothee (called after her mother), a few months older than himself; by all accounts, a really pretty little child, whom he liked a great deal better. She, I imagine, was his main resource, while on this Hanover visit; with her were laid the foundations of an intimacy which ripened well afterwards. Some say it was already settled by the parents that there was to be a marriage in due time. Settled it could hardly be; for Wilhelmina tells us,[1] her Father had a 'choice of three' allowed him, on coming to wed; and it is otherwise discernible there had been eclipses and uncertainties, in the interim, on his part. Settled, no; but hoped and vaguely prefigured, we may well suppose. And at all events, it has actually come to pass; 'Father being ardently in love with the Hanover Princess,' says our Margravine, 'and much preferring her to the other two,' or to any and all others. Wedded, with great pomp, 28th November 1706;[2]—and Sophie Dorothee, the same that was his pretty little Cousin at Hanover twenty years ago, she is mother of the little Boy now born and christened, whom men are to call Frederick the Great in coming generations.

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[1] Förster, i. 74. Erman, *Mémoires de Sophie Charlotte* (Berlin, 1801) p. 130.

Sophie Dorothee is described to us by courtier contemporaries as 'one of the most beautiful princesses of her day': Wilhelmina, on the other hand, testifies that she was never strictly to be called beautiful, but had a pleasant attractive physiognomy; which may be considered better than strict beauty. Uncommon grace of figure and look, testifies Wilhelmina; much dignity and soft dexterity, on social occasions; perfect in all the arts of deportment; and left an impression on you at once kindly and royal. Portraits of her, as Queen at a later age, are frequent in the Prussian Galleries; she is painted sitting, where I best remember her. A serious, comely, rather plump, maternal-looking Lady; something thoughtful in those gray still eyes of hers, in the turn of her face and carriage of her head, as she sits there, considerately gazing out upon a world which would never conform to her will. Decidedly a handsome, wholesome and affectionate aspect of face. Hanoverian in type, that is to say, blond, florid, slightly *profuse*;—yet the better kind of Hanoverian, little or nothing of the worse or at least the worst kind. The eyes, as I say, are gray, and quiet, almost sad; expressive of reticence and reflection, of slow constancy rather than of *speed* in any kind. One expects, could the picture speak, the querulous sound of maternal and other solicitude; of a temper tending towards the obstinate, the quietly unchangeable;—loyal patience not wanting, yet in still larger measure royal impatience well concealed, and long and carefully cherished. This is what I read in Sophie Dorothee's Portraits,—probably remembering what I had otherwise read, and come to know of her. She too will not a little concern us in the first part of this History. I find, for one thing, she had given much of her physiognomy to the Friedrich now born. In his Portraits as Prince-Royal, he strongly resembles her; it is his mother's face informed with youth and new fire, and translated into the masculine gender: in his later Portraits, one less and less recognises the mother.

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[1] *Mémoires de la Margrave de Bareith*, i. 1.

[2] Förster, i. 117.

Friedrich Wilhelm, now in the sixth year of wedlock, is still very fond of his Sophie Dorothee,—'*Fiechen*' (*Feekin*, diminutive of *Sophie*), as he calls her; she also having, and continuing to have, the due wife's regard for her solid, honest, if somewhat explosive bear. He troubles her a little now and then, it is said, with whiffs of jealousy; but they are whiffs only, the product of accidental moodinesses in him, or of transient aspects, misinterpreted, in the court-life of a young and pretty woman. As the general rule, he is beautifully goodhumoured, kind even, for a bear; and, on the whole, they have begun their partnership under good omens. And indeed we may say, in spite of sad tempests that arose, they continued it under such. She brought him gradually no fewer than fourteen children, of whom ten survived him and came to maturity: and it is to be admitted their conjugal relation, though a royal, was always a human one; the main elements of it strictly observed on both sides; all quarrels in it capable of being healed again, and the feeling on both sides true, however troublous. A rare fact among royal wedlocks, and perhaps a unique one in that epoch.

The young couple, as is natural in their present position, have many eyes upon them, and not quite a paved path in this confused court of Friedrich I. But they are true to one another; they seem indeed to have held well aloof from all public business or private cabal; and go along silently expecting, and perhaps silently resolving this and that in the future tense; but with moderate immunity from paternal or other criticisms, for the present. The Crown-Prince drills or hunts, with his Grumkows, Anhalt-Dessaus: these are harmless employments;—and a man may have within his own head what thoughts he pleases, without offence so long as he keeps them there. Friedrich the old Grandfather lived only thirteen months after the birth of his grandson: Friedrich Wilhelm was then King; thoughts then, to any length, could become actions on the part of Friedrich Wilhelm.

CHAPTER IV

FATHER'S MOTHER

Friedrich Wilhelm's Mother, as we hinted, did not live to see this marriage which she had forecast in her maternal heart. She died, rather suddenly, in 1705,[1] at Hanover, whither she had gone on a visit; shortly after parting with this her one boy and child, Friedrich Wilhelm, who is then about seventeen; whom she had with effort forced herself to send abroad, that he might see the world a little, for the first time. Her sorrow on this occasion has in it something beautiful, in so bright and gay a woman: shows us the mother strong in her, to a touching degree. The rough cub, in whom she noticed rugged perverse elements, 'tendencies to avarice,' and a want of princely graces, and the more brilliant qualities in mind and manner, had given her many thoughts and some uneasy ones. But he was evidently all she had to love in the world;

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[1] 1st February (Erman, p. 241; Förster, i. 114): born, 20th October 1668; wedded, 28th September 1684; died, 1st February 1705.

a rugged creature inexpressibly precious to her. For days after his departure, she had kept solitary; busied with little; indulging in her own sad reflections without stint. Among the papers she had been scribbling, there was found one slip with a *heart* sketched on it, and round the heart 'PARTI' (Gone): My heart is gone!—poor lady, and after what a jewel! But Nature is very kind to all children and to all mothers that are true to her.

Sophie Charlotte's deep sorrow and dejection on this parting was the secret herald of fate to herself. It had meant ill health withal, and the gloom of broken nerves. All autumn and into winter she had felt herself indefinitely unwell; she determined, however, on seeing Hanover and her good old Mother at the usual time. The gloomy sorrow over Friedrich Wilhelm had been the premonition of a sudden illness which seized her on the road to Hanover, some five months afterwards, and which ended fatally in that city. Her death was not in the light style Friedrich her grandson ascribes to it;[1] she died without epigram, and though in perfect simple courage, with the reverse of levity.

Here, at first hand, is the specific account of that event; which, as it is brief and indisputable, we may as well fish from the imbroglios, and render legible, to counteract such notions, and illuminate for moments an old scene of things. The writing, apparently a quite private piece, is by 'M. de la Bergerie, Pastor of the French Church at Hanover,' respectable Edict-of-Nantes gentleman, who had been called in on the occasion;—gives an authentic momentary picture, though a feeble and vacant one, of a locality at that time very interesting to Englishmen. M. de la Bergerie privately records:

> 'The night between the last of January and the first of February 1705, between one and two o'clock in the morning, I was called to the Queen of Prussia, who was then dangerously ill.

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[1] *Mémoires de Brandebourg* (Preuss's Edition of *Œuvres*, Berlin, 1847 et seqq.), i. 112.

'Entering the room, I threw myself at the foot of her bed, testifying to her in words my profound grief to see her in this state. After which I took occasion to say, "She might know now that Kings and Queens are mortal equally with all other men; and that they are obliged to appear before the throne of the majesty of God, to give an account of their deeds done, no less than the meanest of their subjects." To which her Majesty replied, "I know it well (*Je le sais bien*)."—I went on to say to her, "Madam, your Majesty must also recognise in this hour the vanity and nothingness of the things here below, for which, it may be, you have had too much interest; and the importance of the things of Heaven, which perhaps you have neglected and contemned." Thereupon the Queen answered, "True (*Cela est vrai*)!" "Nevertheless, Madam," said I, "does not your Majesty place really your trust in God? Do you not very earnestly (*bien sérieusement*) crave pardon of Him for all the sins you have committed? Do not you fly (*n'a-t-elle pas recours*) to the blood and merits of Jesus Christ, without which it is impossible for us to stand before God?" The Queen answered, "*Oui* (Yes)."—While this was going on, her Brother, Duke Ernst August, came into the Queen's room,'—perhaps with his eye upon me and my motions? 'As they wished to speak together, I withdrew by order.'

This Duke Ernst August, age now 31, is the youngest Brother of the family; there never was any Sister but this dying one, who is four years older. Ernst August has some tincture of soldiership at this time (Marlborough Wars, and the like), as all his kindred had; but ultimately he got the Bishopric of Osnabrück, that singular spiritual heirloom, or *half*-heirloom of the family; and there lived or vegetated without noise. Poor soul, he is the same Bishop of Osnabrück, to whose house, twenty-two years hence, George I., struck by apoplexy, was breathlessly galloping in the summer midnight, one wish now left in him, to be with his brother;—and arrived dead, or in the article of death. That was another scene Ernst August had to witness in his life. I suspect him at present of a thought that M. de la Bergerie, with his pious commonplaces, is likely to do no good. Other trait of Ernst August's life; or of the Schloss of Hanover that night,—or where the sorrowing old Mother sat, invincible though weeping, in some neighbouring room,—I cannot give. M. de la Bergerie continues his narrative:

'Some time after, I again presented myself before the Queen's bed, to see if I could have occasion to speak to her on the matter of her salvation. But Monseigneur the Duke Ernst August then said to me, That it was not necessary; that the Queen was at peace with her God (*était bien avec son Dieu*).'—Which will mean also that M. de la Bergerie may go home? However, he still writes:

'Next day the Prince told me, That observing I was come near the Queen's bed, he had asked her if she wished I should still speak to her; but she had replied, that it was not necessary in any way (*nullement*), that she already knew all that could be said to her on such an occasion; that she had said it to herself, that she was still saying it, and that she hoped to be well with her God.

'In the end a faint coming upon the Queen, which was what terminated her life, I threw myself on my knees at the other side of her bed, the curtains of which were open; and I called to God with a loud voice, "That He would rank his angels round this great Princess, to guard her from the insults of Satan; that He would have pity on her soul; that He would wash her with the blood of Jesus Christ her heavenly Spouse; that, having forgiven her all her sins, He would receive her to His glory." And in that moment she expired.'[1]—Age thirty-six and some months. Only Daughter of Electress Sophie; and Father's Mother of Frederick the Great.

She was, in her time, a highly distinguished woman; and has left, one may say, something of her likeness still traceable in the Prussian Nation, and its form of culture, to this day. Charlottenburg (Charlotte's-town, so called by the sorrowing Widower), where she lived, shone with a much-admired French light under her presidency,—French essentially, Versaillese, Sceptico-Calvinistic, reflex and direct,—illuminating the dark North; and indeed has never been so bright since. The light was not what we can call inspired; lunar rather, not of the genial or solar kind: but, in good truth, it was the best then going; and Sophie Charlotte, who was her Mother's daughter in this as in other respects, had made it her own. They were deep in literature, these two Royal Ladies; especially deep in French theological polemics, with a strong leaning to the rationalist side.

They had stopped in Rotterdam once, on a certain journey homewards from Flanders and the Baths of Aix-la-Chapelle, to see that admirable sage, the doubter Bayle. Their sublime messenger roused the poor man, in his garret there, in the Bompies,—after dark : but he had a headache that night; was in bed, and could not come. He followed them next day; leaving his paper imbroglios, his historical, philosophical, anti-theological marine-stores; and suspended his never-ending scribble, on their behalf;—but would not accept a pension, and give it up.[1]

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[1] Erman, p. 242.

They were shrewd, noticing, intelligent and lively women; persuaded that there was some nobleness for man beyond what the tailor imparts to him ; and even very eager to discover it, had they known how. In these very days, while our little Friedrich at Berlin lies in his cradle, sleeping most of his time, sage Leibnitz, a rather weak but hugely ingenious old gentleman, with bright eyes and long nose, with vast black peruke and bandy legs, is seen daily in the Linden Avenue at Hanover (famed Linden Alley, leading from Town Palace to Country one, a couple of miles long, rather disappointing when one sees it), daily driving or walking towards Herrenhausen, where the Court, where the old Electress is, who will have a touch of dialogue with him to diversify her day. Not very edifying dialogue, we may fear; yet once more, the best that can be had in present circumstances. Here is some lunar reflex of Versailles, which is a polite court; direct rays there are from the oldest written Gospels and the newest; from the great unwritten Gospel of the Universe itself; and from one's own real effort, more or less devout, to read all these aright. Let us not condemn that poor French element of Eclecticism, Scepticism, Tolerance, Theodicea, and Bayle of the Bompies *versus* the College of Saumur. Let us admit that it was profitable, at least that it was inevitable; let us pity it, and be thankful for it, and rejoice that we are well out of it. Scepticism, which is there beginning at the very top of the world-tree, and has to descend through all the boughs with terrible results to mankind, is as yet pleasant, tinting the leaves with fine autumnal red.

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[1] Erman, pp. 111, 112. Date is 1700 (late in the autumn probably).

Sophie Charlotte partook of her Mother's tendencies; and carried them with her to Berlin, there to be expanded in many ways into ampler fulfilment. She too had the sage Leibnitz often with her, at Berlin; no end to her questionings of him; eagerly desirous to draw water from that deep well,—a wet rope, with cobwebs sticking to it, too often all she got; endless rope, and the bucket never coming to view. Which, however, she took patiently, as a thing according to Nature. She had her learned Beausobres and other Reverend Edict-of-Nantes gentlemen, famed Berlin divines; whom, if any Papist notability, Jesuit Ambassador or the like, happened to be there, she would set disputing with him, in the Soiree at Charlottenburg. She could right well preside over such a battle of the Cloud-Titans, and conduct the lightnings softly, without explosions. There is a pretty and very characteristic Letter of hers, still pleasant to read, though turning on theologies now fallen dim enough; addressed to Father Vota, the famous Jesuit, King's-confessor, and diplomatist, from Warsaw, who had been doing his best in one such rencontre before her Majesty (date March 1703), —seemingly on a series of evenings, in the intervals of his diplomatic business; the Beausobre champions being introduced to him successively, one each evening, by Queen Sophie Charlotte. To all appearance the fencing had been keen; the lightnings in need of some dextrous conductor. Vota, on his way homeward, had written to apologise for the sputterings of fire struck out of him in certain pinches of the combat; says, It was the rough handling the Primitive Fathers got from these Beausobre gentlemen, who indeed to me, Vota in person, under your Majesty's fine presidency, were politeness itself, though they treated the Fathers so ill. Her Majesty, with beautiful art, in this Letter, smooths the raven plumage of Vota;—and, at the same time, throws into him, as with invisible needle-points, an excellent dose of acupuncturation, on the subject of the Primitive Fathers and the Ecumenic Councils, on her own score. Let us give some Excerpt, in condensed state :

'How can St. Jerome, for example, be a key to Scripture?' she insinuates; citing from Jerome this remarkable avowal of his method of composing books; 'especially of his method in that Book, *Commentary on the Galatians,* where he accuses both Peter and Paul of simulation and even of hypocrisy. The great St. Augustine has been charging him with this sad fact,' says her Majesty, who gives chapter and verse;* 'and Jerome answers: "I followed the Commentaries of Origen, of" '—five or six different persons, who turned out mostly to be heretics before Jerome had quite done with them in coming years !—' "And to confess the honest truth to you," continues Jerome, "I read all that; and after having crammed my head with a great many things, I sent for my amanuensis, and dictated to him now my own thoughts, now those of others, without much recollecting the order, nor sometimes the words, nor even the sense." In another place (in the Book itself farther on †), he says: "I do not myself write; I have an amanuensis, and I dictate to him what comes into my mouth. If I wish to reflect a little, to say the thing better or a better thing, he knits his brows, and the whole look of him tells me sufficiently that he cannot endure to wait." '—Here is a sacred old gentleman, whom it is not safe to depend on for interpreting the Scriptures, thinks her Majesty; but does not say so, leaving Father Vota to his reflections.

Then again, coming to Councils, she quotes St. Gregory Nazianzen upon him; who is truly dreadful in regard to Ecumenic Councils of the Church,—and indeed may awaken thoughts of Deliberative Assemblies generally, in the modern constitutional mind. 'He says, ‡ No Council ever was successful; so many mean human passions getting into conflagration there; with noise, with violence and uproar, "more like those of a tavern or still worse place,"—these are his words. He, for his own share, had resolved to avoid all such "rendezvousing of the Geese and Cranes, flocking together to throttle and tatter one another in that sad manner." Nor had St. Theodoret much opinion of the Council of Nice, except as a kind of miracle. "Nothing good to be expected from Councils," says he, "except when God is pleased to interpose, and destroy the machinery of the Devil." '

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* 'Epist. 28^a, edit. Paris.' And Jerome's answer, '*Ibid.* Epist. 76^a.'

† '*Commentary on the Galatians*, chap. iii.'

‡ '*Greg. Nazian. de Vita sua.*'

—With more of the like sort; all delicate, as invisible needle-points, in her Majesty's hand.[1] What is Father Vota to say?—The modern reader looks through these chinks into a strange old scene, the stuff of it fallen obsolete, the spirit of it not, nor worthy to fall.

These were Sophie Charlotte's reunions; very charming in their time. At which how joyful for Irish Toland to be present, as was several times his luck. Toland, a mere broken heretic in his own country, who went thither once as Secretary to some Embassy (Embassy of Macclesfield's, 1701, announcing that the English Crown had fallen Hanover-wards), and was no doubt glad, poor headlong soul, to find himself a gentleman and Christian again, for the time being, —admires Hanover and Berlin very much; and looks upon Sophie Charlotte in particular as the pink of women. Something between an earthly Queen and a divine Egeria; 'Serena' he calls her; and, in his high-flown fashion, is very laudatory. 'The most beautiful Princess of her time,' says he,—meaning one of the most beautiful: her features are extremely regular, and full of vivacity; copious dark hair, blue eyes, complexion excellently fair;—'not very tall, and somewhat too plump,' he admits elsewhere. And then her mind,—for gifts, for graces, culture, where will you find such a mind? 'Her reading is infinite, and she is conversant in all manner of subjects'; 'knows the abstrusest problems of Philosophy'; says admiring Toland: much knowledge everywhere exact, and handled as by an artist and queen; for 'her wit is inimitable,' 'her justness of thought, her delicacy of expression,' her felicity of utterance and management, are great. Foreign courtiers call her 'the Republican Queen.' She detects you a sophistry at one glance; pierces down direct upon the weak point of an opinion: never in my whole life did I, Toland, come upon a swifter or sharper intellect. And then she is so good withal, so bright and cheerful; and 'has the art of uniting what to the rest of the world are antagonisms, mirth and learning,'—say even, mirth and good sense. Is deep in music, too; plays daily on her harpsichord, and fantasies, and even composes, in an eminent manner.[1] Toland's admiration, deducting the highflown temper and manner of the man, is sincere and great.

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[1] Letter undated (dateable 'Lützelburg, March 1703') is to be found entire, with all its adjuncts, in Erman, pp. 246-55. It was subsequently translated by Toland, and published here, as an excellent Polemical Piece,—entirely forgotten in our time (*A Letter against Popery by Sophia Charlotte the late Queen of Prussia: Being* etc. etc. London, 1712). But the finest Duel of all was probably that between Beausobre and Toland himself (reported by Beausobre, in something of a crowing manner, in Erman, pp. 203-41, 'October 1701'), of which Toland makes no mention anywhere.

Beyond doubt a bright airy lady, shining in mild radiance in those Northern parts; very graceful, very witty and ingenious; skilled to speak, skilled to hold her tongue,—which latter art also was frequently in requisition with her. She did not much venerate her Husband, nor the Court population, male or female, whom he chose to have about him: his and their ways were by no means hers, if she had cared to publish her thoughts. Friedrich I., it is admitted on all hands, was 'an expensive Herr'; much given to magnificent ceremonies, etiquettes and solemnities; making no great way anywhither, and that always with noise enough, and with a dust vortex of courtier intrigues and cabals encircling him,—from which it is better to stand quite to windward. Moreover, he was slightly crooked; most sensitive, thin of skin and liable to sudden flaws of temper, though at heart very kind and good. Sophie Charlotte is she who wrote once, 'Leibnitz talked to me of the infinitely little (*de l'infiniment petit*): *mon Dieu*, as if I did not know enough of that!' Besides, it is whispered, she was once near marrying to Louis XIV.'s Dauphin; her Mother Sophie, and her Cousin the Dowager Duchess of Orleans, cunning women both, had brought her to Paris in her girlhood, with that secret object; and had very nearly managed it. Queen of France that might have been; and now it is but Brandenburg, and the dice have fallen somewhat wrong for us! She had Friedrich Wilhelm, the rough boy; and perhaps nothing more of very precious property. Her first child, likewise a boy, had soon died, and there came no third: tedious ceremonials, and the infinitely little, were mainly her lot in this world.

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[1] *An Account of the Courts of Prussia and Hanover, sent to a Minister of State in Holland*, by Mr. Toland (London, 1705), p. 322. Toland's other Book, which has reference to her, is of didactic nature ('immortality of the soul,' 'origin of idolatry,' etc.), but with much fine panegyric direct and oblique: *Letters to Serena* ('Serena' being *Queen*), a thin 8vo, London, 1704.

All which, however, she had the art to take up not in the tragic way, but in the mildly comic,—often not to take up at all, but leave lying there;—and thus to manage in a handsome and softly victorious manner. With delicate female tact, with fine female stoicism too; keeping all things within limits. She was much respected by her Husband, much loved indeed; and greatly mourned for by the poor man: the village Lützelburg (Littletown), close by Berlin, where she had built a mansion for herself, he fondly named *Charlottenburg* (Charlotte's-town), after her death, which name both House and Village still bear. Leibnitz found her of an almost troublesome sharpness of intellect; 'wants to know the why even of the why,' says Leibnitz. That is the way of female intellects when they are good; nothing equals their acuteness, and their rapidity is almost excessive. Samuel Johnson, too, had a young-lady friend once 'with the acutest intellect I have ever known.'

On the whole, we may pronounce her clearly a superior woman, this Sophie Charlotte; notable not for her Grandson alone, though now pretty much forgotten by the world,—as indeed all things and persons have, one day or other, to be! A *Life* of her, in feeble watery style, and distracted arrangement, by one *Erman*,[1] a Berlin Frenchman, is in existence, and will repay a cursory perusal; curious traits of her, in still looser form, are also to be found in *Pöllnitz*:[1] but for our purposes here is enough, and more than enough.

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[1] Monsieur Erman, Historiographe de Brandebourg, *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de Sophie Charlotte, Reine de Preusse, lus dans les Séances etc.* (1 vol. 8vo, Berlin, 1801.)

CHAPTER V

KING FRIEDRICH I.

The Prussian royalty is now in its twelfth year when this little Friedrich, who is to carry it to such a height, comes into the world. Old Friedrich the Grandfather achieved this dignity, after long and intricate negotiations, in the first year of the Century; 16th November 1700, his ambassador returned triumphant from Vienna; the Kaiser had at last consented: We are to wear a crown royal on the top of our periwig; the old Electorate of Brandenburg is to become the Kingdom of Prussia; and the Family of Hohenzollern, slowly mounting these many centuries, has reached the uppermost round of the ladder.

Friedrich, the old Gentleman who now looks upon his little Grandson (destined to be Third King of Prussia) with such interest,—is not a very memorable man; but he has had his adventures too, his losses and his gains: and surely among the latter, the gain of a crown royal into his House gives him, if only as a chronological milestone, some place in History. He was son of him they call the Great Elector, Friedrich Wilhelm by name; of whom the Prussians speak much, in an eagerly celebrating manner, and whose strenuous toilsome work in this world, celebrated or not, is still deeply legible in the actual life and affairs of Germany. A man of whom we must yet find some opportunity to say a word. From him and a beautiful and excellent Princess Luise, Princess of Orange,—Dutch William,

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[1] Carl Ludwig Freiherr von Pöllnitz, *Memoiren zur Lebens-und Regierungs-Geschichte der vier letzten Regenten des Preussischen Staats* (was published in French also), 2 vols. 12mo, Berlin, 1791.

our Dutch William's aunt,—this crooked royal Friedrich came.

He was not born crooked; straight enough once, and a fine little boy of six months old or so; there being an elder Prince now in his third year, also full of hope. But in a rough journey to Königsberg and back (winter of 1657, as is guessed), one of the many rough jolting journeys this faithful Electress made with her Husband, a careless or unlucky nurse, who had charge of pretty little Fritzchen, was not sufficiently attentive to her duties on the worst of roads. The ever-jolting carriage gave some bigger jolt, the child fell backwards in her arms;[1]—did not quite break his back, but injured it for life:—and with his back, one may perceive, injured his soul and history to an almost corresponding degree. For the weak crooked boy, with keen and fine perceptions, and an inadequate case to put them in, grew up with too thin a skin:—that may be considered as the summary of his misfortunes; and, on the whole, there is no other heavy sin to be charged against him.

He had other loads laid upon him, poor youth: his kind pious Mother died, his elder Brother died, he at the age of seventeen saw himself Heir-Apparent;—and had got a Stepmother with new heirs, if he should disappear. Sorrows enough in that one fact, with the venomous whisperings, commentaries and suspicions, which a Court population, female and male, in little Berlin Town, can contrive to tack to it. Does not the new Sovereign Lady, in her heart, wish *you* were dead, my Prince? Hope it, perhaps? Health, at any rate, weak; and, by the aid of a little pharmacy—ye Heavens!

Such suspicions are now understood to have had no basis except in the waste brains of courtier men and women; but their existence there can become tragical enough. Add to which, the Great Elector, like all the Hohenzollerns, was a choleric man; capable of blazing into volcanic explosions, when affronted by idle masses of cobwebs in the midst of his serious businesses! It is certain, the young Prince Friedrich had at one time got into quite high, shrill and mutually minatory terms with his Stepmother; so that once, after some such shrill dialogue between them, ending with 'You shall repent this, Sir!'—he found it good to fly off in the night, with only his Tutor or Secretary and a valet, to Hessen-Cassel to an Aunt; who stoutly protected him in this emergency; and whose Daughter, after the difficult readjustment of matters, became his Wife, but did not live long. And it is farther certain the same Prince, during this his first wedded time, dining one day with his Stepmother, was taken suddenly ill. Felt ill, after his cup of coffee; retired into another room in violent spasms, evidently in an alarming state, and secretly in a most alarmed one: his Tutor or Secretary, one Dankelmann, attended him thither; and as the Doctor took some time to arrive, and the symptoms were instant and urgent, Secretary Dankelmann produced 'from a pocketbook some drug of his own, or of the Hessen-Cassel Aunt,' emetic I suppose, and gave it to the poor Prince;—who said often, and felt ever after, with or without notion of poison, That Dankelmann had saved his life. In consequence of which adventure he again quitted Court without leave; and begged to be permitted to remain safe in the country, if Papa would be so good.[1]

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[1] Johann Wegführer, *Leben der Kurfürstin Luise, gebornen Prinzessin von Nassau-Oranien, Gemahlin Friedrich Wilhelm des Grossen* (Leipzig, 1838), p. 107.

Fancy the Great Elector's humour on such an occurrence; and what a furtherance to him in his heavy continual labours, and strenuous swimming for life, these beautiful humours and transactions must have been! A crookbacked boy, dear to the Great Elector, pukes, one afternoon; and there arises such an opening of the Nether Floodgates of this Universe: in and round your poor workshop, nothing but sudden darkness, smell of sulphur; hissing of forked serpents here, and the universal alleleu of female hysterics there;—to help a man forward with his work! O reader, we will pity the crowned head, as well as the hatted and even hatless one. Human creatures will not *go* quite accurately together, any more than clocks will; and when their dissonance once rises fairly high, and they cannot readily kill one another, any Great Elector who is third party will have a terrible time of it.

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[1] Pöllnitz, *Memoiren*, i. 191-8.

Electress Dorothee, the Stepmother, was herself somewhat of a hard lady; not easy to live with, though so far above poisoning as to have 'despised even the suspicion of it.' She was much given to practical economics, dairy-farming, market-gardening, and industrial and commercial operations such as offered; and was thought to be a very strict reckoner of money. She founded the *Dorotheenstadt*, now oftener called the *Neustadt*, chief quarter of Berlin; and planted, just about the time of this unlucky dinner, 'A.D. 1680 or so,'[1] the first of the celebrated *Lindens*, which (or the successors of which, in a stunted condition) are still growing there. *Unter-den-Linden*: it is now the gayest quarter of Berlin, full of really fine edifices: it was then a sandy outskirt of Electress Dorothee's dairy-farm; good for nothing but building upon, thought Electress Dorothee. She did much dairy-and-vegetable trade on the great scale;—was thought even to have, underhand, a commercial interest in the principal Beerhouse of the city.[2] People did not love her: to the Great Elector, who guided with a steady bridlehand, she complied not amiss; though in him too there rose sad recollections and comparisons now and then: but with a Stepson of unsteady nerves it became evident to him there could never be soft neighbourhood. Prince Friedrich and his Father came gradually to some understanding, tacit or express, on that sad matter; Prince Friedrich was allowed to live, on his separate allowance, mainly remote from Court. Which he did, for perhaps six or eight years, till the Great Elector's death; henceforth in a peaceable manner, or at least without open explosions.

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[1] Nicolai, *Beschreibung der königlichen Residenzstädte Berlin und Potsdam* (Berlin, 1786), i. 172.

[2] Horn, *Leben Friedrich Wilhelms des Grossen Kurfürsten von Brandenburg* (Berlin, 1814).

His young Hessen-Cassel Wife died suddenly in 1683; and again there was mad rumour of poisoning; which Electress Dorothee disregarded as below her, and of no consequence to her, and attended to industrial operations that would pay. That poor young Wife, when dying, exacted a promise from Prince Friedrich that he would not wed again, but be content with the Daughter she had left him: which promise, if ever seriously given, could not be kept, as we have seen. Prince Friedrich brought his Sophie Charlotte home about fifteen months after. With the Stepmother and with the Court there was armed neutrality under tolerable forms, and no open explosion farther.

In a secret way, however, there continued to be difficulties. And such difficulties had already been, that the poor young man, not yet come to his Heritages, and having, with probably some turn for expense, a covetous unamiable Stepmother, had fallen into the usual difficulties; and taken the methods too usual. Namely, had given ear to the Austrian Court, which offered him assistance,—somewhat as an aged Jew will to a young Christian gentleman in quarrel with papa,—upon condition of his signing a certain bond: bond which much surprised Prince Friedrich when he came to understand it! Of which we shall hear more, and even much more, in the course of time!—

Neither after his accession (year 1688; his Cousin Dutch William, of the glorious and immortal memory, just lifting anchor towards these shores) was the new Elector's life an easy one. We may say, it was replete with troubles rather; and unhappily not so much with great troubles, which could call forth antagonistic greatness of mind or of result, as with never-ending shoals of small troubles, the antagonism to which is apt to become itself of smallish character. Do not search into his history; you will remember almost nothing of it (I hope) after never so many readings! Garrulous Pöllnitz and others have written enough about him; but it all runs off from you again, as a thing that has no affinity with the human skin. He had a court '*rempli d'intrigues*, full of never-ending cabals,'[1]—about what?

One question only are we a little interested in: How he came by the Kingship? How did the like of him contrive to achieve Kingship? We may answer: It was not he that achieved it; it was those that went before him, who had gradually got it,—as is very usual in such cases. All that he did was to knock at the gate (the Kaiser's gate and the world's), and ask '*Is* it achieved, then?' Is Brandenburg grown ripe for having a crown? Will it be needful for you to grant Brandenburg a crown? Which question, after knocking as loud as possible, they at last took the trouble to answer, 'Yes, it will be needful.'—

Elector Friedrich's turn for ostentation,—or, as we may interpret it, the high spirit of a Hohenzollern working through weak nerves and a crooked back,—had early set him a-thinking of the Kingship; and no doubt, the exaltation of rival Saxony, which had attained that envied dignity (in a very unenviable manner, in the person of Elector August made King of Poland) in 1697, operated as a new spur on his activities. Then also Duke Ernst of Hanover, his father-in-law, was struggling to become Elector Ernst; Hanover to be the Ninth Electorate, which it actually attained in 1698; not to speak of England, and quite endless prospects there for Ernst and Hanover. These my lucky neighbours are all rising; all this the Kaiser has granted to my lucky neighbours: why is there no promotion he should grant me, among them!—

Elector Friedrich had 30,000 excellent troops; Kaiser Leopold, the 'little man in red stockings,' had no end of Wars. Wars in Turkey, wars in Italy; all Dutch William's wars and more, on our side of Europe;—and here is a Spanish-Succession War, coming dubiously on, which may prove greater than all the rest together. Elector Friedrich sometimes in his own high person (a courageous and high though thin-skinned man), otherwise by skilful deputy, had done the Kaiser service, often signal service, in all these Wars; and was never wanting in the time of need, in the post of difficulty with those famed Prussian Troops of his. A loyal gallant Elector this, it must be owned; capable withal of doing signal damage, if we irritated him too far! Why not give him this promotion, since it costs *us* absolutely nothing real, not even the price of a yard of ribbon with metal cross at the end of it? Kaiser Leopold himself, it is said, had no particular objection; but certain of his ministers had; and the little man in red stockings,—much occupied in hunting, for one thing,—let them have their way, at the risk of angering Elector Friedrich. Even Dutch William, anxious for it, in sight of the future, had not yet prevailed.

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[1] Förster, i. 74 (quoting *Mémoires du Comte de Dohna*); etc. etc.

The negotiation had lasted some seven years, without result. There is no doubt but the Succession War, and Marlborough, would have brought it to a happy issue: in the mean while, it is said to have succeeded at last, somewhat on the sudden, by a kind of accident. This is the curious mythical account; incorrect in some unessential particulars, but in the main and singular part of it well-founded. Elector Friedrich, according to Pöllnitz and others, after failing in many methods, had sent 100,000 *thalers* (say 15,000*l.*) to give, by way of—bribe we must call it,—to the chief opposing Hofrath at Vienna. The money was offered, accordingly; and was refused by the opposing Hofrath: upon which the Brandenburg Ambassador wrote that it was all labour lost; and even hurried off homewards in despair, leaving a Secretary in his place. The Brandenburg Court, nothing despairing, orders in the mean while, Try another with it,—some other Hofrath, whose name they wrote in cipher, which the blundering Secretary took to mean no Hofrath, but the Kaiser's Confessor and Chief Jesuit, Pater Wolf. To him accordingly he hastened with the cash, to him with the respectful Electoral request; who received *both*, it is said, especially the 15,000*l.*, with a *Gloria in excelsis*; and went forthwith and persuaded the Kaiser.[1]—Now here is the inexactitude, say modern Doctors of History; an error no less than threefold. 1°. Elector Friedrich was indeed advised, in cipher, by his agent at Vienna, to write in person to—'Who is that cipher, then?' asks Elector Friedrich, rather puzzled. At Vienna that cipher was meant for the Kaiser; but at Berlin they take it for Pater Wolf; and write accordingly, and are answered with readiness and animation. 2°. Pater Wolf was not official Confessor, but was a Jesuit in extreme favour with the Kaiser, and by birth a nobleman, sensible to human decorations. 3°. He accepted no bribe, nor was any sent; his bribe was the pleasure of obliging a high gentleman who condescended to ask, and possibly the hope of smoothing roads for St. Ignatius and the Black Militia, in time coming. And *thus* at last, and not otherwise than thus, say exact Doctors, did Pater Wolf do the thing.[2] Or might not the actual death of poor King Carlos II. at Madrid, 1st November 1700, for whose heritages all the world stood watching with swords half drawn, considerably assist Pater Wolf? Done sure enough the thing was; and before November ended, Friedrich's messenger returned with 'Yes' for answer, and a Treaty signed on the 16th of that month.[3]

To the huge joy of Elector Friedrich and his Court, almost the very nation thinking itself glad. Which joyful Potentate decided to set out straightway and have the coronation done; though it was midwinter; and Königsberg (for Prussia is to be our title, 'King in Prussia,' and Königsberg is Capital City there) lies 450 miles off, through tangled shaggy forests, boggy wildernesses, and in many parts only corduroy roads. We order '30,000 posthorses,' besides all our own large stud, to be got ready at the various stations: our boy Friedrich

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[1] Pöllnitz, *Memoiren*, i. 310.

[2] G. A. H. Stenzel, *Geschichte des Preussischen Staats* (Hamburg, 1841), iii. 104. Nicolai (*Berliner Monatschrift*, year 1799); etc.

[3] Pöllnitz (i. 318) gives the Treaty (date corrected by his Editor, ii. 589).

Wilhelm, rugged boy of twelve, rough and brisk, yet much 'given to blush' withal (which is a feature of him), shall go with us; much more, Sophie Charlotte our august Electress-Queen that is to be: and we set out, on the 17th of December 1700, last year of the Century; 'in 1800 carriages': such a cavalcade as never crossed those wintry wildernesses before. Friedrich Wilhelm went in the third division of carriages (for 1800 of them could not go quite together); our noble Sophie Charlotte in the second; a Margraf of Brandenburg-Schwedt, chief Margraf, our eldest Half-Brother, Dorothee's eldest Son, sitting on the coach-box, in correct insignia, as similitude of Driver. So strict are we in etiquette; etiquette indeed being now upon its apotheosis, and after such efforts. Six or seven years of efforts on Elector Friedrich's part; and six or seven hundred years, unconsciously, on that of his ancestors.

The magnificence of Friedrich's processionings into Königsberg, and through it or in it, to be crowned, and of his coronation ceremonials there: what pen can describe it, what pen need! Folio volumes with copper-plates have been written on it; and are not yet all pasted in bandboxes, or slit into spills.[1] 'The diamond buttons of his Majesty's coat' (snuff-coloured or purple, I cannot recollect) 'cost 1,500*l.* apiece'; by this one feature judge what an expensive Herr. Streets were hung with cloth, carpeted with cloth, no end of draperies and cloth; your oppressed imagination feels as if there was cloth enough, of scarlet and other bright colours, to thatch the Arctic Zone. With illuminations, cannon-salvos, fountains running wine. Friedrich had made two Bishops for the nonce. Two of his natural Church-Superintendents made into Quasi-Bishops, on the Anglican model,—which was always a favourite with him, and a pious wish of his;—but they remained mere cut branches, these two, and did not, after their haranguing and anointing functions, take root in the country. He himself put the crown on his head: 'King here in my own right, after all!'—and looked his royalest, we may fancy; the kind eyes of him almost partly fierce for moments, and 'the cheerfulness of pride' well blending with something of awful.

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[1] British Museum, short of very many necessary Books on this subject, offers the due Coronation Folio, with its prints, upholstery Catalogues, and official harangues upon nothing, to ingenuous human curiosity.

In all which sublimities, the one thing that remains for human memory is not in these Folios at all, but is considered to be a fact not the less: Electress Charlotte's, now Queen Charlotte's, very strange conduct on the occasion. For she cared not much about crowns, or upholstery magnificences of any kind; but had meditated from of old on the infinitely little; and under these genuflexions, risings, sittings, shiftings, grimacings on all parts, and the endless droning eloquence of Bishops invoking Heaven, her ennui, not ill-humoured or offensively ostensible, was heartfelt and transcendent. At one turn of the proceedings, Bishop This and Chancellor That droning their empty grandiloquences at discretion, Sophie Charlotte was distinctly seen to smuggle out her snuff-box, being addicted to that rakish practice, and fairly solace herself with a delicate little pinch of snuff. Rasped tobacco, *tabac râpé*, called by mortals *râpé* or rapee: there is no doubt about it; and the new King himself noticed her, and hurled back a look of due fulminancy, which could not help the matter, and was only lost in air. A memorable little action, and almost symbolic in the first Prussian Coronation. 'Yes, we are Kings, and are got *so* near the stars, not nearer; and you invoke the gods, in that tremendously longwinded manner; and I—Heavens, I have my snuff-box by me, at least!' Thou wearied patient Heroine; cognisant of the infinitely little!—This symbolic pinch of snuff is fragrant all along in Prussian History. A fragrancy of humble verity in the middle of all royal or other ostentations; inexorable, quiet protest against cant, done with such simplicity: Sophie Charlotte's symbolic pinch of snuff. She was always considered something of a Republican Queen.

Thus Brandenburg Electorate has become Kingdom of

Prussia; and the Hohenzollerns have put a crown upon their head. Of Brandenburg, what it was, and what Prussia was; and of the Hohenzollerns and what they were, and how they rose thither, a few details, to such as are dark about these matters, cannot well be dispensed with here.

BOOK II

OF BRANDENBURG AND THE HOHENZOLLERNS

928-1417

CHAPTER I

BRANNIBOR: HENRY THE FOWLER

THE Brandenburg Countries, till they become related to the Hohenzollern Family which now rules there, have no History that has proved memorable to mankind. There has indeed been a good deal written under that title; but there is by no means much known, and of that again there is alarmingly little that is worth knowing or remembering.

Pytheas, the Marseilles Travelling Commissioner, looking out for new channels of trade, somewhat above 2,000 years ago, saw the country actually lying there; sailed past it, occasionally landing; and made report to such Marseilles 'Chamber of Commerce' as there then was:—report now lost, all to a few indistinct and insignificant fractions.[1] This was 'about the year 327 before Christ,' while Alexander of Macedon was busy conquering India. Beyond question, Pytheas, the first *writing* or civilised creature that ever saw Germany, gazed with his Greek eyes, and occasionally landed, striving to speak and inquire, upon those old Baltic Coasts, north border of the now Prussian Kingdom; and reported of it to mankind we know not what. Which brings home to us the fact that it existed, but almost nothing more: A Country of lakes and woods, of marshy jungles, sandy wildernesses; inhabited by bears, otters, bisons, wolves, wild swine, and certain shaggy Germans of the Suevic type, as good as inarticulate to Pytheas. After which all direct notice of it ceases for above three hundred years. We can hope only that the jungles were getting cleared a little, and the wild creatures hunted down; that the Germans were increasing in number, and becoming a thought less shaggy. These latter, tall Suevi Semnones, men of blond stern aspect (*oculi truces cærulei*) and great strength of bone, were known to possess a formidable talent for fighting:[1] Drusus Germanicus, it has been guessed, did not like to appear personally among them: some 'gigantic woman prophesying to him across the Elbe' that it might be dangerous, Drusus contented himself with erecting some triumphal pillar on his own safe side of the Elbe, to *say* that they were conquered.

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[1] *Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions*, t. xix. 46, xxxvii. 439, etc.

In the Fourth Century of our era, when the German populations, on impulse of certain 'Huns expelled from the Chinese frontier,' or for other reasons valid to themselves, began flowing universally southward, to take possession of the rich Roman world, and so continued flowing for two centuries more; the old German frontiers generally, and especially those Northern Baltic countries, were left comparatively vacant; so that new immigrating populations from the East, all of Sclavic origin, easily obtained footing and supremacy there. In the Northern parts, these immigrating Sclaves were of the kind called Vandals, or Wends: they spread themselves as far west as Hamburg and the Ocean, south also far over the Elbe in some quarters; while other kinds of Sclaves were equally busy elsewhere. With what difficulty in settling the new boundaries, and what inexhaustible funds of quarrel thereon, is still visible to every one, though no Historian was there to say the least word of it. 'All of Sclavic origin'; but who knows of how many kinds: Wends here in the North, through the Lausitz

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[1] Tacitus, *De Moribus Germanorum*, c. 45.

(Lusatia) and as far as Thüringen; not to speak of Polacks, Bohemian Czechs, Huns, Bulgars, and the other dim nomenclatures, on the Eastern frontier. Five-hundred years of violent unrecorded fighting, abstruse quarrel with their new neighbours in settling the marches. Many names of towns in Germany ending in *itz* (Meuselwitz, Mollwitz), or bearing the express epithet *Windisch* (Wendish), still give indication of those old sad circumstances; as does the word *Slave*, in all our Western languages, meaning captured *Sclavonian.* What long-drawn echo of bitter rage and hate lies in that small etymology!

These things were; but they have no History: why should they have any? Enough that in those Baltic regions, there are for the time (Year 600, and till long after Charlemagne is out) Sclaves in place of Suevi or of Holstein Saxons and Angli; that it is now shaggy Wends who have the task of taming the jungles, and keeping down the otters and wolves. Wends latterly in a waning condition, much beaten upon by Charlemagne and others; but never yet beaten out. And so it has to last, century after century; Wends, wolves, wild swine, all alike dumb to us. Dumb, or sounding only one huge unutterable message (seemingly of tragic import), like the voice of their old Forests, of their old Baltic Seas:—perhaps more edifying to us *so.* Here at last is a definite date and event ·

'A.D. 928, Henry the Fowler, marching across the frozen bogs, took BRANNIBOR, a chief fortress of the Wends';[1]—first mention in human speech of the place now called Brandenburg: Bor or 'Burg of the Brenns' (if there ever was any *Tribe* of Brenns,—*Brennus*, there as elsewhere, being name for *King* or Leader); 'Burg of the Woods,' say others,—who as little know. Probably, at that time, a town of clay huts, with ditch and palisaded sod-wall round it; certainly 'a chief fortress of the Wends,'—who must have been a good deal surprised at sight of Henry on the rimy winter morning near a thousand years ago.

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[1] Köhler, *Reichs-Historie* (Frankfurth und Leipzig, 1737), p. 63. Michaelis, *Chur- und Fürstlichen Häuser in Deutschland* (Lemgo, 1759, '60, '85), i. 255.

This is the grand old Henry, called 'the Fowler' (*Heinrich der Vogler*), because he was in his *Vogelheerde* (Falconry or Hawk establishment, seeing his Hawks fly) in the upland Hartz Country, when messengers came to tell him that the German Nation, through its Princes and Authorities assembled at Fritzlar, had made him King; and that he would have dreadful work henceforth. Which he undertook; and also did,—this of Brannibor only one small item of it,—warring right manfully all his days against Chaos in that country, no rest for him thenceforth till he died. The beginning of German Kings; the first, or essentially the first sovereign of united Germany,—Charlemagne's posterity to the last bastard having died out, and only Anarchy, Italian and other, being now the alternative.

'A very high King,' says one whose Note-books I have got, 'an authentically noble human figure, visible still in clear outline in the gray dawn of Modern History. The Father of whatever good has since been in Germany. He subdued his *Dukes,* Schwaben, Baiern (Swabia, Bavaria) and others, who were getting too *hereditary,* and inclined to disobedience. He managed to get back Lorraine; made *truce* with the Hungarians, who were excessively invasive at that time. Truce with the Hungarians; and then, having gathered strength, made dreadful beating of them; two beatings,—one to each half, for the invasive Savagery had split itself, for better chance of plunder; first beating was at Sonderhausen, second was at Merseburg, Year 933;—which settled them considerably. Another beating from Henry's son, and they never came back. Beat Wends, before this,—"Brannibor through frozen bogs" five years ago. Beat Sclavic Meisseners (Misnians); Bohemian Czechs, and took Prag; Wends again, with huge slaughter; then Danes, and made "King Worm tributary" (King *Gorm the Hard,* our *Knut's* or Canute's great-grandfather, Year 931);—last of all, those invasive Hungarians as above. Had sent the Hungarians, when they demanded tribute or *black-mail* of him as heretofore, Truce being now out,—a mangy hound: There is your black-mail, Sirs; make much of that!

'He had "the image of St. Michael painted on his standard"; contrary to wont. He makes, or *re*-makes, Markgrafs (Wardens of the

Marches), to be under his Dukes,—and not too *hereditary*. Who his Markgraves were? Dim History counts them to the number of six;[1] which take in their order:

'1°. *Sleswig*, looking over into the Scandinavian countries, and the Norse Sea-kings. This Markgraviate did not last long under that title. I guess, it became *Stade-and-Ditmarsch* afterwards.

'2°. *Soltwedel*,—which grows to be Markgraviate of *Brandenburg* by and by. Soltwedel, now called Salzwedel, an old Town still extant, sixty miles to west and north of Brandenburg, short way south of the Elbe, was as yet headquarters of this second Markgraf; and any Warden we have at Brandenburg is only a deputy of him or some other.

'3°. *Meissen* (which we call Misnia), a country at that time still full of Wends.

'4°. *Lausitz*, also a very Wendish country (called in English maps *Lusatia*,—which is its name in Monk-Latin, not now a spoken language). Did not long continue a Markgraviate; fell to Meissen (Saxony), fell to Brandenburg, Bohemia, Austria, and had many tos and fros. Is now (since the Thirty-Years-War time) mostly Saxon again.

'5°. *Austria* (Œsterreich, Eastern-Kingdom, *Easternrey* as we might say); to look after the Hungarians, and their valuable claims to black-mail.

'6°. *Antwerp* ("At-the-Wharf," "On-t'-Wharf," so to speak), against the French; which function soon fell obsolete.

'These were Henry's six Markgraviates (as my best authority enumerates them); and in this way he had militia captains ranked all round his borders, against the intrusive Sclavic element.

'He fortified Towns; all Towns are to be walled and warded,—to be *Burgs* in fact; and the inhabitants *Burg*hers, or men capable of defending Burgs. Everywhere the ninth man is to serve as soldier in his Town; other eight in the country are to feed and support him: *Heergeräthe* (War-tackle, what is called *Heriot* in our old Books) descends to the eldest son of a fighting man who had served, as with us. "All robbers are made soldiers" (unless they prefer hanging); and *weaponshows* and drill are kept up. This is a man who will make some impression upon Anarchy, and its Wends and Huns. His standard was St. Michael, as we have seen,—*whose* sword is derived from a very high quarter! A pious man;—founded Quedlinburg Abbey, and much else in that kind, having a pious Wife withal, Mechtildis, who took the main hand in that of Quedlinburg; whose *Life* is in Leibnitz,[1] not the legiblest of Books.—On the whole, a right gallant King and "Fowler." Died, A.D. 936 (at Memmleben, a Monastery on the Unstrut, not far from Schulpforte), age sixty; had reigned only seventeen years, and done so much. Lies buried in Quedlinburg Abbey:—any Tomb? I know no *Life* of him but *Gundling's*, which is an extremely inextricable Piece, and requires mainly to be forgotten.—Hail, brave Henry: across the Nine dim Centuries, we salute thee, still visible as a valiant Son of Cosmos and Son of Heaven, beneficently sent us; as a man who did in grim earnest "serve God" in his day, and whose works accordingly bear fruit to our day, and to all days!'—

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[1] Köhler, *Reichs-Historie*, p. 66. This is by no means Köhler's chief Book; but this too is good, and does, in a solid effective way, what it attempts. He seems to me by far the best Historical Genius the Germans have yet produced, though I do not find much mention of him in their Literary Histories and Catalogues. A man of ample learning, and also of strong cheerful human sense and human honesty; whom it is thrice-pleasant to meet with in those ghastly solitudes, populous chiefly with doleful creatures.

So far my rough Note-books; which require again to be shut for the present, not to abuse the reader's patience or lead him from his road.

This of Markgrafs (*Grafs* of the Marches, *marked* Places, or Boundaries) was a natural invention in that state of circumstances. It did not quite originate with Henry; but was much perfected by him, he first recognising how essential it was. On all frontiers he had his *Graf* (Count, *Reeve*, *G'reeve*, whom some think to be only *Grau*, Gray, or *Senior*, the hardiest, wisest steel-*gray* man he could discover) stationed on the *Marck*, strenuously doing watch and ward there: the post of difficulty, of peril, and naturally of honour too, nothing of a sinecure by any means. Which post, like every other, always had a tendency to become hereditary, if the kindred did not fail in fit men. And hence have come the innumerable Markgraves, Marquises, and suchlike, of modern times: titles now become chimerical, and more or less mendacious, as most of our titles are,—like so many *Burgs* changed into 'Boroughs,' and even into 'Rotten Boroughs,' with Defensive *Burg*hers of the known sort: very mournful to discover. Once Norroy was not all pasteboard! At the heart of that huge whirlwind of his, with its dusty heraldries, and fantasmal nomenclatures now become mendacious, there lay, at first, always an earnest human fact. Henry the

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[1] Leibnitz, *Scriptores Rerum Brunswicensium*, etc. (Hanover, 1707), i. 196.

Fowler was so happy as to have the fact without any mixture of mendacity: we are in the sad reverse case; reverse case not yet altogether *complete*, but daily becoming so,—one of the saddest and strangest ever heard of, if we thought of it!—But to go on with business.

Markgraviates there continued to be ever after,—Six in Henry's time:—but as to the number, place, arrangement of them, all this varied according to circumstances outward and inward, chiefly according to the regress or the reintrusion of the circumambient hostile populations; and underwent many changes. The sea-wall you build, and what main flood-gates you establish in it, will depend on the state of the outer sea. Markgraf of *Sleswig* grows into Markgraf of *Ditmarsch and Stade*; retiring over the Elbe, if Norse Piracy get very triumphant. *Antwerp* falls obsolete; so does *Meissen* by and by. *Lausitz* and *Salzwedel*, in the third century hence, shrink both into *Brandenburg*; which was long only a subaltern station, managed by deputy from one or other of these. A Markgraf that prospered in repelling of his Wends and Huns had evidently room to spread himself, and could become very great, and produce change in boundaries: observe what *Œsterreich* (Austria) grew to, and what *Brandenburg*; *Meissen* too, which became modern Saxony, a state once greater than it now is.

In old Books are Lists of the primitive Markgraves of Brandenburg, from Henry's time downward; two sets, 'Markgraves of the Witekind race,' and of another:[1] but they are altogether uncertain, a shadowy intermittent set of Markgraves, both the Witekind set and the Non-Witekind; and truly, for a couple of centuries, seem none of them to have been other than subaltern Deputies, belonging mostly to *Lausitz* or *Salzwedel*; of whom therefore we can say nothing here, but must leave the first two hundred years in their natural *gray* state,—perhaps sufficiently conceivable by the reader.

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[1] Hübner, *Genealogische Tabellen* (Leipzig, 1725-8), i. 172, 173. A Book of rare excellence in its kind.

But thus, at any rate, was Brandenburg (*Bor* or Burg of the *Brenns*, whatever these are) first discovered to Christendom, and added to the firm land of articulate History: a feat worth putting on record. Done by Henry the Fowler, in the Year of Grace 928,—while (among other things noticeable in this world) our Knut's great-grandfather, *Gormo Durus*, 'Henry's Tributary,' was still King of Denmark; when Harald *Bluetooth* (Blaatand) was still a young fellow, with his teeth of the natural colour; and Swen with the Forked Beard (*Tvaeskaeg*, Double-beard, '*Twa-shag*') was not born; and the Monks of Ely had not yet (by about a hundred years) begun that singing,[1] nor the tide that refusal to retire, on behalf of this Knut, in our English part of his dominions.

That Henry appointed due Wardenship in Brannibor was in the common course. Sure enough, some Markgraf must take charge of Brannibor,—he of the Lausitz eastward, for example, or he of Salzwedel westward:—that Brannibor, in time, will itself be found the fit place, and have its own Markgraf of Brandenburg; this, and what in the next nine centuries Brandenburg will grow to, Henry is far from surmising. Brandenburg is fairly captured across the frozen bogs, and has got a warden and ninth-man garrison settled in it: Brandenburg, like other things, will grow to what it can.

Henry's son and successor, if not himself, is reckoned to have founded the Cathedral and Bishopric of Brandenburg,—his Clergy and he always longing much for the conversion

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[1] Without note or comment, in the old *Book of Ely* (date before the Conquest) is preserved this stave;—giving picture, if we consider it, of the Fen Country all a lake (as it was for half the year, till drained, six centuries after), with Ely Monastery rising like an island in the distance; and the music of its nones or vespers sounding soft and far over the solitude, eight hundred years ago and more.

Merie sungen the Muneches binnen Ely	*Merry* (genially) *sang the Monks in Ely*
Tha Cnut ching rew therby:	*As Knut King rowed* (rew) *there-by:*
Roweth cnites near the lant,	*Row, fellows* (knights), *near the land,*
And here we thes Muneches saeng.	*And hear we these Monks's song.*

See Bentham's *History of Ely* (Cambridge, 1771), p. 94

of these Wends and Huns; which indeed was, as the like still is, the one thing needful to rugged heathens of that kind.

CHAPTER II

PREUSSEN: SAINT ADALBERT

Five-hundred miles, and more, to the east of Brandenburg, lies a Country then as now called *Preussen* (Prussia Proper), inhabited by Heathens, where also endeavours at conversion are going on, though without success hitherto. Upon which we are now called to cast a glance.

It is a moory flat country, full of lakes and woods, like Brandenburg; spreading out into grassy expanses, and bosky wildernesses humming with bees; plenty of bog in it, but plenty also of alluvial mud; sand too, but by no means so high a ratio of it as in Brandenburg; tracts of Preussen are luxuriantly grassy, frugiferous, apt for the plough; and the soil generally is reckoned fertile, though lying so far northward. Part of the great plain or flat which stretches, sloping insensibly, continuously, in vast expanse, from the Silesian Mountains to the amber-regions of the Baltic; Preussen is the seaward, more alluvial part of this,—extending west and east, on both sides of the Weichsel (*Vistula*), from the regions of the Oder river to the main stream of the Memel. *Bordering-on-Russia* its name signifies: *Bor-Russia*, B'russia, Prussia; or—some say it was only on a certain inconsiderable river on those parts, river *Reussen*, that it 'bordered,' and not on the great Country, or any part of it, which now in our days is conspicuously its next neighbour. Who knows?—

In Henry the Fowler's time, and long afterwards, Preussen was a vehemently Heathen country; the natives a Miscellany of rough Serbic Wends, Letts, Swedish Goths, or Dryasdust knows not what;—very probably a sprinkling of Swedish Goths, from old time, chiefly along the coasts. Dryasdust

997

knows only that these *Preussen* were a strong-boned, iracund herdsman-and-fisher people; highly averse to be interfered with, in their religion especially. Famous otherwise, through all the centuries, for the *amber* they had been used to fish, and sell in foreign parts.

Amber, science declares, is a kind of petrified resin, distilled by pines that were dead before the days of Adam; which is now thrown up, in stormy weather, on that remote coast, and is there fished out by the amphibious people,—who can likewise get it by running mine-shafts into the sandhills on their coast;—by whom it is sold into the uttermost parts of the Earth, Arabia and beyond, from a very early period of time. No doubt Pytheas had his eye upon this valuable product, when he ventured into survey of those regions,—which are still the great mother of amber in our world. By their amber-fishery, with the aid of dairy-produce and plenty of beef and leather, these Heathen Preussen, of uncertain miscellaneous breed, contrived to support existence in a substantial manner; they figure to us as an inarticulate, heavy-footed, rather iracund people. Their knowledge of Christianity was trifling, their aversion to knowing anything of it was great.

As Poland, and the neighbours to the south, were already Christian, and even the Bohemian Czechs were mostly converted, pious wishes as to Preussen, we may fancy, were a constant feeling: but no effort hitherto, if efforts were made, had come to anything. Let some daring missionary go to preach in that country, his reception is of the worst, or perhaps he is met on the frontier with menaces, and forbidden to preach at all; except sorrow and lost labour, nothing has yet proved attainable. It was very dangerous to go;—and with what likelihood of speeding? Efforts, we may suppose, are rare; but the pious wish being continual and universal, efforts can never altogether cease. From Henry the Fowler's capture of Brannibor, count seventy years, we find Henry's great-grandson reigning as Elective Kaiser,—

Otto III., last of the direct 'Saxon Kaisers,' Otto, Wonder of the World;—and alongside of Otto's great transactions, which were once called *Mirabilia Mundi* and are now fallen so extinct, there is the following small transaction, a new attempt to preach in Preussen, going on, which, contrariwise, is still worth taking notice of.

About the year 997 or '6, Adalbert, Bishop of Prag, a very zealous, most devout man, but evidently of hot temper, and liable to get into quarrels, had determined, after many painful experiences of the perverse ungovernable nature of corrupt mankind, to give up his nominally Christian flock altogether; to shake the dust off his feet against Prag, and devote himself to converting those Prussian Heathen, who, across the frontiers, were living in such savagery, and express bondage to the Devil, worshipping mere stocks and stones. In this enterprise he was encouraged by the Christian potentates who lay contiguous; especially by the Duke of Poland, to whom such next-neighbours, for all reasons, were an eyesorrow.

Adalbert went, accordingly, with staff and scrip, two monks attending him, into that dangerous country: not in fear, he; a devout high-tempered man, verging now on fifty, his hair getting gray, and face marred with innumerable troubles and provocations of past time. He preached zealously, almost fiercely,—though chiefly with his eyes and gestures, I should think, having no command of the language. At Dantzig, among the Swedish-Goth kind of Heathen, he had some success, or affluence of attendance; not elsewhere that we hear of. In the Pillau region, for example, where he next landed, an amphibious Heathen lout hit him heavily across the shoulders with the flat of his oar; sent the poor Preacher to the ground, face foremost, and suddenly ended his salutary discourse for that time. However, he pressed forward, regardless of results, preaching the Evangel to all creatures who were willing or unwilling;—and pressed at last into the

Sacred Circuit, the '*Romova*,' or Place of Oak-trees, and of Wooden or Stone Idols (Bangputtis, Patkullos, and I know not what diabolic dumb Blocks), which it was death to enter. The Heathen Priests, as we may conceive it, rushed out; beckoned him, with loud unintelligible bullyings and fierce gestures, to begone; hustled, shook him, shoved him, as he did not go; then took to confused striking, struck finally a death-stroke on the head of poor Adalbert: so that 'he stretched out both his arms' (Jesus, receive me thou!), 'and fell with his face to the ground, and lay dead there,—in the form of a crucifix,' say his Biographers: only the attendant monks escaping to tell.

Attendant monks, or Adalbert, had known nothing of their being on forbidden ground. Their accounts of the phenomenon accordingly leave it only half-explained: How he was surprised by armed Heathen Devil's-servants in his sleep; was violently set upon, and his 'beautiful bowels (*pulchra viscera*) were run-through with seven spears': but this of the 'Romova,' or Sacred Bangputtis Church of Oak-trees, perhaps chief *Romova* of the Country, rashly intruded into, with consequent strokes, and fall in the form of a crucifix, appears now to be the intelligible account.[1] We will take it for the real manner of Adalbert's exit;—no doubt of the essential transaction, or that it was a very flaming one on both sides. The date given is 23d April 997; date famous in the Romish Calendar since.

He was a Czech by birth, son of a Heathen Bohemian man of rank: his name (Adalbert, A'lbert, *Bright*-in-*Nobleness*) he got 'at Magdeburg, whither he had gone to study' and seek baptism; where, as generally elsewhere, his fervent devout ways were admirable to his fellow-creatures. A 'man of genius,' we may well say: one of Heaven's bright souls, born into the muddy darkness of this world;—laid hold of by a transcendent

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[1] Baillet, *Vies des Saints* (Paris, 1739), iii. 722. Bollandus, *Acta Sanctorum*, Aprilis tom. iii. (*die* 23ª; in Edition *Venetiis*, 1738), pp. 174-205. Voigt, *Geschichte Preussens* (Königsberg, 1827-'39), i. 266-70.

Message, in the due transcendent degree. He entered Prag, as Bishop, not in a carriage-and-six, but 'walking barefoot,' his contempt for earthly shadows being always extreme. Accordingly, his quarrels with the *sæculum* were constant and endless; his wanderings up and down, and vehement arguings, in this world, to little visible effect, lasted all his days. We can perceive he was short-tempered, thin of skin: a violently sensitive man. For example, once in the Bohemian solitudes, on a summer afternoon, in one of his thousandfold pilgrimings and wayfarings, he had lain down to rest, his one or two monks and he, in some still glade, 'with a stone for his pillow' (as was always his custom even in Prag), and had fallen sound asleep. A Bohemian shepherd chanced to pass that way, warbling something on his pipe, as he wended towards looking after his flock. Seeing the sleepers on their stone pillows, the thoughtless Czech mischievously blew louder,—started Adalbert broad awake upon him; who, in the fury of the first moment, shrieked: 'Deafness on thee! Man cruel to the human sense of hearing!' or words to that effect. Which curse, like the most of Adalbert's, was punctually fulfilled: the amazed Czech stood deaf as a post, and went about so all his days after; nay, for long centuries (perhaps down to the present time, in remote parts), no Czech blows into his pipe in the woodlands, without certain precautions, and preliminary fuglings of a devotional nature.[1]—From which miracle, as indeed from many other indications, I infer an irritable nervous-system in poor Adalbert; and find this death in the Romova was probably a furious mixture of Earth and Heaven.

At all events, he lies there, beautiful though bloody, 'in the form of a crucifix'; zealous Adalbert, the hot spirit of him now at last cold;—and has clapt his mark upon the Heathen country, protesting to the last. This was in the year 997, think the best Antiquaries. It happened at a place called *Fischhausen*, near Pillau, say they; on that narrow strip of country which lies between the Baltic and the Frische Haf

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[1] Bollandus, ubi suprà.

(immense Lake, *Wash* as we should say, or leakage of shallow water, one of two such, which the Baltic has spilt out of it in that quarter),—near the Fort and Haven of Pillau; where there has been much stir since; where Napoleon, for one thing, had some tough fighting, prior to the Treaty of Tilsit, fifty years ago. The place,—or if not this place, then Gnesen in Poland, the final burial-place of Adalbert, which is better known,—has ever since had a kind of sacredness; better or worse expressed by mankind: in the form of canonisation, endless pilgrimages, rumoured miracles, and suchlike. For shortly afterwards, the neighbouring Potentate, Boleslaus Duke of Poland, heart-struck at the event, drew sword on these Heathens, and having (if I remember) gained some victory, bargained to have the Body of Adalbert delivered to him at its weight in gold. Body, all cut in pieces, and nailed to poles, had long ignominiously withered in the wind; perhaps it was now only buried overnight for the nonce? Being dug up, or being cut down, and put into the balance, it weighed—less than was expected. It was as light as gossamer, said pious rumour. Had such an excellent odour too;—and came for a mere nothing of gold! This was Adalbert's first miracle after death; in life he had done many hundreds of them, and has done millions since,—chiefly upon paralytic nervous-systems, and the element of pious rumour;—which any Devil's-Advocate then extant may explain if he can! Kaiser Otto, Wonder of the World, who had known St. Adalbert in life, and much honoured him, 'made a pilgrimage to his tomb at Gnesen in the year 1000';—and knelt there, we may believe, with thoughts wondrous enough, great and sad enough.

There is no hope of converting Preussen, then? It will never leave off its dire worship of Satan, then? Say not, Never; that is a weak word. St. Adalbert has stamped his life upon it, in the form of a crucifix, in lasting protest against that.

CHAPTER III

MARKGRAVES OF BRANDENBURG

MEANWHILE our first enigmatic set of Markgraves, or Deputy-Markgraves, at Brandenburg, are likewise faring ill. Whoever these valiant steel-gray gentlemen might be (which Dryasdust does not the least know, and only makes you more uncertain the more he pretends to tell), one thing is very evident, they had no peaceable possession of the place, nor for above a hundred years, a constant one on any terms. The Wends were highly disinclined to conversion and obedience: once and again, and still again, they burst up; got temporary hold of Brandenburg, hoping to keep it; and did frightful heterodoxies there. So that to our distressed imagination those poor 'Markgraves of Witekind descent,' our first set in Brandenburg, become altogether shadowy, intermittent, enigmatic, painfully actual as they once were. Take one instance, omitting others; which happily proves to be the finish of that first shadowy line, and introduces us to a new set very slightly more substantial.

End of the First Shadowy Line

In the year 1023, near a century after Henry the Fowler's feat, the Wends bursting up in never-imagined fury, get hold of Brandenburg again,—for the third and, one would fain hope, the last time. The reason was, words spoken by the then Markgraf of Brandenburg, Dietrich or Theodoric, last of the Witekind Markgraves; who hearing that a Cousin of his (Markgraf or Deputy-Markgraf like himself) was about wedding his daughter to 'Mistevoi King of the Wends,' said too earnestly: 'Don't! Will you give your daughter to a dog?' Word 'dog' was used, says my authority.[1] Which threw King Mistevoi into a paroxysm, and raised the Wends. Their butchery of the German population in poor Brandenburg, especially of the Priests; their burning of the Cathedral, and of Church and State generally, may be conceived. The *Harlungsberg*,—in our time *Marienberg*, pleasant Hill near Brandenburg, with its gardens, vines, and whitened cottages:—on the top of this Harlungsberg the Wends 'set up their god Triglaph'; a threeheaded Monster of which I have seen prints, beyond measure ugly. Something like three whale's-cubs combined by boiling, or a triple porpoise dead-drunk (for the dull eyes are inexpressible, as well as the amorphous shape): ugliest and stupidest of all false gods. This these victorious Wends set up on the Harlungsberg, Year 1023; and worshipped after their sort, benighted mortals,—with joy, for a time. The Cathedral was in ashes, Priests all slain or fled, shadowy Markgraves the like; Church and State lay in ashes; and Triglaph, like a Triple Porpoise under the influence of laudanum, stood (I know not whether on his head or on his tail) aloft on the Harlungsberg, as the Supreme of this Universe, for the time being.

Second Shadowy Line

Whereupon the *Ditmarsch-Stade* Markgrafs (as some designate them) had to interfere, these shadowy Deputies of the *Witekind* breed having vanished in that manner. The Ditmarschers recovered the place; and with some fighting, did in the main at least keep Triglaph and the Wends out of it in time coming. The Wends were fiercely troublesome, and fought much; but I think they never actually got hold of Brandenburg again. They were beginning to get notions of conversion: well preached-to and well beaten-upon, you cannot hold-out for ever. Even Mistevoi at one time professed tendencies to Christianity; perhaps partly for his Bride's sake,—the dog, we may call him, in a milder sense! But he relapsed dreadfully, after that insult; and his son worse. On the other hand, Mistevoi's grandson was so zealous he went about with the Missionary Preachers, and interpreted their German into Wendish: 'Oh, my poor Wends, will you hear, then, will you understand? This solid Earth is but a shadow: Heaven forever or else Hell forever, that is the reality!' *Such* 'difference between right and wrong' no Wend had heard of before; quite tremendously 'important if true'!—And doubtless it impressed many. There are heavy Ditmarsch strokes for the unimpressible. By degrees all got converted, though many were killed first; and, one way or other, the Wends are preparing to efface themselves as a distinct people.

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[1] See Michaelis, *Chur- und Fürstlichen Häuser*, i. 257-9; Pauli, *Allgemeine Preussische Staats-Geschichte* (Halle, 1760-'69), i. 1-182 (the 'standard work' on Prussian History; in eight watery quartos, intolerable to human nature): Kloss, *Vaterländische Gemälde* (Berlin, 1833), i. 59-108 (a Bookseller's-compilation, with some curious Excerpts):—under which lie modern Sagittarius, ancient Adam of Bremen, *Ditmarus Merseburgensis*, *Witichindus Corbeiensis*, *Arnoldus Lubecensis*, etc., etc., to all lengths and breadths.

This *Stade-and-Ditmarsch* family (of Anglish or Saxon breed, if that is an advantage) seem generally to have furnished the *Salzwedel* Office as well, of which Brandenburg was an offshoot, done by deputy, usually also of their kin. They lasted in Brandenburg rather more than a hundred years;—with little or no Book-History that is good to read; their History inarticulate rather, and stamped beneficently on the face of things. Otto is a common name among them. One of their sisters, too, Adelheid (Adelaide, *Nobleness*) had a strange adventure with 'Ludwig the Springer': romantic mythic man, famous in the German world, over whom my readers and I must not pause at this time.

In Salzwedel, in Ditmarsch, or wherever stationed, they had a toilsome fighting life: sore difficulties with their *Ditmarschers* too, with the plundering Danish populations; Markgraf after Markgraf getting killed in the business. '*Erschlagen*, slain fighting with the Heathen,' say the old Books, and pass on to another. Of all which there is now silence forever. So many years men fought and planned and struggled there, all forgotten now except by the gods; and silently gave away their life, before those countries could become fencible and habitable! Nay, my friend, it is our lot too: and if we would win honour in this Universe, the rumour of Histories and Morning Newspapers,—which have to become wholly zero, one day, and fall dumb as stones, and which were not perhaps very wise even while speaking,—will help us little!—

Substantial Markgraves: Glimpse of the Contemporary Kaisers

The Ditmarsch-Stade kindred, much slain in battle with the Heathen, and otherwise beaten upon, died out, about the year 1130 (earlier perhaps, perhaps later, for all is shadowy still); and were succeeded in the Salzwedel part of their function by a kindred called 'of Ascanien and Ballenstädt'; the *Ascanier* or *Anhalt* Markgraves; whose History, and that of Brandenburg, becomes henceforth articulate to us; a History not doubtful or shadowy any longer; but ascertainable, if reckoned worth ascertaining. Who succeeded in Ditmarsch, let us by no means inquire. The Empire itself was in some disorder at this time, more abstruse of aspect than usual; and these Northern Markgrafs, already become important people, and deep in general politics, had their own share in the confusion that was going.

It was about this same time that a second line of Kaisers had died out: the *Frankish* or *Salic* line, who had succeeded to the *Saxon*, of Henry the Fowler's blood. For the Empire too, though elective, had always a tendency to become hereditary, and go in lines: if the last Kaiser left a son not unfit, who so likely as the son? But he needed to be fit, otherwise it would not answer,—otherwise it might be worse for him! There were great labours in the Empire too, as well as on the Sclavic frontier of it: brave men fighting against anarchy (actually set in pitched fight against it, and not always strong enough),—toiling sore, according to their faculty, to pull the innumerable crooked things straight. Some agreed well with the Pope,—as Henry II., who founded Bamberg Bishopric, and much else of the like;[1] 'a sore saint for the crown,' as was said of David I., his Scotch congener, by a descendant. Others disagreed very much indeed;—Henry IV.'s scene at Canossa, with Pope Hildebrand and the pious Countess (year 1077, Kaiser of the Holy Roman Empire waiting, three days, in the snow, to kiss the foot of excommunicative Hildebrand), has impressed itself on all memories! Poor Henry rallied out of that abasement, and dealt a stroke or two on Hildebrand; but fell still lower before long, his very Son going against him; and came almost to actual want of bread, had not the Bishop of Liége been good to him. Nay, after death, he lay four years waiting vainly even for burial,—but indeed cared little about that.

Certainly this Son of his, Kaiser Henry V., does not shine in filial piety: but probably the poor lad himself was hard bestead. He also came to die, A.D. 1125, still little over forty, and was the last of the Frankish Kaisers. He 'left the *Reichs-Insignien*' (Crown, Sceptre, and Coronation gear) 'to his Widow and young Friedrich of Hohenstauffen,' a sister's son of his,—hoping the said Friedrich might, partly by that help, follow as Kaiser. Which Friedrich could not do; being wheedled, both the Widow and he, out of their insignia, under false pretences, and otherwise left in the lurch. Not Friedrich, but one Lothar, a stirring man who had grown potent in the Saxon countries, was elected Kaiser. In the end, after waiting till Lothar was done, Friedrich's race did succeed, and with brilliancy,—Kaiser Barbarossa being that same Friedrich's son. In regard to which dim complicacies, take this Excerpt from the imbroglio of Manuscripts, before they go into the fire:

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[1] Köhler, pp. 102-4. See, for instance, *Description de la Table d'Autel en or fin, donnée à la Cathédrale de Bâle, par l'Empereur Henri II. en* 1019 (Porentruy, 1838).

'By no means to be forgotten that the Widow we here speak of, Kaiser Henry v.'s Widow, who brought no heir to Henry v., was our English Henry Beauclerc's daughter,—grand-daughter therefore of William Conqueror,—the same who, having (in 1127, the second year of her widowhood) married Godefroi Count of Anjou, produced our Henry II. and our Plantagenets; and thereby, through her victorious Controversies with King Stephen (that noble peer whose breeches stood him so cheap), became very celebrated as "the Empress Maud," in our old History-Books. Mathildis, Dowager of Kaiser Henry v., to whom he gave his Reichs-Insignia at dying: she is the "Empress Maud" of English Books; and relates herself in this manner to the Hohenstauffen Dynasty, and intricate German vicissitudes. Be thankful for any hook whatever on which to hang half an acre of thrums in fixed position, out of your way; the smallest flint-spark, in a world all black and unrememberable, will be welcome.'—

And so we return to Brandenburg and the '*Ascanien* and *Ballenstädt*' series of Markgraves.

CHAPTER IV

ALBERT THE BEAR

THIS *Ascanien*, happily, has nothing to do with Brute of Troy or the pious Æneas's son; it is simply the name of a most ancient Castle (etymology unknown to me, ruins still dimly traceable) on the north slope of the Hartz Mountains; short way from Aschersleben,—the Castle and Town of Aschersleben are, so to speak, a second edition of Ascanien. Ballenstädt is still older; Ballenstädt was of age in Charlemagne's time; and is still a respectable little Town in that upland range of country. The kindred, called *Grafs* and ultimately *Herzogs* (Dukes) of 'Ascanien and Ballenstädt,' are very famous in old German History, especially down from this date. Some reckon that they had intermittently been Markgrafs, in their region, long before this; which is conceivable enough: at all events it is very plain they did now attain the Office in *Salzwedel* (straightway shifting it to

Brandenburg); and held it continuously, it and much else that lay adjacent, for centuries, in a highly conspicuous manner.

In Brandenburg they lasted for about two-hundred years; in their Saxon dignities, the younger branch of them did not die out (and give place to the Wettins that now are) for five-hundred. Nay they have still their representatives on the Earth: Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau, celebrated 'Old Dessauer,' come of the junior branches, is lineal head of the kin in Friedrich Wilhelm's time (while our little Fritzchen lies asleep in his cradle at Berlin); and a certain Prince of Anhalt-Zerbst, Colonel in the Prussian Army, authentic *Prince*, but with purse much shorter than pedigree, will have a Daughter by and by, who will go to Russia, and become almost too conspicuous, as Catharine II., there!—

'Brandenburg now as afterwards,' says one of my old Papers, 'was officially reckoned *Saxon*; part of the big Duchy of Saxony; where certain famed *Billungs*, lineage of an old "Count Billung" (connected or not with *Billings*-gate in our country, I do not know) had long borne sway. Of which big old Billungs I will say nothing at all;—this only, that they died out; and a certain Albert, "Count of Ascanien and Ballenstädt" (say, of *Anhalt*, in modern terms), whose mother was one of their daughters, came in for the northern part of their inheritance. He made a clutch at the Southern too, but did not long retain that. Being a man very swift and very sharp, at once nimble and strong, in the huge scramble that there then was,—Uncle Billung dead without heirs, a *Salic* line of emperors going or gone out, and a *Hohenstauffen* not yet come in,—he made a rich game of it for himself; the rather as Lothar, the intermediate Kaiser, was his cousin, and there were other good cards which he played well.

'This is he they call "Albert the Bear (*Albrecht der Bär*)"; first of the *Ascanien* Markgraves of Brandenburg;—first wholly definite *Markgraf of Brandenburg* that there is; once a very shining figure in the world, though now fallen dim enough again. It is evident he had a quick eye, as well as a strong hand; and could pick what way was straightest among crooked things. He got the Northern part of what is still called Saxony, and kept it in his family; got the Brandenburg Countries withal, got the Lausitz; was the shining figure and great man of the North in his day. The Markgrafdom of *Salzwedel* (which soon became of *Brandenburg*) he very naturally acquired (A.D. 1142 or earlier); very naturally, considering what Saxon and other honours and possessions he had already got hold of.'—

We can only say, it was the luckiest of events for Brandenburg, and the beginning of all the better destinies it has had. A conspicuous Country ever since in the world, and which grows ever more so in our late times.

He had many wars; inextricable coil of claimings, quarrellings and agreeings: fought much,—fought in Italy, too, 'against the Pagans' (Saracens, that is). Cousin to one Kaiser, the Lothar above named; then a chief stay of the Hohenstauffen, of the two Hohenstauffens who followed: a restless, much-managing, wide-warring man. He stood true by the great Barbarossa, second of the Hohenstauffen, greatest of all the Kaisers; which was a luck for him, and perhaps a merit. He kept well with three Kaisers in his time. Had great quarrels with 'Henry the Lion' about that 'Billung' Saxon Heritage; Henry carrying off the better part of it from Albert. Except that same Henry, head of the Guelphs or Welfs, who had not Albert's talent, though wider lands than Albert, there was no German prince so important in that time.

He transferred the Markgrafdom to *Brandenburg*, probably as more central in his wide lands; *Salzwedel* is henceforth the led Markgrafdom or *Marck*, and soon falls out of notice in the world. Salzwedel is called henceforth ever since the 'Old Marck (*Alte Marck*, *Altmarck*)'; the Brandenburg countries getting the name of 'New Marck.' Modern *Neumark*, modern 'Middle-Marck' (in which stands Brandenburg itself in our time), '*Ucker*-Marck' (*Outside* Marck,—word *Ucker* is still seen in *Ukraine*, for instance): these are posterior Divisions, fallen-upon as Brandenburg (under Albert chiefly) enlarged itself, and needed new Official parcellings into departments.

Under Albert the Markgrafdom had risen to be an *Electorate* withal. The Markgraf of Brandenburg was now furthermore the *Kurfürst* of Brandenburg; officially 'Arch-treasurer of the Holy Roman Empire'; and one of the Seven who have a right (which became about this time an exclusive one for those Seven) to choose, to *kieren* the Romish Kaiser; and who are therefore called *Kur* Princes, *Kurfürste* or Electors, as the highest dignity except the Kaiser's own. In reference to which abstruse matter, likely to concern us somewhat, will the uninstructed English reader consent to the following Excerpt, slightly elucidatory of *Kurfürsts* and their function?

'*Fürst* (Prince) I suppose is equivalent originally to our noun of number, *First*. The old verb *kieren* (participle *erkoren* still in use, not to mention "Val-*kyr*" and other instances) is essentially the same word as our *choose*, being written *kiesen* as well as *kieren*. Nay, say the etymologists, it is also written *küssen* (to *kiss*,—to *choose* with such emphasis!), and is not likely to fall obsolete in that form.—The other Six Electoral Dignitaries, who grew to Eight by degrees, and may be worth noting once by the readers of this Book, are:

'1°. Three Ecclesiastical, *Mainz, Cöln, Trier* (Mentz, Cologne, Treves), Archbishops all, with sovereignty and territory more or less considerable;—who used to be elected as Popes are, theoretically by their respective Chapters and the Heavenly Inspirations, but practically by the intrigues and pressures of the neighbouring Potentates, especially France and Austria.

'2°. Three Secular, *Sachsen, Pfalz, Böhmen* (Saxony, Palatinate, Bohemia); of which the last, *Böhmen*, since it fell from being a Kingdom in itself, to being a Province of Austria, is not very vocal in the Diets. These Six, with Brandenburg, are the Seven Kurfürsts in old time; *Septemvirs* of the Country, so to speak.

'But now *Pfalz*, in the Thirty-Years War (under our Prince Rupert's Father, whom the Germans call the "Winter-King"), got abrogated, put to the ban, so far as an indignant Kaiser could; and the vote and *Kur* of Pfalz was given to his Cousin of *Baiern* (Bavaria),—so far as an indignant Kaiser could. However, at the Peace of Westphalia (1648) it was found incompetent to any Kaiser to abrogate *Pfalz* or the like of Pfalz, a Kurfürst of the Empire. So, after jargon inconceivable, it was settled, That *Pfalz* must be reinstated, though with territories much clipped, and at the bottom of the list, not the top as formerly; and that *Baiern*, who could not stand to be balked after twenty-years possession, must be made *Eighth* Elector. The *Ninth*, we saw (Year 1692), was Gentleman Ernst of *Hanover*. There never was any Tenth; and the Holy *Römisches Reich*, which was a grand object once, but had gone about in a superannuated and plainly crazy state for some centuries back, was at last put out of pain, by Napoleon, "6th August 1806," and allowed to cease from this world.'[1]

None of Albert's wars are so comfortable to reflect on as those he had with the anarchic Wends; whom he now fairly beat to powder, and either swept away, or else damped down into Christianity and keeping of the peace. Swept them away otherwise; 'peopling their lands extensively with Colonists from Holland, whom an inroad of the sea had rendered homeless there.' Which surely was a useful exchange. Nothing better is known to me of Albert the Bear than this his introducing large numbers of Dutch Netherlanders into those countries; men thrown-out of work, who already knew how to deal with bog and sand, by mixing and delving, and who first taught Brandenburg what greenness and cow-pasture was. The Wends, in presence of such things, could not but consent more and more to efface themselves,—either to become German, and grow milk and cheese in the Dutch manner, or to disappear from the world.

The Wendish Princes had a taste for German wives; in which just taste the Albert genealogy was extremely willing to indulge them. Affinities produce inheritances; by proper marriage-contracts you can settle on what side the most contingent inheritance shall at length fall. Dim but pretty certain lies a time coming when the Wendish Princes also shall have effaced themselves; and all shall be German-Brandenburgish, not Wendish any more.—The actual Inhabitants of Brandenburg, therefore, are either come of Dutch Bog-farmers, or are simple Lower *Saxons* ('Anglo-Saxon,' if you like that better), *Platt-Teutsch* of the common type; an unexceptionable breed of people. Streaks of Wendish population, extruded gradually into the remoter quagmires, and more inaccessible, less valuable sedgy moors and sea-strands, are scattered about; Mecklenburg, which still subsists separately after a sort, is reckoned peculiarly Wendish. In Mecklenburg, Pommern, Pommerellen

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[1] MS. *penes me.*

(Little Pomerania), are still to be seen physiognomies of a Wendish or Vandalic type (more of cheek than there ought to be, and less of brow; otherwise good enough physiognomies of their kind): but the general mass, tempered with such admixtures, is of the Platt-Deutsch, Saxon or even Anglish character we are familiar with here at home. A patient stout people; meaning considerable things, and very incapable of speaking what it means.

Albert was a fine tall figure himself; *der Schöne*, 'Albert the Handsome,' was his name as often as 'Albert the Bear.' That latter epithet he got, not from his looks or qualities, but merely from his heraldic cognisance: a Bear on his shield. As was then the mode of names; surnames being scant, and not yet fixedly in existence. Thus too his contemporaries, Henry *the Lion* of Saxony and Welfdom, William *the Lion* of Scotland, were not, either of them, specially leonine men: nor had the *Plantagenets*, or Geoffrey of Anjou, any connexion with the *Plant* of *Broom*, except wearing a twig of it in their caps on occasion. Men are glad to get some designation for a grand Albert they are often speaking of, which shall distinguish him from the many small ones. Albert 'the Bear, *der Bär*,' will do as well as another.

It was this one first that made Brandenburg peaceable and notable. We might call him the second founder of Brandenburg; he, in the middle of the Twelfth Century, completed for it what Henry the Fowler had begun early in the Tenth. After two-hundred and fifty years of barking and worrying, the Wends are now finally reduced to silence; their anarchy well buried, and wholesome Dutch cabbage planted over it: Albert did several great things in the world; but this, for posterity, remains his memorable feat. Not done quite easily; but done: big destinies of Nations or of Persons are not founded *gratis* in this world. He had a sore toilsome time of it, coercing, warring, managing among his fellow-creatures, while his days-work lasted,—fifty years or so, for it began early. He died in his Castle of Ballenstädt, peaceably among the Hartz

Mountains at last, in the year 1170, age about sixty-five. It was in the time while Thomas à Becket was roving about the world, coming home excommunicative, and finally getting killed in Canterbury Cathedral;—while Abbot Samson, still a poor little brown Boy, came over from Norfolk, holding by his mother's hand, to St. Edmundsbury; having seen '*Satanas* with outspread wings' fearfully busy in this world.

CHAPTER V

CONRAD OF HOHENZOLLERN; AND KAISER BARBAROSSA

It was in those same years that a stout young fellow, Conrad by name, far off in the southern parts of Germany, set out from the old Castle of Hohenzollern, where he was but junior, and had small outlooks, upon a very great errand in the world. From Hohenzollern; bound now towards Gelnhausen, Kaiserslautern, or whatever temporary lodging the great Kaiser Barbarossa might be known to have, who was a wandering man, his business lying everywhere over half the world, and needing the master's eye. Conrad's purpose is to find Barbarossa, and seek fortune under him.

This is a very indisputable event of those same years. The exact date, the figure, circumstances of it were, most likely, never written anywhere but on Conrad's own brain, and are now rubbed out forevermore; but the event itself is certain; and of the highest concernment to this Narrative. Somewhere about the year 1170, likeliest a few years before that,[1] this Conrad, riding down from Hohenzollern, probably with no great stock of luggage about him,—little dreams of being connected with Brandenburg on the other side of the world; but *is* unconsciously more so than any other of the then sons of Adam. He is the lineal ancestor, twentieth in direct ascent, of the little Boy now sleeping in his cradle at Berlin; let him wait till nineteen generations, valiantly like Conrad, have done their part, and gone out, Conrad will find he is come to this! A man's destiny is strange always; and never wants for miracles, or will want, though it sometimes may for eyes to discern them.

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[1] Rentsch, *Brandenburgischer Ceder-Hein* (Baireuth, 1682), pp. 273-6.—See also Johann Ulrich Pregitzern, *Teutscher Regierungs- und Ehren-Spiegel, vorbildend etc. des Hauses Hohenzollern* (Berlin, 1703), pp. 90-3. A learned and painful Book: by a Tübingen Professor, who is deeply read in the old Histories, and gives Portraits and other Engravings of some value.

Hohenzollern lies far south in *Schwaben* (Suabia), on the sunward slope of the Rauhe-Alp Country; no great way north from Constance and its Lake; but well aloft, near the springs of the Danube; its back leaning on the Black Forest; it is perhaps definable as the southern summit of that same huge old Hercynian Wood, which is still called the *Schwarzwald* (Black Forest), though now comparatively bare of trees.[1] Fanciful Dryasdust, doing a little etymology, will tell you the name *Zollern* is equivalent to *Tollery* or Place of Tolls. Whereby *Hohenzollern* comes to mean the *High* or Upper *Tollery*;—and gives one the notion of antique pedlars climbing painfully, out of Italy and the Swiss valleys, thus far; unstrapping their pack-horses here, and chaffering in unknown dialect about *toll*. Poor souls;—it may be so, but we do not know, nor shall it concern us. This only is known: That a human kindred, probably of some talent for coercing anarchy and guiding mankind, had, centuries ago, built its *Burg* there, and done that function in a small but creditable way ever since;—kindred possibly enough derivable from 'Thassilo,' Charlemagne, King Dagobert, and other Kings, but certainly from Adam and the Almighty Maker, who had given it those qualities;—and that Conrad, a junior member of the same, now goes forth from it in the way we see. 'Why should a young fellow that has capabilities,' thought Conrad, 'stay at home in hungry idleness, with no estate but his javelin and buff jerkin, and no employment but his hawks, when there is a wide opulent world waiting only to be conquered?' This was Conrad's thought; and it proved to be a very just one.

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[1] 'There are still considerable spottings of wood (*pine* mainly, and "black" enough); *Holz-handel* (timber-trade) still a considerable branch of business there;—and on the streams of the country are cunning contrivances noticeable, for floating down the article into the Neckar river, and thence into the Rhine and to Holland.' (*Tourist's Note*).

It was now the flower-time of the Romish Kaisership of Germany; about the middle or noon of Barbarossa himself, second of the Hohenstauffens, and greatest of all the Kaisers of that or any other house. Kaiser fallen unintelligible to most modern readers, and wholly unknown, which is a pity. No King so furnished-out with apparatus and arena, with personal faculty to rule and scene to do it in, has appeared elsewhere. A magnificent magnanimous man; holding the reins of the world, not quite in the imaginary sense; scourging anarchy down, and urging noble effort up, really on a grand scale. A terror to evildoers and a praise to well-doers in this world, probably beyond what was ever seen since. Whom also we salute across the centuries, as a choice Beneficence of Heaven. 'Encamped on the Plain of Roncaglia' (when he entered Italy, as he too often had occasion to do), 'his shield was hung out on a high mast over his tent'; and it meant in those old days, 'Ho, every one that has suffered wrong; here is a Kaiser come to judge you, as he shall answer it to *his* Master.' And men gathered round him; and actually found some justice,—if they could discern it when found. Which they could not always do; neither was the justice capable of being perfect always. A fearfully difficult function, that of Friedrich Redbeard. But an inexorably indispensable one in this world;—though sometimes dispensed with (to the huge joy of Anarchy, which sings Hallelujah through all its Newspapers) for a season!

Kaiser Friedrich had immense difficulties with his Popes, with his Milanese, and the like;—besieged Milan six times over, among other anarchies;—had indeed a heavy-laden hard time of it, his task being great and the greatest. He made Gebhardus, the anarchic Governor of Milan, 'lie chained under his table, like a dog, for three days.' For the man was in earnest, in that earnest time:—and let us say, they are but paltry sham-men who are not so, in any time; paltry, and far worse than paltry, however high their plumes may be. Of whom the sick world (Anarchy, both vocal and silent, having now swoln rather high) is everywhere getting weary.—Gebhardus, the anarchic Governor, lay three days under the Kaiser's table; as it would be well if every anarchic Governor, of the soft type and of the hard, were made to do on occasion; asking himself, in terrible earnest, 'Am I a dog, then; alas, am not I a dog?' Those were serious old times.

On the other hand, Kaiser Friedrich had his Tourneys, his gleams of bright joyances now and then; one great gathering of all the chivalries at Mainz, which lasted for three weeks long, the grandest Tourney ever seen in this world. Gelnhausen, in the Wetterau (ruin still worth seeing, on its Island in the Kinzig river), is understood to have been one of his Houses; Kaiserslautern (Kaiser's *Limpid*, from its clear spring-water) in the Pfalz (what we call *Palatinate*), another. He went on the Crusade in his seventieth year;[1] thinking to himself, 'Let us end with one clear act of piety':—he cut his way through the dangerous Greek attorneyisms, through the hungry mountain passes, furious Turk fanaticisms, like a gray old hero: 'Woe is me, my son has perished, then?' said he once, tears wetting the beard now white enough; 'My son is slain!—But Christ still lives; let us on, my men!' And gained great victories, and even found his son; but never returned home;—died, some unknown sudden death, 'in the river Cydnus,' say the most.[2] Nay German Tradition thinks he is not yet dead; but only sleeping, till the bad world reach its worst, when he will reappear. He sits within the Hill near Salzburg yonder,—says German Tradition, its fancy kindled by the strange noises in that Hill (limestone Hill) from hidden waters, and by the grand rocky look of the place:—A peasant once, stumbling into the interior, saw the Kaiser in his stone cavern; Kaiser sat at a marble table, leaning on his elbow; winking, only half asleep; beard had grown through the table, and streamed out on the floor; he looked at the peasant one moment; asked him something about the time it was; then drooped his eyelids again: Not yet time, but will be soon![1] He is winking as if to awake. To awake, and set his shield aloft by the Roncalic Fields again, with: Ho, every one that is suffering wrong;—or that has strayed guideless, devil-ward, and done wrong, which is far fataler!

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[1] A.D. 1189; Saladin having, to the universal sorrow, taken Jerusalem.

[2] Köhler (p. 188), and the Authorities cited by him. Bünau's *Deutsche Kaiser- und Reichs-Historie* (Leipzig, 1728-'43), i., is the express Book on Barbarossa: an elaborate, instructive Volume.

Conrad has become Burggraf of Nürnberg (A.D. 1170)

This was the Kaiser to whom Conrad addressed himself; and he did it with success; which may be taken as a kind of testimonial to the worth of the young man. Details we have absolutely none: but there is no doubt that Conrad recommended himself to Kaiser Redbeard, nor any that the Kaiser was a judge of men. Very earnest to discern men's worth and capabilities; having unspeakable need of worth, instead of unworth, in those under him! We may conclude he had found capabilities in Conrad; found that the young fellow did effective services as the occasion rose, and knew how to work, in a swift, resolute, judicious and exact manner. Promotion was not likely on other terms; still less, high promotion.

One thing farther is known, significant for his successes: Conrad found favour with 'the Heiress of the Vohburg

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[1] Riesebeck's *Travels* (English Translation, London, 1787), i. 140. Büsching, *Volks-Sagen*, etc. (Leipzig, 1820), i. 333; etc. etc.

Family,' desirable young heiress, and got her to wife. The Vohburg Family, now much forgotten everywhere, and never heard of in England before, had long been of supreme importance, of immense possessions, and opulent in territories, and we need not add, in honours and offices, in those Franconian Nürnberg regions; and was now gone to this one girl. I know not that she had much inheritance after all; the vast Vohburg properties lapsing all to the Kaiser, when the male heirs were out. But she had pretensions, tacit claims; in particular, the Vohburgs had long been habitual or in effect hereditary Burggrafs of Nürnberg; and if Conrad had the talent for that office, he now, in preference to others, might have a chance for it. Sure enough, he got it; took root in it, he and his; and, in the course of centuries, branched up from it, high and wide, over the adjoining countries; waxing towards still higher destinies. That is the epitome of Conrad's history; history now become very great, but then no bigger than its neighbours, and very meagerly recorded; of which the reflective reader is to make what he can.

There is nothing clearly known of Conrad more than these three facts: That he was a cadet of Hohenzollern (whose father's name, and some forefathers' names are definitely known in the family archives, but do not concern us); that he married the Heiress of the Vohburgs, whose history is on record in like manner; and that he was appointed Burggraf of Nürnberg, year not precisely known,—but before 1170, as would seem. 'In a *Reichstag* (Diet of the Empire) held at Regensburg in or about 1170,' he formally complains, he and certain others, all stanch Kaiser's-friends (for in fact it was with the Kaiser's knowledge, or at his instigation), of Henry the Lion's high procedures and malpractices; of Henry's League with the Pope, League with the King of Denmark, and so forth; the said Henry having indeed fallen into opposition, to a dangerous degree;—and signs himself *Burggraf of Nürnberg*, say the old Chronicles.[1] The old Document itself has long since perished, I conclude: but the Chronicles may be accepted as reporters of so conspicuous a thing; which was the beginning of long strife in Germany, and proved the ruin of Henry the Lion, supreme Welf grown over-big,—and cost our English Henry II., whose daughter he had married, a world of trouble and expense, we may remark withal. Conrad therefore is already Burggraf of Nürnberg, and a man of mark, in 1170: and his marriage, still more his first sally from the paternal Castle to seek his fortune, must all be dated earlier.

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[1] Rentsch, p. 276 (who cites *Aventinus Trittheim*, etc.).

More is not known of Conrad: except indeed that he did not perish in Barbarossa's grand final Crusade. For the antiquaries have again found him signed to some contract, or otherwise insignificant document, A.D. 1200. Which is proof positive that he did not die in the Crusade; and proof probable that he was not of it,—few, hardly any, of those stalwart 150,000 champions of the Cross having ever got home again. Conrad, by this time, might have sons come to age; fitter for arms and fatigues than he: and indeed at Nürnberg, in Deutschland generally, as Official Prince of the Empire, and man of weight and judgment, Conrad's services might be still more useful, and the Kaiser's interests might require him rather to stay at home in that juncture. Burggraf of Nürnberg he continued to be; he and his descendants, first in a selective, then at length in a directly hereditary way, century after century; and so long as that office lasted in Nürnberg (which it did there much longer than in other Imperial Free-Cities), a *Comes de Zolre* of Conrad's producing was always the man thenceforth.

Their acts, in that station and capacity, as Burggraves and Princes of the Empire, were once conspicuous enough in German History; and indeed are only so dim now, because the History itself is, and was always, dim to us on this side of the sea. They did strenuous work in their day; and occasionally towered up (though little driven by the poor wish of 'towering' or 'shining' without need) into the high places of Public History. They rest now from their labours, Conrad and his successors, in long series, in the old Monastery of Heilsbronn (between Nürnberg and Anspach), with Tombs to many of them, which were very legible for slight Biographic purposes in my poor friend Rentsch's time, a hundred and fifty years ago; and may perhaps still have some quasi-use, as 'sepulchral brasses,' to another class of persons. One or two of those old buried Figures, more peculiarly important for our little Friend now sleeping in his cradle yonder, we must endeavour, as the Narrative proceeds, to resuscitate a little, and render visible for moments.

Of the Hohenzollern Burggraves generally

As to the Office, it was more important than perhaps the reader imagines. We already saw Conrad first Burggraf, among the magnates of the country, denouncing Henry the Lion. Every Burggraf of Nürnberg is, in virtue of his office, 'Prince of the Empire': if a man happened to have talent of his own, and solid resources of his own (which are always on the growing hand with this family), here is a basis from which he may go far enough. Burggraf of Nürnberg: that means again *Graf* (judge, defender, manager, *g'reeve*) of the Kaiser's *Burg* or Castle,—in a word Kaiser's Representative and *Alter Ego*,—in the old Imperial Free-town of Nürnberg; with much adjacent very complex territory, also, to administer for the Kaiser. A flourishing extensive City, this old Nürnberg, with valuable adjacent territory, civic and imperial, intricately intermixed; full of commercial industries, opulences, not without democratic tendencies. Nay it is almost, in some senses, the *London and Middlesex* of the Germany that then was, if we will consider it!

This is a place to give a man chances, and try what stuff is in him. The office involves a talent for governing, as well as for judging; talent for fighting also, in cases of extremity, and what is still better, a talent for avoiding to fight. None but a man of competent superior parts can do that function:

I suppose, no imbecile could have existed many months in it, in the old earnest times. Conrad and his succeeding Hohenzollerns proved very capable to do it, as would seem; and grew and spread in it, waxing bigger and bigger, from their first planting there by Kaiser Barbarossa, a successful judge of men. And ever since that time, from 'about the year 1170,' down to the year 1815,—when so much was changed, owing to another (temporary) 'Kaiser' of new type, Napoleon his name,—the Hohenzollerns have had a footing in Frankenland; and done sovereignty in and round Nürnberg, with an enlarging Territory in that region. Territory at last of large compass; which, under the names *Margrafdom of Anspach*, and of *Baireuth*, or in general *Margrafdom of Culmbach*, which includes both, has become familiar in History.*

For the House went on steadily increasing, as it were, from the first day; the Hohenzollerns being always of a growing, gaining nature;—as men are that live conformably to the laws of this Universe, and of their place therein; which, as will appear from good study of their old records, through idle rumour, grounded on no study, sometimes says the contrary, these Hohenzollerns eminently were. A thrifty, steadfast, diligent, clear-sighted, stout-hearted line of men; of loyal nature withal, and even to be called just and pious, sometimes to a notable degree. Men not given to fighting, where it could be avoided; yet with a good swift stroke in them, where it could not: princely people after their sort, with a high, not an ostentatious turn of mind. They, for most part, go upon solid prudence; if possible, are anxious to reach the goal without treading on any one; are peaceable, as I often say, and by no means quarrelsome, in aspect and demeanour; yet there is generally in the Hohenzollerns a very fierce flash of anger, capable of blazing out in cases of urgency: this latter also is one of the most constant features I have noted in the long series of them. That they grew in Frankenland, year after year, and century after century, while it was their fortune to last, alive and active there, is no miracle, on such terms.

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* See Map at p. 252.

Their old big Castle of Plassenburg (now a Penitentiary, with treadmill and the other furnishings) still stands on its Height, near Culmbach, looking down over the pleasant meeting of the Red and White Mayn Rivers and of their fruitful valleys; awakening many thoughts in the traveller. Anspach Schloss, and still more Baireuth Schloss (Mansion, one day, of our little Wilhelmina of Berlin, Fritzkin's sister, now prattling there in so old a way; where notabilities have been, one and another; which Jean Paul, too, saw daily in his walks, while alive and looking skyward): these, and many other castles and things, belonging now wholly to Bavaria, will continue memorable for Hohenzollern history.

The Family did its due share, sometimes an excessive one, in religious beneficences and foundations; which was not quite left-off in recent times, though much altering its figure. Erlangen University, for example, was of Wilhelmina's doing. Erlangen University;—and also an Opera-House of excessive size in Baireuth. Such was poor Wilhelmina's sad figure of 'religion.' In the old days, their largest bequest that I recollect was to the *Teutsche Ritter*, Order of Teutonic Knights, very celebrated in those days. Junior branches from Hohenzollern, as from other families, sought a career in that chivalrous devout Brotherhood now and then; one pious Burggraf had three sons at once in it; he, a very bequeathing Herr otherwise, settled one of his mansions, Virnsperg, with rents and incomings, on the Order. Which accordingly had thenceforth a *Comthurei* (Commandery) in that country; Comthurei of Virnsperg the name of it: the date of donation is A.D. 1294; and two of the old Herr's three *Ritter* sons, we can remark, were successively *Comthurs* (Commanders, steward-prefects) of Virnsperg, the first two it had.[1]

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[1] Rentsch, p. 288.

This was in 1294; the palmy period, or culmination time of the *Teutsches Ritterthum.* Concerning which, on wider accounts, we must now say a word.

CHAPTER VI

THE TEUTSCH RITTERS OR TEUTONIC ORDER

Barbarossa's Army of Crusaders did not come home again, any more than Barbarossa. They were stronger than Turk or Saracen, but not than Hunger and Disease; Leaders did not know then, as our little Friend at Berlin came to know, that 'an Army, like a serpent, goes upon its *belly*.' After fine fighting and considerable victories, the end of this Crusade was, it took to 'besieging Acre,' and in reality lay perishing as of murrain on the beach at Acre, without shelter, without medicine, without food. Not even Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and his best prowess and help, could avert such issue from it.

Richard's Crusade fell-in with the fag-end of Barbarossa's; and it was Richard chiefly that managed to take Acre;—at least so Richard flattered himself, when he pulled poor Leopold of Austria's standard from the towers, and trailed it through the gutters: 'Your standard? *You* have taken Acre?' Which turned out ill for Richard afterwards. And Duke Leopold has a bad name among us in consequence; much worse than he deserves. Leopold had stuff in him too. He died, for example, in this manner: falling with his horse, I think in some siege or other, he had got his leg hurt; which hindered him in fighting. Leg could not be cured: 'Cut it off, then!' said Leopold. This also the leech could not do; durst not, and would not; so that Leopold was come quite to a halt. Leopold ordered out two squires; put his thigh upon a block, the sharp edge of an axe at the right point across his thigh: 'Squire first, hold you that axe; steady! Squire second, smite you on it with forge-hammer, with all your strength, heavy enough'! Squire second struck, heavy enough, and the leg flew off; but Leopold took inflammation, died in a day or two, as the leech had predicted. That is a fact to be found in current authors (quite exact or not quite), that surgical operation:[1] such a man cannot have his flag trailed through the gutters by any Cœur-de-Lion.—But we return to the beach at Acre, and the poor Crusaders, dying as of murrain there. It is the year 1190, Acre not yet taken, nor these quarrels got to a height.

'The very Templars, Hospitallers, neglect us,' murmured the dying Germans; 'they have perhaps enough to do, and more than enough, with their own countrymen, whose speech is intelligible to them? For us, it would appear, there is no help!' Not altogether none. A company of pious souls,—compassionate Lübeck ship-captains diligently forwarding it, and one Walpot von Bassenheim, a citizen of Bremen, taking the lead,—formed themselves into a union for succour of the sick and dying; 'set up canvas tents,' medicinal assuagements, from the Lübeck ship-stores; and did what utmost was in them, silently in the name of Mercy and Heaven. 'This Walpot was not by birth a nobleman,' says one of the old Chroniclers, 'but his deeds were noble.' This pious little union proved unconsciously the beginning of a great thing. Finding its work prosper here, and gain favour, the little union took vows on itself, strict chivalry forms, and decided to become permanent. 'Knights Hospitallers of our dear Lady of Mount Zion,' that or something equivalent was their first title, under Walpot their first Grand-Master; which soon grew to be 'German Order of St. Mary' (*Teutsche Ritter* of the *Marie-Orden*), or for shortness *Teutsches Ritterthum*; under which name it played a great part in the world for above three centuries to come, and eclipsed in importance both the Templars and Hospitallers of St. John.

This was the era of Chivalry Orders, and *Gelübde*; time for

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[1] Mentzel, *Geschichte der Deutschen* (Stuttgard and Tübingen, 1837), p. 309.

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Bodies of Men uniting themselves by a Sacred Vow, '*Gelübde*'; —which word and thing have passed over to us in a singularly dwindled condition: '*Club*' we now call it; and the vow, if sacred, does not aim very high! Templars and Hospitallers were already famous bodies; the latter now almost a century old. Walpot's new *Gelübde* was of similar intent, only German in kind,—the protection, defence and solacement of Pilgrims, with whatever that might involve.

Head of Teutsch Order moves to Venice

The Teutsch Ritters earned character in Palestine, and began to get bequests and recognition; but did not long continue there, like their two rival Orders. It was not in Palestine, whether the Orders might be aware of it or not, that their work could now lie. Pious Pilgrims certainly there still are in great numbers; to these you shall do the sacred rites: but these, under a Saladin bound by his word, need little protection by the sword. And as for Crusading in the armed fashion, that has fallen visibly into the decline. After Barbarossa, Cœur-de-Lion and Philippe Auguste have tried it with such failure, what wise man will be in haste to try it again? Zealous Popes continue to stir-up Crusades; but the Secular Powers are not in earnest as formerly; Secular Powers, when they do go, 'take Constantinople,' 'conquer Sicily,' never take or conquer anything in Palestine. The Teutsch Order helps valiantly in Palestine, or would help; but what is the use of helping? The Teutsch Order has already possessions in Europe, by pious bequest and otherwise; all its main interests lie there; in fine, after less than thirty years, Hermann von der Salza, a new sagacious *Teutschmeister* or *Hochmeister* (so they call the head of the Order), fourth in the series, a far-seeing, negotiating man, finds that Venice will be a fitter place of lodging for him than Acre: and accordingly during his long Mastership (A.D. 1210-39), he is mostly to be found there, and not at Acre or Jerusalem

1226]

He is very great with the busy Kaiser, Friedrich II., Barbarossa's grandson; who has the usual quarrels with the Pope, and is glad of such a negotiator, statesman as well as armed monk. The usual quarrels this great Kaiser had, all along, and some unusual. Normans ousted from Sicily, who used to be so Papal; a Kaiser *not* gone on the Crusade, as he had vowed; Kaiser at last suspected of freethinking even:—in which matters Hermann much serves the Kaiser. Sometimes he is appointed arbiter between the Pope and Kaiser;—does not give it in the Kaiser's favour, but against him, where he thinks the Kaiser is wrong. He is reckoned the first great Hochmeister, this Hermann von der Salza, a Thüringer by birth, who is fourth in the series of Masters: perhaps the greatest to be found there at all, though many were considerable. It is evident that no man of his time was busier in important public affairs, or with better acceptance, than Hermann. His Order, both Pope and Emperor so favouring the Master of it, was in a vigorous state of growth all this while; Hermann well proving that he could help it better at Venice than at Acre.

But if the Crusades are ended,—as indeed it turned out, only one other worth speaking of, St. Louis's, having in earnest come to effect, or rather to miserable non-effect, and that not yet for fifty years;—if the Crusades are ended, and the Teutsch Order increases always in possessions, and finds less and less work, what probably will become of the Teutsch Order? Grow fat, become luxurious, incredulous, dissolute, insolent; and need to be burnt out of the way? That was the course of the Templars, and their sad end. They began poorest of the poor, 'two Knights to one Horse,' as their Seal bore; and they at last took *fire* on very opposite accounts. 'To carouse like a Templar': that had become a proverb among men; that was the way to produce combustion, 'spontaneous' or other! Whereas their fellow Hospitallers of St. John, chancing upon new work (Anti-Turk garrison-duty, so we may call it, successively in Cyprus, Rhodes, Malta, for a series of ages), and doing it well, managed to escape the like. As did the Teutsch Order in a still more conspicuous manner.

Teutsch Order itself goes to Preussen

Ever since St. Adalbert fell massacred in Prussia, stamping himself as a Crucifix on that Heathen soil, there have been attempts at conversion going on by the Christian neighbours, Dukes of Poland and others: intermittent fits of fighting and preaching for the last two hundred years, with extremely small result. Body of St. Adalbert was got at light weight, and the poor man canonised; there is even a Titular Bishop of Prussia; and pilgrimages wander to the shrine of Adalbert in Poland, reminding you of Prussia in a tragic manner; but what avails it? Missionaries, when they set foot in the country, are killed or flung out again. The Bishop of Prussia is titular merely; lives in Liefland (*Livonia*) properly Bishop of *Riga*, among the Bremen trading-settlers and converted Lieflanders there, which is the only safe place,—if even that were safe without aid of armed men, such as he has there even now. He keeps his *Schwertbrüder* (Brothers of the Sword), a small Order of Knights, recently got-up by him, for express behoof of Liefland itself; and these, fighting their best, are sometimes troublesome to the Bishop, and do not much prosper upon Heathendom, or gain popularity and resources in the Christian world. No hope in the *Schwertbrüder* for Prussia;—and in massacred Missionaries what hope? The Prussian population continues Heathen, untamable to Gospel and Law; and after two centuries of effort, little or no real progress has been made.

But now, in these circumstances, in the year 1226, the Titular Bishop of Prussia, having well considered the matter and arranged it with the Polish Authorities, opens a communication with Hermann von der Salza, at Venice, on the subject; 'Crusading is over in the East, illustrious Hochmeister; no duty for a Teutsch Order there at present: what is the use of crusading far off in the East, when Heathenism and the Kingdom of Satan hangs on our own borders, close at hand, in the North? Let the Teutsch Order come to Preussen; head a Crusade there. The land is fruitful; flows really with milk and honey, not to speak of amber, and was once called the *Terrestrial Paradise*'—by I forget whom.[1] In fact, it is clear, the land should belong to Christ; and if the Christian Teutsch Ritterdom could conquer it from Satanas for themselves, it would be well for all parties. Hermann, a man of sagacious clear head, listens attentively. The notion is perhaps not quite new to him: at all events, he takes up the notion; negotiates upon it, with Titular Bishop, with Pope, Kaiser, Duke of Poland, Teutsch Order; and in brief, about two years afterwards (A.D. 1228), having done the negotiatings to the last item, he produces his actual Teutsch Ritters, ready, on Prussian ground.

Year 1228, thinks Dryasdust, after a struggle. Place where, proves also at length discoverable in Dryasdust,—not too far across the north Polish frontier, always with 'Masovia' (the now Warsaw region) to fall back upon. But in what number; how; nay almost when, to a year,—do not ask poor Dryasdust, who overwhelms himself with idle details, and by reason of the trees is unable to see the wood.[2]—The Teutsch Ritters straightway build a *Burg* for headquarters, spread themselves on this hand and that; and begin their great task. In the name of Heaven, we may still say in a true sense; as they, every Ritter of them to the heart, felt it to be in all manner of senses.

The Prussians were a fierce fighting people, fanatically Anti-Christian: the Teutsch Ritters had a perilous never-resting time of it, especially for the first fifty years. They built and burnt innumerable stockades for and against; built wooden Forts which are now stone Towns. They fought much and prevalently; galloped desperately to and fro, ever on the alert. In peaceabler ulterior times they fenced-in the

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[1] Voigt (if he had an Index!) knows.

[2] *Ibid.* ii. 177, 184, 192.

Nogat and the Weichsel with dams, whereby unlimited quagmire might become grassy meadow,—as it continues to this day. Marienburg (*Mary's* Burg), still a town of importance in that same grassy region, with its grand stone Schloss still visible and even habitable; this was at length their Headquarter. But how many Burgs of wood and stone they built, in different parts; what revolts, surprisals, furious fights in woody boggy places, they had, no man has counted. Their life, read in Dryasdust's newest chaotic Books (which are of endless length, among other ill qualities), is like a dim nightmare of unintelligible marching and fighting: one feels as if the mere amount of galloping they had would have carried the Order several times round the Globe. What multiple of the Equator was it, then, O Dryasdust? The Herr Professor, little studious of abridgment, does not say.

But always some preaching, by zealous monks, accompanied the chivalrous fighting. And colonists came in from Germany; trickling in, or at times streaming. Victorious Ritterdom offers terms to the beaten Heathen; terms not of tolerant nature, but which will be punctually kept by Ritterdom. When the flame of revolt or general conspiracy burnt-up again too extensively, there was a new Crusade proclaimed in Germany and Christendom; and the Hochmeister, at Marburg or elsewhere, with all his marshals and ministers were busy,—generally with effect. High personages came on crusade to them. Ottocar King of Bohemia, Duke of Austria and much else, the great man of his day, came once (A.D. 1255); Johann King of Bohemia, in the next century, once and again. The mighty Ottocar,[1] with his extensive far-shining chivalry, 'conquered Samland in a month': tore-up the Romova where Adalbert had been massacred, and burnt it from the face of the Earth. A certain Fortress was founded at that time, in Ottocar's presence; and in honour of him they named it *King's Fortress*, 'Königsberg': it is now grown a big-domed metropolitan City,—where we of this Narrative lately saw a Coronation going on, and Sophie Charlotte furtively taking a pinch of snuff. Among King Ottocar's esquires or subaltern junior officials on this occasion, is one *Rudolf*, heir of a poor Swiss Lordship and gray Hill-Castle, called *Hapsburg*, rather in reduced circumstances, whom Ottocar likes for his prudent hardy ways; a stout, modest, wise young man,—who may chance to redeem Hapsburg a little, if he live? How the shuttles fly, and the life-threads, always, in this 'loud-roaring Loom of Time'!—

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[1] Voigt, iii. 80-87.

Along with Ottocar too, as an ally in the Crusade, was Otto III. Ascanier Markgraf and Elector of Brandenburg, great-grandson of Albert the Bear;—named Otto *the Pious* in consequence. He too founded a Town in Prussia, on this occasion, and called it *Brandenburg*; which is still extant there, a small Brandenburg the Second; for these procedures he is called Otto *the Pious* in History. His Wife, withal, was a sister of Ottocar's;[1]—which, except in the way of domestic felicity, did not in the end amount to much for him; this Ottocar having flown too high, and melted his wings at the sun, in a sad way, as we shall see elsewhere.

None of the Orders rose so high as the Teutonic in favour with mankind. It had by degrees landed possessions far and wide over Germany and beyond: I know not how many dozens of *Balleys* (rich Bailliwicks, each again with its dozens of *Comthureis*, Commanderies, or subordinate groups of estates), and Baillies and Commanders to match;—and was thought to deserve favour from above. Valiant servants, these; to whom Heaven had vouchsafed great labours and unspeakable blessings. In some fifty or fifty-three years they had got Prussian Heathenism brought to the ground; and they endeavoured to tie it well down there by bargain and arrangement. But it would not yet lie quiet, nor for a century to come; being still secretly Heathen; revolting, conspiring ever again, ever on weaker terms, till the Satanic element had burnt itself out, and conversion and composure could ensue.

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[1] Michaelis, i. 270; Hübner, t. 174.

Conversion and complete conquest once come, there was a happy time for Prussia: ploughshare instead of sword; busy sea-havens, German towns, getting built; churches everywhere rising; grass growing, and peaceable cows, where formerly had been quagmire and snakes. And for the Order a happy time? A rich, not a happy. The Order was victorious; Livonian 'Sword-Brothers,' 'Knights of Dobryn,' minor Orders and Authorities all round, were long since subordinated to it or incorporated with it; Livonia, Courland, Lithuania, are all got tamed under its influence, or tied down and evidently tamable. But it was in these times that the Order got into its wider troubles outward and inward; quarrels, jealousies, with Christian neighbours, Poland, Pommern, who did not love it and for cause;—wider troubles, and by no means so evidently useful to mankind. The Order's wages, in this world, flowed higher than ever, only perhaps its work was beginning to run low! But we will not anticipate.

On the whole, this Teutsch Ritterdom, for the first century and more, was a grand phenomenon; and flamed like a bright blessed beacon through the night of things, in those Northern Countries. For above a century, we perceive, it was the rallying-place of all brave men who had a career to seek on terms other than vulgar. The noble soul, aiming beyond money, and sensible to more than hunger in this world, had a beacon burning (as we say), if the night chanced to overtake it, and the earth to grow too intricate, as is not uncommon. Better than the career of stump-oratory, I should fancy, and *its* Hesperides Apples, golden and of gilt horse-dung. Better than puddling away one's poor spiritual gift of God (*loan*, not gift), such as it may be, in building the lofty rhyme, the lofty Review-Article, for a discerning public that has sixpence to spare! Times alter greatly.—Will the reader take a glimpse of Conrad von Thüringen's biography, as a sample of the old ways of proceeding? Conrad succeeded Hermann von der Salza as Grand-Master, and his history is memorable as a Teutonic Knight.

The stuff Teutsch Ritters were made of. Conrad of Thüringen: Saint Elizabeth; Town of Marburg

Conrad, younger brother of the Landgraf of Thüringen,—which Prince lived chiefly in the Wartburg, romantic old Hill-Castle, now a Weimar-Eisenach property and show-place, then an abode of very earnest people,—was probably a child-in-arms, in that same Wartburg, while Richard Cœur-de-Lion was getting home from Palestine and into troubles by the road: this will date Conrad for us. His worthy elder brother was Husband of the lady since called *Saint* Elizabeth, a very pious but also very fanciful young woman;—and I always guess his going on the Crusade, where he died straightway, was partly the fruit of the life she led him; lodging beggars, sometimes in his very bed, continually breaking his night's rest for prayer, and devotional exercise of undue length; 'weeping one moment, then smiling in joy the next'; meandering about, capricious, melodious, weak, at the will of devout whim mainly! However, that does not concern us.[1] Sure enough her poor Landgraf went crusading, Year 1227 (Kaiser Friedrich II.'s Crusade, who could not put it off longer); poor Landgraf fell ill by the road, at Brindisi, and died,—not to be driven farther by any cause.

Conrad, left guardian to his deceased Brother's children, had at first much quarrel with Saint Elizabeth, though he afterwards took far other thoughts. Meanwhile he had his own apanage, 'Landgraf' by rank he too; and had troubles enough with that of itself. For instance: once the Archbishop of Mainz, being in debt, laid a heavy tax on all Abbeys under him; on Reichartsbronn, an Abbey of Conrad's, among others. 'Don't pay it!' said Conrad to the Abbot. Abbot refused accordingly; but was put under ban by the Pope;—obliged to comply, and even to be 'whipt thrice' before the money could be accepted. Two whippings at Erfurt, from the Archbishop, there had been; and a third was just going on there, one morning, when Conrad, travelling that way, accidentally stept in to matins. Conrad flames into a blazing whirlwind at the phenomenon disclosed. 'Whip my Abbot? And he *is* to pay, then,—Archbishop of Beelzebub?'—and took the poor Archbishop by the rochets, and spun him hither and thither; nay was for cutting him in two, had not friends hysterically busied themselves, and got the sword detained in its scabbard and the Archbishop away. Here is a fine coil like to be, for Conrad.

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[1] Many *Lives* of the Saint. See, in particular, *Libellus de Dictis Quatuor Ancillarum*, etc.—(that is, Report of the evidence got from Elizabeth's Four Maids, by an Official Person, Devil's-Advocate or whatever he was, missioned by the Pope to question them, when her Canonisation came to be talked of. A curious piece):—in Menckenii *Scriptores Rerum Germanicarum* (Lipsiæ, 1728-30), ii. dd.; where also are other details.

Another soon follows; from a quarrel he had with Fritzlar, an Imperial Free-Town in those parts, perhaps a little stiff upon its privileges, and high towards a Landgraf. Conrad marches, one morning (Year 1232), upon insolent Fritzlar; burns the environs; but on looking practically at the ramparts of the place, thinks they are too high, and turns to go home again. Whereupon the idle women of Fritzlar, who are upon the ramparts gazing in fear and hope, burst into shrill universal jubilation of voice,—and even into gestures, and liberties with their dress, which are not describable in History! Conrad, suddenly once more all flame, whirls round; storms the ramparts, slays what he meets, plunders Fritzlar with a will, and leaves it blazing in a general fire, which had broken-out in the business. Here is a pair of coils for Conrad; the like of which can issue only in Papal ban or worse.

Conrad is grim and obstinate under these aspects; but secretly feels himself very wicked; knows not well what will come of it. Sauntering one day in his outer courts, he notices a certain female beggar; necessitous female of loose life, who tremulously solicits charity of him. Necessitous female gets some fraction of coin, but along with it bullying rebuke in very liberal measure; and goes away weeping bitterly, and murmuring about 'want that drove me to those courses.' Conrad retires into himself: 'What is her real sin, perhaps, to mine?' Conrad 'lies awake all that night'; mopes about, in intricate darkness, days and nights; rises one morning an altered man. He makes 'pilgrimage to Gladbach,' barefoot; kneels down at the church-door of Fritzlar with bare back, and a bundle of rods beside him. 'Whip me, good injured Christians, for the love of Jesus!'—in brief, reconciles himself to Christian mankind, the Pope included; takes the Teutsch-Ritter vows upon him;[1] and hastens off to Preussen, there to spend himself, life and life's resources thenceforth, faithfully, till he die. The one course left for Conrad. Which he follows with a great strong step,—with a thought still audible to me. It was of such stuff that Teutsch Ritters were then made; Ritters evidently capable of something.

Saint Elizabeth, who went to live at Marburg, in Hessen-Cassel, after her Husband's death, and soon died there, in a most melodiously pious sort,[2] made the Teutsch Order guardian of her Son. It was from her and the Grand-Mastership of Conrad that Marburg became such a metropolis of the Order; the Grand-Masters often residing there, many of them coveting burial there, and much business bearing date of the place. A place still notable to the ingenuous Tourist, who knows his whereabout. Philip the Magnanimous, Luther's friend, memorable to some as Philip with the Two Wives, lived there, in that old Castle,—which is now a kind of Correction-House and Garrison, idle blue uniforms strolling about, and unlovely physiognomies with a jingle of iron at their ankles,—where Luther has debated with the Zwinglian Sacramenters and others, and much has happened in its time. Saint Elizabeth and her miracles

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[1] A.D. 1234 (Voigt, ii. 375-423).

[2] A.D. 1231; age 24.

(considerable, surely, of their kind) were the first origin of Marburg as a Town: a mere Castle, with adjoining Hamlet, before that.

Strange gray old silent Town, rich in so many memories; it stands there, straggling up its rocky hill-edge, towards its old Castles and edifices on the top, in a not unpicturesque manner; flanked by the river Lahn and its fertile plains: very silent, except for the delirious screech, at rare intervals, of a railway train passing that way from Frankfurt-on-Mayn to Cassel. 'Church of St. Elizabeth,'—high, grand Church, built by Conrad our Hochmeister, in reverence of his once terrestrial Sister-in-law,—stands conspicuous in the plain below, where the Town is just ending. St. Elizabeth's Shrine was once there, and pilgrims wending to it from all lands. Conrad himself is buried there, as are many Hochmeisters; their names, and shields of arms, Hermann's foremost, though Hermann's dust is not there, are carved, carefully kept legible, on the shafts of the Gothic arches,—from floor to groin, long rows of them;—and produce, with the other tombs, tomb-paintings by Dürer and the like, thoughts impressive almost to pain. St. Elizabeth's *loculus* was put into its shrine here, by Kaiser Friedrich II. and all manner of princes and grandees of the Empire, 'one million two hundred thousand people looking on,' say the old records, perhaps not quite exact in their arithmetic. Philip the Magnanimous, wishing to stop 'pilgrimages nowhither,' buried the *loculus* away, it was never known where; under the floor of that Church somewhere, as is likeliest. Enough now of Marburg, and of its Teutsch Ritters too.

They had one or two memorable Hochmeisters and Teutschmeisters; whom we have not named here, nor shall.[1] There is one Hochmeister, somewhere about the fiftieth on the list, and properly the last *real* Hochmeister, Albert of Hohenzollern-Culmbach by name, who will be very memorable to us by and by.

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[1] In our excellent Köhler's *Müntzbelustigungen* (Nürnberg, 1729 et seqq. ii. 382; v. 102; viii. 380; etc.) are valuable glimpses into the Teutonic Order,—as into hundreds of other things. The special Book upon it is Voigt's, often cited here: Nine heavy volumes; grounded on faithful reading, but with a fatal defect of almost every other quality.

Or will the reader care to know how Culmbach came into the possession of the Hohenzollerns, Burggraves of Nürnberg? The story may be illustrative, and will not occupy us long.

CHAPTER VII

MARGRAVIATE OF CULMBACH: BAIREUTH, ANSPACH

In the Year 1248, in his Castle of Plassenburg,—which is now a Correction-House, looking down upon the junction of the Red and White Mayn,—Otto Duke of Meran, a very great potentate, more like a King than a Duke, was suddenly clutched hold of by a certain wedded gentleman, name not given, 'one of his domestics or dependants,' whom he had enraged beyond forgiveness (signally violating the Seventh Commandment at his expense); and was by the said wedded gentleman there and then cut down, and done to death. 'Lamentably killed, *jämmerlich erstochen*,' says old Rentsch.[1] Others give a different colour to the homicide, and even a different place; a controversy not interesting to us. Slain at any rate he is; still a young man; the last male of his line. Whereby the renowned Dukes of Meran fall extinct, and immense properties come to be divided among connexions and claimants.

Meran, we remark, is still a Town, old Castle now abolished, in the Tyrol, towards the sources of the Etsch (called *Adige* by Italian neighbours). The Merans had been lords not only of most of the Tyrol; but Dukes of 'the Voigtland';—Voigtland, that is, *Baillie-land*, wide country between Nürnberg and the Fichtelwald; why specially so called, Dryasdust dimly explains, deducing it from certain Counts von Reuss, those strange Reusses who always call themselves *Henry*, and now amount to *Henry the Eightieth and Odd*, with side-branches likewise called Henry; whose nomenclature is the despair of mankind, and *worse* than that of the Naples Lazzaroni who candidly have no names!—Dukes of Voigtland, I say; likewise of Dalmatia; then also Markgraves of Austria; also Counts of Andechs, in which latter fine country (north of München a day's ride), and not at Plassenburg, some say, the man was slain. These immense possessions, which now (A.D. 1248) all fall asunder by the stroke of that sword, come to be divided among the slain man's connexions, or to be snatched-up by active neighbours, and otherwise disposed of.

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[1] P. 293. Köhler, *Reichs-Historie*, p. 245. Holle, *Alte Geschichte der Stadt Baireuth* (Baireuth, 1833), pp. 34-37.

Active Würzburg, active Bamberg, without much connexion, snatched-up a good deal: Count of Orlamünde, married to the eldest Sister of the slain Duke, got Plassenburg and most of the Voigtland: a Tyrolese magnate, whose Wife was an Aunt of the Duke's, laid hold of the Tyrol, and transmitted it to daughters and their spouses,—the finish of which line we shall see by and by:—in short, there was much property in a disposable condition. The Hohenzollern Burggraf of Nürnberg, who had married a younger Sister of the Duke's two years before this accident, managed to get at least *Baireuth* and some adjacencies; big Orlamünde, who had not much better right, taking the lion's share. This of Baireuth proved a notable possession to the Hohenzollern family: it was Conrad the first Burggraf's great-grandson, Friedrich, counted 'Friedrich III.' among the Burggraves, who made the acquisition in this manner, A.D. 1248.

Onolzbach (On'z-*bach* or '-brook,' now called *Anspach*) they got, some fourscore years after, by purchase and hard money down ('24,000 pounds of farthings,' whatever that may be),[1] which proved a notable twin possession of the family. And then, in some seven years more (A.D. 1338), the big Orlamünde people, having at length, as was too usual, fallen considerably insolvent, sold Plassenburg Castle itself, the Plassenburg with its Town of Culmbach and dependencies, to the Hohenzollern Burggraves,[1] who had always ready-money about them. Who in this way got most of the Voigtland, with a fine Fortress, into hand; and had, independently of Nürnberg and its Imperial properties, an important Princely Territory of their own. Margraviate or Principality of *Culmbach* (Plassenburg being only the Castle) was the general title; but more frequently in later times, being oftenest split in two between brothers unacquainted with primogeniture, there were two Margraviates made of it: one of Baireuth, called also 'Margraviate On the Hill'; and one of Anspach, 'Margraviate Under the Hill': of which, in their modern designations, we shall by and by hear more than enough.

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[1] A.D. 1331: *Stadt Anspach*, by J. B. Fischer (Anspach, 1786), p. 196.

Thus are the Hohenzollern growing, and never declining: by these few instances judge of many. Of their hard labours, and the storms they had to keep under control, we could also say something: How the two young Sons of the Burggraf once riding out with their Tutor, a big hound of theirs, in one of the streets of Nürnberg, accidentally tore a child; and there arose wild mother's-wail; and 'all the Scythe-smiths turned out,' fire-breathing, deaf to a poor Tutor's pleadings and explainings; and how the Tutor, who had ridden forth in calm humour with two Princes, came galloping home with only one,—the Smiths having driven another into boggy ground, and there caught and killed him;[2] with the Burggraf's commentary on that sad proceeding (the same Friedrich III. who had married Meran's Sister); and the amends exacted by him, strict and severe, not passionate or inhuman. Or again how the Nürnbergers once, in the Burggraf's absence, built a ringwall round his Castle; entrance and exit now to depend on the Nürnbergers withal! And how the Burggraf did not fly out into battle in consequence, but remedied it by imperturbable countenance and power of driving. With enough of the like sort; which readers can conceive.

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[1] Rentsch, p. 157.

[2] Rentsch, p. 306 (Date not given; guess, about 1270).

Burggraf Friedrich III.; and the Anarchy of Nineteen Years

This same Friedrich III., great-grandson of Conrad the first Burggraf, was he that got the Burggraviate made hereditary in his family (A.D. 1273); which thereby rose to the fixed rank of Princes, among other advantages it was gaining. Nor did this acquisition come gratis at all, but as the fruit of good service adroitly done; service of endless importance as it proved. Friedrich's life had fallen in times of huge anarchy: the Hohenstauffen line gone miserably out,—Boy Conradin, its last representative, perishing on the scaffold even (by a desperate Pope and a desperate Duke of Anjou);[1] Germans, Sicilian Normans, Pope and Reich, all at daggers-drawn with one another; no Kaiser, nay as many as Three at once! Which lasted from 1254 onwards; and is called 'the Interregnum,' or Anarchy 'of Nineteen Years,' in German History.

Let us at least name the Three Kaisers, or Triple-elixir of No-Kaiser; though, except as chronological landmarks, we have not much to do with them. First Kaiser is William Count of Holland, a rough fellow, Pope's protégé, Pope even raising cash for him; till William perished in the Dutch peat-bogs (horse and man, furiously pursuing, in some fight there, and getting swallowed up in that manner); which happily reduces our false Kaisers to two: Second and Third, who are both foreign to Germany.

Second Kaiser is Alphonso King of Castille, Alphonso the Wise, whose saying about Ptolemy's Astronomy, 'That it seemed a crank machine; that it was pity the Creator had not taken advice!' is still remembered by mankind;—this and no other of his many sayings and doings. He was wise enough to stay at home; and except wearing the title, which cost nothing, to concern himself very little about the Holy Roman Empire,—some clerk or two dating '*Toleti* (At Toledo),' did languidly a bit of official writing now and then, and that was all. Confused crank machine this of the German Empire too, your Majesty? Better stay at home, and date '*Toleti*.'

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[1] At Naples, 25th October 1268.

The Third false Kaiser,—futile call him rather, wanting clear majority,—was the English Richard of Cornwall; younger Son of John Lackland; and little wiser than his Father, to judge by those symptoms. He had plenty of money, and was liberal with it;—no other call to Germany, you would say, except to get rid of his money; in which he succeeded. He lived actually in Germany, twice over for a year or two:—Alphonso and he were alike shy of the Pope, as Umpire; and Richard, so far as his money went, found some gleams of authority and comfortable flattery in the Rhenish provinces: at length, in 1263, money and patience being both probably out, he quitted Germany for the second and last time; came home to Berkhamstead in Hertfordshire here,[1] more fool than he went. Till his death (A.D. 1271), he continued to call himself, and was by many persons called, Kaiser of the Holy Roman Empire;—needed a German clerk or two at Berkhamstead, we can suppose: but never went back; preferring pleasant Berkhamstead, with troubles of Simon de Montfort or whatever troubles there might be, to anything Germany had to offer him.

These were the Three futile Kaisers: and the *late* Kaiser Conrad's young Boy, who one day might have swept the ground clear of them, perished,—bright young Conradin, bright and brave, but only sixteen, and Pope's captive by ill luck,—perished on the scaffold; 'throwing out his glove' (in symbolical protest) amid the dark mute Neapolitan multitudes, that wintry morning. It was October 25th, 1268,—Dante

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[1] Gough's *Camden*, i. 339.

Alighieri then a little boy at Florence, not three years old; gazing with strange eyes as the elders talked of such a performance by Christ's Vicar on Earth. A very tragic performance indeed, which brought-on the Sicilian Vespers by and by; for the Heavens never fail to pay debts, your Holiness!—

Germany was rocking down towards one saw not what,—an Anarchic Republic of Princes, perhaps, and of Free Barons fast verging towards robbery? Sovereignty of multiplex Princes, with a Peerage of intermediate Robber Barons? Things are verging that way. Such Princes, big and little, each wrenching-off for himself what lay loosest and handiest to him, found it a stirring game, and not so much amiss. On the other hand, some voice of the People, in feeble whimperings of a strange intensity, to the opposite effect, are audible to this day. Here are Three old Minstrels (*Minnesänger*) picked from Manesse's Collection by an obliging hand, who are of this date, and shall speak each a word:

> No. 1 *loquitur* (in cramp doggerel, done into speech): 'To thee, O Lord, we poor folk make moan; the Devil has sown his seeds in this land! Law thy hand created for protection of thy children: but where now is Law? Widows and orphans weep that the Princes do not unite to have a Kaiser.'
>
> No. 2: 'The Princes grind in the Kaiser's mill: to the Reich they fling the siftings; and keep to themselves the meal. Not much in haste, they, to give us a Kaiser.'
>
> No. 3: 'Like the Plague of Frogs, there they are come out; defiling the Reich's honour. Stork, when wilt thou appear, then,' and with thy stiff mandibles act upon them a little?[1]

It was in such circumstances, that Friedrich III. Burggraf of Nürnberg, who had long moaned and striven over these woes of his country, came to pay that visit, late in the night (1st or 2d of October 1273), to his Cousin Rudolf Lord of Hapsburg, under the walls of Basel; a notable scene in History. Rudolf was besieging Basel, being in some feud with the Bishop there, of which Friedrich and another had been proposed as umpires; and Friedrich now waited on his Cousin, in this hasty manner,—not about the Basel feud, but on a far higher quite unexpected errand,—to say, That he, Rudolf, was elected Kaiser, and that better times for the Holy Roman Empire were now probable, with Heaven's help.[1] We call him Cousin; though what the kindred actually was, a kindred by mothers, remains, except the general fact of it, disputable by Dryasdust. The actual visit, under the walls of Basel, is by some considered romantic. But that Rudolf, tough steel-gray man, besieging Basel on his own quarrel, on the terms just stated, was altogether unexpectedly apprised of this great news, and that Cousin Friedrich of Nürnberg had mainly contributed to such issue, is beyond question.[2] The event was salutary, like life instead of death, to anarchic Germany; and did eminent honour to Friedrich's judgment in men.

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[1] Mentzel, *Geschichte der Deutschen*, p. 345.

Richard of Cornwall having at last died, and his futile German clerks having quitted Berkhamstead forever,—Alphonso of Castille, not now urged by rivalry, and seeing long since what a crank machine the thing was, had no objection to give it up; said so to the Pope,—who was himself anxious for a settled Kaiser, the supplies of Papal German cash having run almost dry during these troubles. Whereupon ensued earnest consultations among leading German men; Diet of the Empire, sternly practical (we may well perceive), and with a minimum of talk, the Pope too being held rather well at a distance: the result of which was what we see.[3] Mainly due to Friedrich of Nürnberg, say all Historians; conjoining with him the then Archbishop of Mainz, who is officially President Elector (literally *Convener* of Electors): they two did it. Archbishop of Mainz had himself a pleasant accidental acquaintance with Rudolf,—a night's lodging once at Hapsburg, with escort over the Hills, in dangerous circumstances;—and might the more readily be made to understand what qualities the man now had; and how, in justness of insight, toughness of character, and general strength of bridle-hand, this actually might be the adequate man.

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[1] Rentsch, pp. 299, 285, 298.

[2] Köhler, pp. 249, 251.

[3] 29th September 1273.

Kaiser Rudolf and Burggraf Friedrich III

Last time we saw Rudolf, near thirty years ago, he was some equerry or subaltern dignitary among the Ritters of King Ottocar, doing a Crusade against the Prussian Heathen, and seeing his master found Königsberg in that country. Changed times now! Ottocar King of Bohemia, who (by the strong hand mainly, and money to Richard of Cornwall, in the late troubles) has become Duke of Austria and much else, had himself expected the Kaisership; and of all astonished men, King Ottocar was probably the most astonished at the choice made. A dread sovereign, fierce, and terribly opulent, and everyway resplendent to such degree; and this threadbare Swiss gentleman-at-arms, once 'my domestic' (as Ottocar loved to term it), preferred to me! Flat insanity, King Ottocar thought; refused to acknowledge such a Kaiser; would not in the least give up his unjust properties, or even do homage for them or the others.

But there also Rudolf contrived to be ready for him. Rudolf invaded his rich Austrian territories; smote down Vienna, and all resistance that there was;[1] forced Ottocar to beg pardon and peace. 'No pardon, nor any speech of peace, till you first do homage for all those lands of yours, whatever we may find them to be!' Ottocar was very loath; but could not help himself. Ottocar quitted Prag with a resplendent retinue, to come into the Danube country, and do homage to 'my domestic' that once was. He bargained that the sad ceremony should be at least private; on an Island in the Danube, between the two retinues or armies; and in a tent, so that only official select persons might see it. The Island is called *Camberg* (near Vienna, I conclude), in the middle of the Donau River: there Ottocar accordingly knelt; he in great pomp of tailorage, Rudolf in mere buff jerkin, practical leather and iron;—hide it, charitable canvas, from all but a few! Alas, precisely at this moment, the treacherous canvas rushes down,—hung so on purpose, thinks Ottocar; and it is a tent indeed, but a tent without walls; and all the world sees me in this scandalous plight!

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[1] 1276 (Köhler, p. 253).

Ottocar rode home in deep gloom; his poor Wife, too, upbraided him: he straightway rallied into War again; Rudolf again very ready to meet him. Rudolf met him, Friedrich of Nürnberg there among the rest under the Reichs-Banner; on the Marchfeld by the Donau (modern *Wagram* near by); and entirely beat and even slew and ruined Ottocar.[1] Whereby Austria fell now to Rudolf, who made his sons Dukes of it; which, or even Archdukes, they are to this day. Bohemia, Moravia, of these also Rudolf would have been glad; but of these there is an heir of Ottocar's left; these will require time and luck.

Prosperous though toilsome days for Rudolf; who proved an excellent bit of stuff for a Kaiser; and found no rest, proving what stuff he was. In which prosperities, as indeed he continued to do in the perils and toils, Burggraf Friedrich III. of Nürnberg naturally partook: hence, and not gratis at all, the Hereditary Burggrafdom, and many other favours and accessions he got. For he continued Rudolf's steady helper, friend and first-man in all things, to the very end. Evidently one of the most important men in Germany, and candour will lead us to guess one of the worthiest, during those bad years of Interregnum, and the better ones of Kaisership. After Conrad his great-grandfather he is the second notable architect of the Family House;—founded by Conrad; conspicuously built-up by this Friedrich III., and the first *story* of it finished, so to speak. Then come two Friedrichs as Burggrafs, his son and his grandson's grandson, 'Friedrich IV.' and 'Friedrich VI.,' by whom it was raised to the second story and the third,—thenceforth one of the high houses of the world.

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[1] 26th August 1278 (Köhler, p. 253).

That is the glimpse we can give of Friedrich first Hereditary Burggraf, and of his Cousin Rudolf first Hapsburg Kaiser. The latest Austrian Kaisers, the latest Kings of Prussia, they are sons of these two men.

CHAPTER VIII

ASCANIER MARKGRAVES IN BRANDENBURG

We have said nothing of the Ascanier Markgraves, Electors of Brandenburg, all this while; nor, in these limits, can we now or henceforth say almost anything. A proud enough, valiant and diligent line of Markgraves; who had much fighting and other struggle in the world,—steadily enlarging their border upon the Wends to the north; and adjusting it, with mixed success, against the *Wettin* gentlemen, who are Markgraves farther east (in the *Lausitz* now), who bound us to the south too (*Meissen*, Misnia), and who in fact came in for the whole of modern Saxony in the end. Much fighting, too, there was with the Archbishops of Magdeburg, now that the Wends are down: standing quarrel there, on the small scale, like that of Kaiser and Pope on the great; such quarrel as is to be seen in all places, and on all manner of scales, in that era of the Christian world.

None of our Markgraves rose to the height of their Progenitor, Albert the Bear; nor indeed, except massed-up, as 'Albert's Line,' and with a History ever more condensing itself almost to the form of *label*, can they pretend to memorability with us. What can Dryasdust himself do with them? That wholesome Dutch cabbages continued to be more and more planted, and peat-mire, blending itself with waste sand, became available for Christian mankind,—intrusive Chaos, and especially Divine *Triglaph* and his ferocities being well held aloof:—this, after all, is the real History of our Markgraves;

and of this, by the nature of the case, Dryasdust can say nothing. 'New Mark,' which once meant Brandenburg at large, is getting subdivided into Mid-Mark, into *Ucker*mark (closest to the Wends); and in Old Mark and New much is spreading, much getting planted and founded. In the course of centuries there will grow gradually to be 'seven cities; and as many towns,' says one old jubilant Topographer, 'as there are days in the year,'—struggling to count-up 365 of them.

Of Berlin City

In the year (guessed to be) 1240, one Ascanier Markgraf 'fortifies Berlin'; that is, first makes Berlin a German *Burg* and inhabited outpost in those parts:—the very name, some think, means 'Little Rampart' (*Wehr*lin), built there, on the banks of the Spree, against the Wends, and peopled with Dutch; of which latter fact, it seems, the old dialect of the place yields traces.[1] How it rose afterwards to be chosen for Metropolis, one cannot say, except that it had a central situation for the now widened principalities of Brandenburg: the place otherwise is sandy by nature, sand and swamp the constituents of it; and stands on a sluggish river the colour of oil. Wendish fishermen had founded some first nucleus of it long before; and called their fishing-hamlet *Cöln*, which is said to be the general Wendish title for places *founded on piles*, a needful method where your basis is swamp. At all events, 'Cöln' still designates the oldest quarter in Berlin; and 'Cöln on the Spree' (Cologne, or Cöln on the Rhine, being very different) continued, almost to modern times, to be the Official name of the Capital.

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[1] Nicolai, *Beschreibung der Königlichen Residenzstädte Berlin und Potsdam* (Berlin, 1786), i. pp. 16, 17 of 'Einleitung.' Nicolai rejects the *Wehrlin* etymology; admits that the name was evidently appellative, not proper, 'The Berlin,' 'To the Berlin'; finds in the world two objects, one of them at Halle, still called 'The Berlin'; and thinks it must have meant (in some language of extinct mortals) 'Wild Pasture-ground,'—'The *Scrubs*,' as we should call it.—Possible; perhaps likely.

How the Dutch and Wends agreed together, within their rampart, inclusive of both, is not said. The river lay between; they had two languages; peace was necessary: it is probable they were long rather on a taciturn footing! But in the oily river you do catch various fish; Cöln, amid its quagmires and straggling sluggish waters, can be rendered very strong. Some husbandry, wet or dry, is possible to diligent Dutchmen. There is room for trade also; Spree Havel Elbe is a direct water-road to Hamburg and the Ocean; by the Oder, which is not very far, you communicate with the Baltic on this hand, and with Poland and the uttermost parts of Silesia on that. Enough, Berlin grows; becomes, in about 300 years, for one reason and another, Capital City of the country, of these many countries. The Markgraves or Electors, after quitting Brandenburg, did not come immediately to Berlin; their next Residence was Tangermünde (*Mouth* of the *Tanger*, where little Tanger issues into Elbe); a much grassier place than Berlin, and which stands on a Hill, clay-and-sand Hill, likewise advantageous for strength. That Berlin should have grown, after it once became Capital, is not a mystery. It has quadrupled itself, and more, within the last hundred years, and I think doubled itself within the last thirty.

Markgraf Otto IV., or Otto with the Arrow

One Ascanier Markgraf, and one only, Otto IV. by title, was a Poet withal; had an actual habit of doing verse. There are certain so-called Poems of his, still extant, read by Dryasdust, with such enthusiasm as he can get up, in the old *Collection of Minne-singers*, made by *Manesse* the Zürich Bürgermeister, while the matter was much fresher than it now is.[1] Madrigals all; *Minne*-Songs, describing the passion of love; how Otto felt under it,—well and also ill; with little peculiarity of symptom, as appears. One of his lines is,

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[1] Rüdiger von Manesse, who fought the Austrians, too, made his *Sammlung* (Collection) in the latter half of the fourteenth century; it was printed, after many narrow risks of destruction in the interim, in 1758,—Bodmer and Breitinger editing;—at Zürich, 2 vols. 4to.

> *Ich wünsch ich wäre tot,* I wish that I were dead:

—the others shall remain safe in Manesse's *Collection.*

This same Markgraf Otto IV., Year 1278, had a dreadful quarrel with the See of Magdeburg, about electing a Brother of his. The Chapter had chosen another than Otto's Brother; Otto makes war upon the Chapter. Comes storming along; "will stable my horses in your Cathedral," on such and such a day! But the Archbishop chosen, who had been a fighter formerly, stirs-up the Magdeburgers, by preaching ("Horses to be stabled here, my Christian brethren"), by relics, and quasi-miracles, to a furious condition; leads them out against Otto, beats Otto utterly; brings him in captive, amid hooting jubilations of the conceivable kind: 'Stable ready; but where are the horses,—Serene child of Satanas!' Archbishop makes a Wooden Cage for Otto (big beams, spars stout enough, mere straw to lie on), and locks him up there. In a public situation in the City of Magdeburg;—visible to mankind so, during certain months of that year 1278. It was in the very time while Ottocar was getting finished in the Marchfeld; much mutiny still abroad, and the new Kaiser Rudolf very busy.

Otto's Wife, all streaming in tears, and flaming in zeal what shall she do? 'Sell your jewels,' so advises a certain old Johann von Buch, discarded Ex-official: 'Sell your jewels, Madam; bribe the Canons of Magdeburg with extreme secrecy, none knowing of his neighbour; they will consent to ransom on terms possible.' Poor Wife bribed as was bidden; Canons voted as they undertook; unanimous for ransom,—high, but humanly possible. Markgraf Otto gets out on parole. But now, How raise such a ransom, our very jewels being sold? Old Johann von Buch again indicates ways and means,—miraculous old gentleman:—Markgraf Otto returns, money in hand; pays, and is solemnly discharged. The title of the sum I could give exact; but as none will in the least tell me what the value is, I humbly forbear.

'We are clear, then, at this date?' said Markgraf Otto from his horse, just taking leave of the Magdeburg Canonry. 'Yes,' answered they.—'Pshaw, you don't know the value of a Markgraf!' said Otto. 'What is it, then?'—'Rain gold ducats on his war-horse and him,' said Otto, looking up with a satirical grin, 'till horse and Markgraf are buried in them, and you cannot see the point of his spear atop!'—That would be a cone of gold coins equal to the article, thinks our Markgraf; and rides grinning away.[1]—The poor Archbishop, a valiant pious man, finding out that late strangely unanimous vote of his Chapter for ransoming the Markgraf, took it so ill, that he soon died of a broken heart, say the old Books. Die he did, before long;—and still Otto's Brother was refused as successor. Brother, however, again survived; behaved always wisely; and Otto at last had his way. 'Makes an excellent Archbishop, after all!' said the Magdeburgers. Those were rare times, Mr. Rigmarole.

The same Otto, besieging some stronghold of his Magdeburg or other enemies, got an arrow shot into the skull of him; into, not through; which no surgery could extract, not for a year to come. Otto went about, sieging much the same, with the iron in his head; and is called Otto *mit dem Pfeile*, Otto *Sagittarius*, or Otto with the Arrow, in consequence. A Markgraf who writes Madrigals; who does sieges with an arrow in his head; who lies in a wooden cage, jeered by the Magdeburgers, and proposes such a cone of ducats: I thought him the memorablest of those forgotten Markgraves; and that his jolting Life-pilgrimage might stand as the general sample. Multiply a year of Otto by 200, you have, on easy conditions, some imagination of a History of the Ascanier Markgraves. Forgettable otherwise; or it can be read in the gross, darkened with endless details, and thrice-dreary, half-intelligible traditions, in Pauli's fatal Quartos, and elsewhere, if any one needs.—The year of that Magdeburg speech about the cone of ducats is 1278: King Edward the First, in this country, was walking about, a prosperous man of forty, with very *Long Shanks*, and also with a head of good length.

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[1] Michaelis, i. 271; Pauli, i. 316; Kloss; etc.

Otto, as had been the case in the former Line, was a frequent name among those Markgraves: 'Otto the Pious' (whom we saw crusading once in Preussen, with King Ottocar his Brother-in-law), 'Otto the Tall,' 'Otto the Short (*Parvus*)'; I know not how many Ottos besides him 'with the Arrow.' Half a century after this one of the *Arrow* (under his Grand-Nephew it was), the Ascanier Markgraves ended, their Line also dying out.

Not the successfulest of Markgraves, especially in later times. Brandenburg was indeed steadily an Electorate, its Markgraf a *Kurfürst*, or Elector of the Empire; and always rather on the increase than otherwise. But the Territories were apt to be much split-up to younger sons; two or more Markgraves at once, the eldest for Elector, with other arrangements; which seldom answer. They had also fallen into the habit of borrowing money; pawning, redeeming, a good deal, with Teutsch Ritters and others. Then they puddled considerably,—and to their loss, seldom choosing the side that proved winner,—in the general broils of the Reich, which at that time, as we have seen, was unusually anarchic. None of the successfulest of Markgraves latterly. But they were regretted beyond measure in comparison with the next set that came; as we shall see.

CHAPTER IX

BURGGRAF FRIEDRICH IV

BRANDENBURG and the Hohenzollern Family of Nürnberg have hitherto no mutual acquaintanceship whatever: they go, each its own course, wide enough apart in the world;—little dreaming that they are to meet by and by, and coalesce, wed for better and worse, and become one flesh. As is the way in all romance. 'Marriages,' among men, and other entities of importance, 'are, evidently, made in Heaven.'

Friedrich IV. of Nürnberg, Son of that Friedrich III., Kaiser Rudolf's successful friend, was again a notabler increaser of his House; which finally, under his Great-grandson, named Friedrich VI., attained the Electoral height. Of which there was already some hint. Well; under the first of these two Friedrichs, some slight approximation, and under his Son, a transient express introduction (so to speak) of Brandenburg to Hohenzollern took place, without immediate result of consequence; but under the second of them occurred the wedding, as we may call it, or union 'for better or worse, till death do us part.'—How it came about? Easy to ask, How! The reader will have to cast some glances into the confused *Reichs*-History of the time;—timid glances, for the element is of dangerous, extensive sort, mostly jungle and shaking bog;—and we must travel through this corner of it, as on shoes of swiftness, treading lightly.

Contested Elections in the Reich: Kaiser Albert I.; after whom Six Non-Hapsburg Kaisers

The Line of Rudolf of Hapsburg did not at once succeed continuously to the Empire, as the wont had been in such cases, where the sons were willing and of good likelihood. After such a spell of anarchy, parties still ran higher than usual in the Holy Roman Empire; and wide-yawning splits would not yet coalesce to the old pitch. It appears too the posterity of Rudolf, stiff, inarticulate, proud men, and of a turn for engrossing and amassing, were not always lovely to the public. Albert, Rudolf's eldest son, for instance, Kaiser Albert I.,—who did succeed, though not at once, or till after killing Rudolf's immediate successor,[1]—Albert was by no means a prepossessing man, though a tough and hungry one. It must be owned, he had a harsh ugly character; and face to match: big-nosed, loose-lipped, blind of an eye: not Kaiser-like at all to an Electoral Body. '*Est homo monoculus, et vultu rustico; non potest esse Imperator* (A one-eyed fellow, and looks like a clown; he cannot be Emperor)!' said Pope Boniface VIII., when consulted about him.[1]

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[1] Adolf of Nassau; slain by Albert's own hand; 'Battle' of Hasenbühel 'near Worms, 2d July 1298' (Köhler, p. 265).

Enough, from the death of Rudolf, A.D. 1291, there intervened a hundred-and-fifty years, and eight successive Kaisers singly or in line, only one of whom (this same Albert of the unlovely countenance) was a Hapsburger,—before the Family, often trying it all along, could get a third time into the Imperial saddle. Where, after that, it did sit steady. Once in for the third time, the Hapsburgers got themselves 'elected' (as they still called it) time after time; always elected,—with but one poor exception, which will much concern my readers by and by,—to the very end of the matter. And saw the Holy Roman Empire itself expire, and as it were both saddle and horse vanish out of Nature, before they would dismount. Nay they still ride there on the shadow of a saddle, so to speak; and are 'Kaisers *of Austria*' at this hour. Steady enough of seat at last, after many vain trials!

For during those Hundred-and-fifty years,—among those six intercalary Kaisers, too, who followed Albert,—they were always trying; always thinking they had a kind of quasi right to it; whereby the Empire often fell into trouble at Election-time. For they were proud stout men, our Hapsburgers, though of taciturn unconciliatory ways; and Rudolf had so fitted them out with fruitful Austrian Dukedoms, which they much increased by marriages and otherwise,—Styria, Carinthia, the Tyrol, by degrees, not to speak of their native *Hapsburg* much enlarged, and claims on Switzerland all round it,—they had excellent means of battling for their pretensions and disputable elections. None of them succeeded, however, for a Hundred-and-fifty years, except that same one-eyed, loose-lipped unbeautiful Albert I., a Kaiser dreadfully fond of earthly goods, too. Who indeed grasped all round him, at property half his, or wholly not his: Rhine-tolls, Crown of Bohemia, Landgraviate of Thüringen, Swiss Forest Cantons, Crown of Hungary, Crown of France even:—getting endless quarrels on his hands, and much defeat mixed with any victory there was. Poor soul, he had six-and-twenty children by one wife; and felt that there was need of apanages! He is understood (guessed, not proved) to have instigated two assassinations in pursuit of these objects; and he very clearly underwent *one* in his own person. Assassination first was of Dietzman the Thüringian Landgraf, an Anti-Albert champion, who refused to be robbed by Albert,—for whom the great Dante is (with almost palpable absurdity) fabled to have written an Epitaph still legible in the Church at Leipzig.[1] Assassination second was of Wenzel, the poor young Bohemian King, Ottocar's Grandson and last heir. Sure enough, this important young gentleman 'was murdered by some one at Olmütz next year' (1306, a promising event for Albert then), 'but none yet knows who it was.[2]

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[1] Köhler, pp. 267-73; and *Müntzbelustigungen*, xix. 156-60.

Neither of which suspicious transactions came to any result for Albert; as indeed most of his unjust graspings proved failures. He at one time had thoughts of the Crown of France; 'Yours *I* solemnly declare!' said the Pope. But that came to nothing;—only to France's shifting of the Popes to Avignon, more under the thumb of France. What his ultimate success with Tell and the Forest Cantons was, we all know! A most clutching, strong-fisted, dreadfully hungry, tough and unbeautiful man. Whom his own Nephew, at last, had to assassinate, at the Ford of the Reuss (near Windisch Village, meeting of the Reuss and Aar; 1st May 1308): 'Scandalous Jew pawnbroker of an Uncle, wilt thou flatly keep from me my Father's heritage, then, intrusted to thee in his hour of death? Regardless of God and man, and of the last look of a dying Brother? Uncle worse than pawnbroker; for it is a heritage with *no* pawn on it, with much the reverse!' thought the Nephew,—and stabbed said Uncle down dead; having gone across with him in the boat; attendants looking on in distraction from the other side of the river. Was called Johannes *Parricida* in consequence; fled out of human sight that day, he and his henchmen, never to turn-up again till Doomsday. For the pursuit was transcendent, regardless of expense; the cry for legal vengeance very great (on the part of Albert's daughters chiefly), though in vain, or nearly so, in this world.[1]

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[1] Menckenii *Scriptores*, i. § *Fredericus Admorsus* (by Tentzel).

[2] Köhler, p. 270.

Of Kaiser Henry VII. and the Luxemburg Kaisers

Of the other six Kaisers not Hapsburgers we are bound to mention one, and dwell a little on his fortunes and those of the family he founded; both Brandenburg and our Hohenzollerns coming to be much connected therewith, as time went on. This is Albert's next successor, Henry Count of Luxemburg; called among Kaisers Henry VII. He is founder, he alone among these Non-Hapsburgers, of a small intercalary *line* of Kaisers, 'the Luxemburg Line'; who amount indeed only to Four, himself included; and are not otherwise of much memorability, if we except himself; though straggling about like well-rooted briers, in that favourable ground, they have accidentally hooked themselves upon World-History in one or two points. By accident a somewhat noteworthy line, those Luxemburg Kaisers:—a celebrated place, too, or name of a place, that '*Luxembourg*' of theirs, with its French Marshals, grand Parisian Edifices, lending it new lustre: what, thinks the reader, is the meaning of Lüzzenburg, Luxemburg, Luxembourg? Merely *Lützel*burg, wrong pronounced; and that again is nothing but *Little*borough: such is the luck of names!—

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[1] Köhler, p. 272. Hormayr, *Œsterreichischer Plutarch, oder Leben und Bildnisse*, etc. (12 Bändchen; Wien, 1807,—a superior Book), i. 65.

Heinrich Graf von Luxemburg was, after some pause on the parricide of Albert, chosen Kaiser, 'on account of his renowned valour,' say the old Books,—and also, add the shrewder of them, because his Brother, Archbishop of Trier, was one of the Electors, and the Pope did not like either the Austrian or the French candidate then in the field. Chosen, at all events, he was, 27th November 1308;[1] clearly, and by much, the best Kaiser that could be had. A puissant soul, who might have done great things, had he lived. He settled feuds; cut-off oppressions from the *Reichstädte* (Free Towns); had a will of just sort, and found or made a way for it. Bohemia lapsed to him, the old race of Kings having perished out,—the last of them far too suddenly 'at Olmütz,' as we saw lately! Some opposition there was, but much more favour especially by the Bohemian People; and the point, after some small 'Siege of Prag' and the like, was definitely carried by the Kaiser. The now Burggraf of Nürnberg, Friedrich IV., son of Rudolf's friend, was present at this Siege of Prag;[2] a Burggraf much attached to Kaiser Henry, as all good Germans were. But the Kaiser did not live.

He went to Italy, our Burggraf of Nürnberg and many more along with him, to pull the crooked Guelf-Ghibelline Facts and Avignon Pope a little straight, if possible; and was vigorously doing it, when he died on a sudden; 'poisoned in sacramental wine,' say the Germans! One of the crowning summits of human scoundrelism, which painfully stick in the mind. It is certain he arrived well at Buonconvento near Sienna, on the 24th of September 1313, in full march towards the rebellious King of Naples, whom the Pope much countenanced. At Buonconvento, Kaiser Henry wished to enjoy the communion and a Dominican monk, whose dark rat-eyed look men afterwards bethought them of, administered it to him in both species (Council of Trent not yet quite prohibiting the liquid species, least of all to Kaisers, who are by theory a kind of 'Deacons to the Pope,' or something else[1]);—administered it in both species: that is certain, and also that on the morrow Henry was dead. The Dominicans endeavoured afterwards to deny; which, for the credit of human nature, one wishes they had done with effect.[2] But there was never any trial had; the denial was considered lame; and German History continues to shudder, in that passage, and assert. Poisoned in the wine of his sacrament: the Florentines, it is said, were at the bottom of it, and had hired the rat-eyed Dominican;—'*O Italia, O Firenze*!' That is not the way to achieve Italian Liberty, or Obedience to God; that is the way to confirm, as by frightful stygian oath, Italian Slavery, or continual Obedience, under varying forms, to the Other Party! The voice of Dante, then alive among men, proclaims, sad and loving as a mother's voice, and implacable as a voice of Doom, that you are wandering, and have wandered, in a terrible manner!—

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[1] Köhler, p. 274.

[2] 1310 (Rentsch, p. 311).

Peter, the then Archbishop of Mainz, says there had not for hundreds of years such a death befallen the German Empire; to which Köhler, one of the wisest moderns, gives his assent: 'It could not enough be lamented,' says he, 'that so vigilant a Kaiser, in the flower of his years, should have been torn from the world in so devilish a manner: who, if he had lived longer, might have done Teutschland unspeakable benefit.'[3]

Henry's Son Johann is King of Bohemia; and Ludwig the Bavarian, with a Contested Election, is Kaiser

Henry VII., having thus perished suddenly, his Son Johann, scarcely yet come of age, could not follow him as Kaiser, according to the Father's thought; though in due time he prosecuted his advancement otherwise to good purpose, and proved a very stirring man in the world. By his Father's appointment, to whom as Kaiser the chance had fallen, he was already King of Bohemia, strong in his right and in the favour of the natives; though a titular Competitor, Henry of the Tyrol, beaten-off by the late Kaiser, was still extant: whom, however, and all other perils Johann contrived to weather; growing up to be a far-sighted stout-hearted man, and potent Bohemian King, widely renowned in his day. He had a Son, and then two Grandsons, who were successively Kaisers, after a sort; making up the 'Luxemburg Four' we spoke of. He did Crusades, one or more, for the Teutsch Ritters, in a shining manner;—unhappily with the loss of an eye; nay ultimately, by the aid of quack oculists, with loss of both eyes. An ambitious man, not to be quelled by blindness; man with much negotiation in him; with a heavy stroke of fight too, and temper nothing loath at it; of which we shall see some glimpse by and by.

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[1] Voltaire, *Essai sur les Mœurs*, c. 67, § Henry VII. (*Œuvres*, xxi. 184).

[2] Köhler, p. 281 (Ptolomey of Lucca, himself a Dominican, is one of the *accusing* spirits: Muratori, l. xi. § *Ptolomæus Lucensis*, A.D. 1313).

[3] Köhler, pp. 282-5.

The pity was, for the Reich if not for him, he could not himself become Kaiser. Perhaps we had not then seen Henry VII.'s fine enterprises, like a fleet of half-built ships, go mostly to planks again, on the waste sea, had his Son followed him. But there was, on the contrary, a contested election; Austria in again, as usual, and again unsuccessful. The late Kaiser's Austrian competitor, 'Friedrich the Fair, Duke of Austria,' the parricided Albert's Son, was again one of the parties. Against whom, with real but not quite indisputable majority, stood Ludwig Duke of Bavaria: 'Ludwig IV.,' 'Ludwig *der Baier* (the Bavarian)' as they call him among Kaisers. Contest attended with the usual election expenses; war-wrestle, namely, between the parties till one threw the other. There was much confused wrestling and throttling for seven years or more (1315-1322). Our Nürnberg Burggraf, Friedrich IV., held with Ludwig, as did the real majority, though in a languid manner, and was busy he as few were; the Austrian Hapsburgs also doing their best, now under, now above. Johann King of Bohemia was on Ludwig's side as yet. Ludwig's own Brother, Kur-Pfalz (ancestor of all the Electors, and their numerous Branches, since known there), an *elder* Brother, was, 'out of spite' as men thought, decidedly against Ludwig.

In the eighth year came a Fight that proved decisive. Fight at Mühldorf on the Inn, 28th September 1322,—far down in those Danube Countries, beyond where Marlborough ever was, where there has been much fighting first and last; Burggraf Friedrich was conspicuously there. A very great Battle, say the old Books,—says Hormayr, in a new readable Book,[1] giving minute account of it. Ludwig rather held aloof rearward; committed his business to the Hohenzollern Burggraf and to one Schweppermann, aided by a noble lord called Rindsmaul ('*Cowmouth*,' no less), and by others experienced in such work. Friedrich the Hapsburger *der Schöne*, Duke of Austria, and self-styled Kaiser, a gallant handsome man, breathed mere martial fury, they say. he knew that his Brother Leopold was on march with a reinforcement to him from the Strasburg quarter, and might arrive any moment; but he could not wait,—perhaps afraid Ludwig might run;—he rashly determined to beat Ludwig without reinforcement. Our rugged fervid Hormayr (though imitating Tacitus and Johannes von Müller over-much) will instruct fully any modern that is curious about this big Battle: what furious charging, worrying; how it 'lasted ten hours,' how the blazing Handsome Friedrich stormed about, and 'slew above fifty with his own hand.' To us this is the interesting point: At one turn of the Battle, tenth hour of it now ending, and the tug of war still desperate, there arose a cry of joy over all the Austrian ranks, "Help coming! Help!"—and Friedrich noticed a body of Horse, 'in Austrian cognisance' (such the cunning of a certain man), coming in upon his rear. Austrians and Friedrich never doubted but it was Brother Leopold just getting on the ground; and rushed forward doubly fierce. Doubly fierce; and were doubly astonished when it plunged in upon them, sharp-edged, as Burggraf Friedrich of Nürnberg,—and quite ruined Austrian Friedrich! Austrian Friedrich fought personally like a lion at bay; but it availed nothing. Rindsmaul (not lovely of lip, *Cowmouth* so-called) disarmed him: 'I will not surrender except to a Prince!'—so Burggraf Friedrich was got to take surrender of him; and the Fight, and whole Controversy with it, was completely won.[1]

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[1] Hormayr, *Œsterreichischer Plutarch*, ii. 31-7.

Poor Leopold, the Austrian Brother, did not arrive till the morrow; and saw a sad sight, before flying off again. Friedrich the Fair sat prisoner in the old Castle of Traussnitz (*Ober Pfalz*, Upper Palatinate, or Nürnberg country) for three years; whittling sticks:—Tourists, if curious, can still procure specimens of them at the place, for a consideration. There sat Friedrich, Brother Leopold moving Heaven and Earth,—and in fact they said, the very Devil by art magic,[2]—to no purpose, to deliver him. And his poor Spanish Wife cried her eyes, too literally, *out*,—sight gone in sad fact.

Ludwig the Bavarian reigned thenceforth,—though never on easy terms. How grateful to Friedrich of Nürnberg we need not say. For one thing he gave him all the Austrian Prisoners; whom Friedrich, judiciously generous, dismissed without ransom except that they should be feudally subject to him henceforth. This is the third Hohenzollern whom we mark as a conspicuous acquirer in the Hohenzollern family, this Friedrich IV., builder of the second story of the House. If Conrad, original Burggraf, founded the House, then (figuratively speaking) the able Friedrich III., who was Rudolf of Hapsburg's friend, built it one story high; and here is a new Friedrich, his Son, who has added a second story. It is astonishing, says Dryasdust, how many feudal superiorities the Anspach and Baireuth people still have in Austria;—they maintain their own *Lehnprobst*, or Official Manager for fief-casualties, in that country:—all which proceed from this Battle of Mühldorf.[1] Battle fought on the 28th of September 1322:—eight years after *Bannockburn*; while our poor Edward II. and England with him were in such a welter with their Spencers and their Gavestons: eight years after Bannockburn, and four-and-twenty before Crecy. That will date it for English readers.

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[1] *Jedem Mann ein Ey* (One egg to every man),
Dem frommen Schweppermann zwey (Two to the excellent Schweppermann): Tradition still repeats this old rhyme, as the Kaiser's Address to his Army, or his Head Captains. at supper, after such a day's work,—in a country already eaten to the bone.

[2] Köhler, p. 288.

Kaiser Ludwig reigned some twenty-five years more, in a busy and even strenuous, but not a successful way. He had good windfalls, too; for example, Brandenburg, as we shall see. He made friends; reconciled himself to his Brother Kur-Pfalz and junior Cousinry there, settling handsomely, and with finality, the debateable points between them. Enemies, too, he made; especially Johann the Luxemburger, King of Bohemia, on what ground will be seen shortly, who became at last inveterate to a high degree. But there was one supremely sore element in his lot: a Pope at Avignon to whom he could by no method make himself agreeable. Pope who put him under ban, not long after that Mühldorf victory; and kept him so; inexorable, let poor Ludwig turn as he might. Ludwig's German Princes stood true to him; declared, in solemn Diet, the Pope's ban to be mere spent shot, of no avail in Imperial Politics. Ludwig went vigorously to Italy; tried setting-up a Pope of his own; but that did not answer, nor of course tend to mollify the Holiness at Avignon.

In fine, Ludwig had to carry this cross on his back, in a sorrowful manner, all his days. The Pope at last, finding Johann of Bohemia in a duly irritated state, persuaded him into setting-up an Anti-Kaiser,—Johann's second Son as Anti-Kaiser,—who, though of little account, and called *Pfaffen-Kaiser* (Parsons' Kaiser) by the public, might have brought new troubles, had that lasted. We shall see some ultimate glimpses of it farther on.

[1] Rentsch, p. 313; Pauli; etc.

CHAPTER X

BRANDENBURG LAPSES TO THE KAISER

Two years before the victory at Mühldorf, a bad chance befell in Brandenburg: the *Ascanier* Line of Markgraves or Electors ended. Magniloquent Otto with the Arrow, Otto the Short, Hermann the Tall, all the Ottos, Hermanns and others, died by course of nature; nephew Waldemar himself, a stirring man, died prematurely (A.D. 1319), and left only a young cousin for successor, who died few months after:[1] the Line of Albert the Bear went out in Brandenburg. They had lasted there about Two-hundred years. They had not been, in late times, the successfulest Markgraves; territories much split-up among younger sons, joint Markgraves reigning, which seldom answers; yet to the last they always made stout fight for themselves; walked the stage in a high manner; and surely might be said to quit it creditably, leaving such a Brandenburg behind them, chiefly of their making, during the Two Centuries that had been given them before the night came.

There were plenty of Ascanier Cousins still extant in those parts, Saxon dignitaries, Anhalt dignitaries, lineal descendants of Albert the Bear; to some of whom, in usual times, Albert's inheritance would naturally have been granted. But the times were of battle, uncertainty, contested election: and the Ascaniers, I perceive, had rather taken Friedrich of Austria's side, which proved the losing one. Kaiser Ludwig *der Baier* would appoint none of these; Anti-Kaiser Friedrich's appointments, if he made any, could be only nominal, in those distant Northern parts. Ludwig, after his victory of Mühldorf, preferred to consider the Electorate of Brandenburg as lapsed, lying vacant, ungoverned these three years; and now become the Kaiser's again. Kaiser, in consequence, gave it to his Son; whose name also is Ludwig: the date of the Investiture is

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[1] September 1320 (Pauli i. 391). Michaelis, i. 260-277.

1323 (year after that victory of Mühldorf); a date unfortunate to Brandenburg. We come now into a Line of *Bavarian* Markgraves, and then of *Luxemburg* ones; both of which are of fatal significance to Brandenburg.

The Ascanier Cousins, high Saxon dignitaries some of them, gloomed mere disappointment, and protested hard; but could not mend the matter, now or afterwards. Their Line went out in Saxony too, in course of time; gave place to the *Wettins*, who are still there. The Ascanier had to be content with the more pristine state of acquisitions,—high pedigrees, old castles of Ascanien and Ballenstädt, territories of Anhalt or what else they had;—and never rose again to the lost height, though the race still lives, and has qualities besides its pedigree. We said the 'Old Dessauer,' Leopold Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, was the head of it in Friedrich Wilhelm's time; and to this day he has descendants. Catherine II. of Russia was of Anhalt-Zerbst, a junior branch. Albert the Bear, if that is of any use to him, has still occasionally notable representatives.

Ludwig junior, Kaiser Ludwig the Bavarian's eldest son, was still under age when appointed Kurfürst of Brandenburg in 1323; of course he had a '*Stateholder*' (Viceregent, *Statthalter*); then, and afterwards in occasional absences of his, a series of such. Kaiser's Councillors, Burggraf Friedrich IV. among them, had to take some thought of Brandenburg in its new posture. Who these Brandenburg Statthalters were, is heartily indifferent even to Dryasdust,—except that one of them for some time was a Hohenzollern: which circumstance Dryasdust marks with the due note of admiration. 'What he did there,' Dryasdust admits, 'is not written anywhere';—good, we will hope, and not evil;—but only the Diploma nominating him (of date 1346, not in Ludwig's minority, but many years after that ended[1]) now exists by way of record. A difficult problem he, like the other regents and viceregents, must have had; little dreaming that it was intrinsically for a grandson of his own, and long line of grandsons. The name of this temporary Statthalter, the first Hohenzollern who had ever the least concern with Brandenburg, is Burggraf Johann II., eldest Son of our distinguished Mühldorf friend Friedrich IV.; and Grandfather (through another Friedrich) of Burggraf Friedrich VI.,—which last gentleman, as will be seen, did doubtless reap the sowings, good and bad, of all manner of men in Brandenburg. The same Johann II. it was who purchased Plassenburg Castle and Territory (cheap, for money down), where the Family afterwards had its chief residence. Hof, Town and Territory, had fallen to his Father in those parts; a gift of gratitude from Kaiser Ludwig:—most of the Voigtland is now Hohenzollern.

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[1] Rentsch, p. 323.

Kaiser Ludwig the Bavarian left his sons Electors of Brandenburg;—'Electors, *Kurfürsts*,' now becomes the commoner term for so important a Country;—Electors not in easy circumstances. But no son of his succeeded Ludwig as Kaiser,—successor in the Reich was that Pfaffen-Kaiser, Johann of Bohemia's son, a Luxemburger once more. No son of Ludwig's; nor did any descendant,—except, after four hundred years, that unfortunate Kaiser Karl VII., in Maria Theresa's time. He was a descendant. Of whom we shall hear more than enough. The unluckiest of all Kaisers, that Karl VII.; less a Sovereign Kaiser than a bone thrown into the ring for certain royal dogs, Louis XV., George II. and others, to worry about;—watch-dogs of the gods; apt sometimes to run into hunting instead of warding.—We will say nothing more of Ludwig the Baier, or his posterity, at present. we will glance across to Preussen, and see, for one moment, what the Teutsch Ritters are doing in their new Century. It is the year 1330; Johann II. at Nürnberg, as yet only coming to be Burggraf, by no means yet administering in Brandenburg; and Ludwig junior seven years old in his new dignity there.

1330]

The Teutsch Ritters, after infinite travail, have subdued heathen Preussen; colonised the country with industrious German immigrants; banked the Weichsel and the Nogat, subduing their quagmires into meadows, and their waste streams into deep ship-courses. Towns are built, Königsberg (*King* Ottocar's *town*), Thoren (Thorn, *City* of the *Gates*), with many others: so that the wild population and the tame now lived tolerably together, under Gospel and Lübeck Law; and all was ploughing and trading, and a rich country; which had made the Teutsch Ritters rich, and victoriously at their ease in comparison. But along with riches and the ease of victory, the common bad consequences had ensued. Ritters given up to luxuries, to secular ambitions; Ritters no longer clad in austere mail and prayer; Ritters given up to wantonness of mind and conduct; solemnly vowing, and quietly not doing; without remorse or consciousness of wrong, daily eating forbidden fruit; Ritters swelling more and more into the fatted ox condition, for whom there is but one doom. How far they had carried it, here is one symptom that may teach us.

In the year 1330, one Werner von Orseln was Grandmaster of these Ritters. The Grandmaster, who is still usually the best man they can get, and who by theory is sacred to them as a Grand-Lama or Pope among Cardinal-Lamas, or as an Abbot to his Monks,—Grandmaster Werner, we say, had lain down in Marienburg one afternoon of this year 1330, to take his siesta, and was dreaming peaceably after a moderate repast, when a certain devil-ridden mortal, Johann von Endorf, one of his Ritters, long grumbling about severity, want of promotion and the like, rushed in upon the good old man; ran him through, dead for a ducat;[1]—and consummated a *parricide* at which the very cross on one's white cloak shudders! Parricide worse, a great deal, than that at the Ford of Reuss upon one-eyed Albert.

We leave the shuddering Ritters to settle it, sternly vengeful; whom, for a moment, it has struck broad-awake to some sense of the very questionable condition they are getting into.

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[1] Voigt, iv. 474, 482.

CHAPTER XI

BAVARIAN KURFURSTS IN BRANDENBURG

Young Ludwig Kurfürst of Brandenburg, Kaiser Ludwig's eldest son, having come of years, the Tutors or Statthalters went home,—not wanted except in cases of occasional absence henceforth;—and the young man endeavoured to manage on his own strength. His success was but indifferent; he held on, however, for a space of twenty years, better or worse. 'He helped King Edward III. at the Siege of Cambray (A.D. 1339)';[1] whose French politics were often connected with the Kaiser's: it is certain, Kurfürst Ludwig 'served personally with 600 horse' (on good payment, I conclude) 'at that Siege of Cambray';—and probably saw the actual Black Prince, and sometimes dined with him, as English readers can imagine. In Brandenburg he had many checks and difficult passages, but was never quite beaten out, which it was easy to have been.

A man of some ability, as we can gather, though not of enough. he played his game with resolution, not without skill; but from the first the cards were against him. His Father's affairs going mostly ill were no help to his, which of themselves went not well. The Brandenburgers, mindful of their old Ascanier sovereigns, were ill-affected to Ludwig and the new Bavarian sort. The Anhalt Cousinry gloomed irreconcilable; were never idle, digging pitfalls, raising troubles. From them and others Kurfürst Ludwig had troubles enough; which were fronted by him really not amiss; which we wholly, or all but wholly, omit in this place.

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[1] Michaelis, i. 279.

A Resuscitated Ascanier; the False Waldemar

The wickedest and worst trouble of their raising was that of the resuscitated Waldemar (A.D. 1345): 'False Waldemar,' as he is now called in Brandenburg Books. Waldemar was the last, or as good as the last, of the Ascanier Markgraves; and he, two years before Ludwig ever saw those countries, died in his bed, twenty-five good years ago; and was buried, and seemingly ended. But no; after twenty-five years, Waldemar reappears: 'Not buried or dead, only sham-buried, sham-dead; have been in the Holy Land all this while, doing pilgrimage and penance; and am come to claim my own again,—which strangers are much misusing!'[1]

Perkin Warbeck, *Post-mortem* Richard II., Dimitri of Russia, Martin Guerre of the *Causes Célèbres:* it is a common story in the world, and needs no commentary now *Post-mortem* Waldemar, it is said, was a Miller's Man, 'of the name of Jakob Rehback'; who used to be about the real Waldemar in a menial capacity, and had some resemblance to him. He showed signets, recounted experiences, which had belonged to the real Waldemar. Many believed in his pretension, and took arms to assert it; the Reich being in much internal battle at the time; poor Kaiser Ludwig, with his Avignon Popes and angry Kings Johann, wading in deep waters. Especially the disaffected Cousinry, or Princes of Anhalt, believed and battled for *Post-mortem* Waldemar; who were thought to have got him up from the first. Kurfürst Ludwig had four or five most sad years with him;—all the worse when the *Pfaffen-Kaiser* (King Johann's son) came on the stage, in the course of them (A.D. 1346), and Kaiser Ludwig, yielding not indeed to him, but to Death, vanished from it two years after;[2] leaving Kurfürst Ludwig to his own shifts with the Pfaffen-Kaiser. Whom he could not now hinder from succeeding to the Reich. He tried hard; set up, he and others, an Anti-Kaiser (*Günther of Schwartzburg*, temporary Anti-Kaiser, whom English readers can forget again): he bustled, battled, negotiated, up and down; and ran across, at one time, to Preussen to the Teutsch Ritters,—presumably to borrow money:—but it all would not do. The Pfaffen-Kaiser carried it, in the Diet and out of the Diet · Karl IV. by title; a sorry enough Kaiser, and by nature an enemy of Ludwig's.

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[1] Michaelis, i. 279.

[2] Elected, 1314; Mühldorf, and Election *complete*, 1322; died, 1347, age 60.

It was in this whirl of intricate misventures that Kurfürst Ludwig had to deal with his False Waldemar, conjured from the deeps upon him, like a new goblin, where already there were plenty, in the dance round poor Ludwig. Of which nearly inextricable goblin-dance; threatening Brandenburg, for one thing, with annihilation, and yet leading Brandenburg abstrusely towards new birth and higher destinies,—how will it be possible (without raising new ghosts, in a sense) to give readers any intelligible notion?—Here, flickering on the edge of conflagration after duty done, is a poor Note which perhaps the reader had better, at the risk of superfluity, still in part take along with him:

'Kaiser Henry VII., who died of sacramental wine, First of the Luxemburg Kaisers, left Johann still a boy of fifteen, who could not become the second of them, but did in time produce the Second, who again produced the Third and Fourth.

'Johann was already King of Bohemia; the important young gentleman, Ottocar's grandson whom we saw "murdered at Olmütz none yet knows by whom," had left that throne vacant, and it lapsed to the Kaiser; who, the Nation also favouring, duly put in his son Johann. There was a competitor, "Duke of the Tyrol," who claimed on loose grounds; "My wife was Aunt of the young murdered King," said he; "wherefore"—!—Kaiser, and Johann after him, rebutted this competitor; but he long gave some trouble, having great wealth and means. He produced a Daughter, Margaret Heiress of the Tyrol,—with a terrible *mouth* to her face, and none of the gentlest hearts in her body:—that was perhaps his principal feat in the world. He died 1331; had styled himself "King of Bohemia" for twenty years,—ever since 1308;—but in the last two years of his life he gave it up, and ceased from troubling, having come to a beautiful agreement with Johann.

'Johann, namely, wedded his eldest Son to this competitor's fine Daughter with the mouth (Year 1329): "In this manner do not Bohemia and the Tyrol come together in my blood and in yours, and both of us are made men?" said the two contracting parties.—Alas, no: the competitor Duke, father of the Bride, died some two years after, probably with diminished hopes of it; and King Johann lived to see the hope expire dismally altogether. There came no children, there came no—In fact Margaret, after a dozen years of wedlock, in unpleasant circumstances, broke it off as if by explosion; took herself and her Tyrol irrevocably over to Kaiser Ludwig, quite away from King Johann,—who, his hopes of the Tyrol expiring in such dismal manner, was thenceforth the bitter enemy of Ludwig and what held of him.'

Tyrol explosion was in 1342. And now, keeping these preliminary dates and outlines in mind, we shall understand the big-mouthed Lady better, and the consequences of her in the world.

Margaret with the Pouch-mouth

What principally raised this dance of the devils round poor Ludwig, I perceive, was a marriage he had made, three years before Waldemar emerged; of which, were it only for the sake of the Bride's name, some mention is permissible. Margaret of the Tyrol, commonly called, by contemporaries and posterity, *Maultasche* (Mouthpoke, Pocket-mouth), she was the bride:—marriage done at Innspruck, 1342, under furtherance of father Ludwig the Kaiser:—such a mouth as we can fancy, and a character corresponding to it. This, which seemed to the two Ludwigs a very conquest of the golden-fleece under conditions, proved the beginning of their worst days to both of them.

Not a lovely bride at all, this Maultasche; who is verging now towards middle life withal, and has had enough to cross her in the world. Was already married thirteen years ago; not wisely nor by any means too well. A terrible dragon of a woman. Has been in nameless domestic quarrels; in wars and sieges with rebellious vassals; claps you an iron cap on her head, and takes the field when need is: furious she-bear of the Tyrol. But she has immense possessions, if wanting in female charms. She came by mothers from that Duke of Meran whom we saw get his death (for cause), in the Plassenburg a hundred years ago.[1] Her ancestor was Husband to an Aunt of that homicided Duke: from him, principally from him, she inherits the Tyrol, Carinthia, Styria; is herself an only child, the last of a line: hugest Heiress now going. So that, in spite of the mouth and humour, she has not wanted for wooers,—especially prudent Fathers wooing her for their sons.

In her Father's lifetime, Johann King of Bohemia, always awake to such symptoms of things, and having very peculiar interests in this case, courted and got her for his Crown-Prince (as we just saw), a youth of great outlooks, outlooks towards Kaisership itself perhaps; to whom she was wedded, thirteen years ago, and duly brought the Tyrol for Heritage: but with the worst results. Heritage, namely, could not be had without strife with Austria, which likewise had claims. Far worse, the marriage itself went awry: Johann's Crown-Prince was 'a soft-natured Herr,' say the Books: why bring your big she-bear into a poor deer's den? Enough, the marriage came to nothing, except to huge brawlings far enough away from us: and Margaret Pouch-mouth has now divorced her Bohemian Crown-Prince as a Nullity; and again weds, on similar terms, Kaiser Ludwig's son, our Brandenburg Kurfürst, —who hopes possibly that *he* now may succeed as Kaiser, on the strength of his Father and of the Tyrol. Which turned out far otherwise.

The marriage was done in the Church of Innspruck, 10th February 1342 (for we love to be particular), 'Kaiser Ludwig,' happy man, 'and many Princes of the Empire, looking on'; little thinking what a coil it would prove. 'At the high altar she stript-off her veil' (symbol of wifehood or widowhood), 'and put on a *jungfernkranz* (maiden's-garland),' symbolically testifying how happy Ludwig junior still was. They had a

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[1] Antea, p. 103.

1345] son by and by; but their course otherwise, and indeed thiswise too, was much chequered.

King Johann, seeing the Tyrol gone in this manner, gloomed terribly upon his Crown-Prince; flung him aside as a Nullity, 'Go to Moravia, out of sight, on an apanage, you; be Crown-Prince no longer!'—And took to fighting Kaiser Ludwig; colleagued diligently with the hostile Pope, with the King of France; intrigued and colleagued far and wide; swearing by every method everlasting enmity to Kaiser Ludwig; and set-up his son Karl as Pfaffen-Kaiser. Nay, perhaps he was at the bottom of *Post-obit* Waldemar too. In brief, he raised, he mainly, this devils'-dance, in which, Kaiser Ludwig having died, poor Kurfürst Ludwig, with Maultasche hanging on him, is sometimes near his wits' end.

Johann's poor Crown-Prince, finding matters take this turn, retired into *Mähren* (Moravia) as bidden; 'Margrave of Mähren'; and peaceably adjusted himself to his character of Nullity and to the loss of Maultasche;—chose, for the rest, a new Princess in wedlock, with more moderate dimensions of mouth; and did produce sons and daughters on a fresh score. Produced, among others, one Jobst, his successor in the apanage or Margrafdom; who, as *Jobst*, or Jodocus, *of Mähren*, made some noise for himself in the next generation, and will turn-up again in reference to Brandenburg in this History.

As for Margaret Pouch-mouth, she, with her new Husband as with her old, continued to have troubles, pretty much as the sparks fly upwards. She had fierce siegings after this, and explosive procedures,—little short of Monk Schwartz, who was just inventing gunpowder at the time. We cannot hope she lived in Elysian harmony with Kurfürst Ludwig;—the reverse, in fact; and oftenest with the whole breadth of Germany between them, he in Brandenburg, she in the Tyrol. Nor did Ludwig junior ever come to be Kaiser, as his Father and she had hoped; on the contrary, King Johann of Bohemia's people,—it was they that next got the Kaisership and kept it; a new provocation to Maultasche.

Ludwig and she had a son, as we said; Prince of the Tyrol and appendages, titular Margraf of Mähren and much else, by nature: but alas, he died about ten; a precocious boy,—fancy the wild weeping of a maternal She-bear! And the Father had already died;[1] a malicious world whispering that perhaps she poisoned them *both.* The proud woman, now old too, pursed her big coarse lips together at such a rumour, and her big coarse soul,—in a gloomy scorn appealing beyond the world; in a sorrow that the world knew not of. She solemnly settled her Tyrol and appendages upon the Austrian Archdukes, who were children of her Mother's Sister; whom she even installed into the actual government, to make matters surer. This done, she retired to Vienna, on a pension from them, there to meditate and pray a little, before Death came; as it did now in a short year or two. Tyrol and the appendages continue with Austria from that hour to this, Margaret's little boy having died.

Margaret of the Pouch-mouth, rugged dragoon-major of a woman, with occasional steel cap on her head, and capable of swearing terribly in Flanders or elsewhere, remains in some measure memorable to me. Compared with Pompadour, Duchess of Cleveland, of Kendal and other high-rouged unfortunate-females, whom it is not proper to speak of without necessity, though it is often done,—Maultasche rises to the rank of Historical. She brought the Tyrol and appendages permanently to Austria; was near leading Brandenburg to annihilation, raising such a goblin-dance round Ludwig and it, yet did abstrusely lead Brandenburg towards a far other goal, which likewise has proved permanent for it.

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[1] In 1361, died Kurfürst Ludwig; 1363, the Boy; 1366, Maultasche herself.

CHAPTER XII

BRANDENBURG IN KAISER KARL'S TIME; END OF THE BAVARIAN KURFURSTS

KAISER LUDWIG died in 1347, while the False Waldemar was still busy. We saw Karl IV., Johann of Bohemia's second son, come to the Kaisership thereupon, Johann's eldest Nullity being omitted. This Fourth Karl,—other three Karls are of the Charlemagne set, Karl the Bald, the Fat, and suchlike, and lie under our horizon, while *Charles Fifth* is of a still other set, and known to everybody,—this Karl IV. is the Kaiser who discovered the Well of *Karlsbad* (Bath of Karl), known to Tourists of this day; and made the *Golden Bull*, which I forbid all Englishmen to take for an agricultural Prize Animal, the thing being far other, as is known to several.

There is little farther to be said of Karl in Reichs-History. An unesteemed creature; who strove to make his time peaceable in this world, by giving from the Holy Roman Empire with both hands to every bull-beggar, or ready-payer who applied. Sad sign what the Roman Empire had come and was coming to. The Kaiser's shield, set up aloft in the Roncalic Plain in Barbarossa's time, intimated, and in earnest too, 'Ho, every one that has suffered wrong!'—intimates now, 'Ho, every one that can bully me, or has money in his pocket!' Unadmiring posterity has confirmed the nickname of this Karl IV.; and calls him *Pfaffen-Kaiser*. He kept mainly at Prag, ready for receipt of cash, and holding well out of harm's way. In younger years he had been much about the French Court; in Italy he had suffered troubles, almost assassinations; much blown to and fro, poor light wretch, on the chaotic winds of his Time,—steering towards no star.

Johann, King of Bohemia, did not live to see Karl an acknowledged Kaiser. Old Johann, blind for some time back, had perished two years before that event;—bequeathing a Heraldic Symbol to the World's History and to England's, if nothing more. Poor man, he had crusaded in Preussen in a brilliant manner, being fond of fighting. He wrung Silesia, gradually by purchase and entreaty (*pretio ac prece*), from the Polish King;[1] joined *it* firmly to Bohemia and Germany,—unconsciously waiting for what higher destinies Silesia might have. For Maultasche and the Tyrol he brought sad woes on Brandenburg; and yet was unconsciously leading Brandenburg, by abstruse courses, whither it had to go. A restless, ostentatious, far-grasping, strong-handed man; who kept the world in a stir wherever he was. All which has proved voiceless in the World's memory; while the casual Shadow of a Feather he once wore has proved vocal there. World's memory is very whimsical now and then.

Being much implicated with the King of France, who with the Pope was his chief stay in these final Anti-Ludwig operations, Johann,—in 1346, Pfaffen-Kaiser Karl just set on foot,—had led his chivalry into France, to help against the English Edwards, who were then very intrusive there. Johann was blind, but he had good ideas in war. At the Battle of Crecy, 24th August 1346, he advised we know not what; but he actually fought, though stone-blind. 'Tied his bridle to that of the Knight next him; and charged in,'—like an old blind war-horse kindling madly at the sound of the trumpet;—and was there, by some English lance or yew, laid low. They found him on that field of carnage (field of honour, too, in a sort); his old blind face looking, very blindly, to the stars: on his shield was blazoned a Plume of three ostrich-feathers with '*Ich dien* (I serve)' written under:—with which emblem every English reader is familiar ever since! This Editor himself, in very tender years, noticed it on the Britannic Majesty's war-drums; and had to inquire of children of a larger growth what the meaning might be.

That is all I had to say of King Johann and his '*Ich dien.*'

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[1] 1327-41 (Köhler, p. 302).

Of the Luxemburg Kaisers (four in number, two sons of Karl still to come); who, except him of the sacramental wine, with '*Ich dien*' for son, are good for little; and deserve no memory from mankind except as they may stick, not easily extricable, to the history of nobler men:—of them also I could wish to be silent, but must not. Must at least explain how they came in, as 'Luxemburg Kurfürsts' in Brandenburg; and how they went out, leaving Brandenburg not annihilated, but very near it.

End of Resuscitated Waldemar; Kurfürst Ludwig sells out

Imaginary Waldemar being still busy in Brandenburg, it was natural for Kaiser Karl to find him genuine, and keep-up that goblin-dance round poor Kurfürst Ludwig, the late Kaiser's son, by no means a lover of Karl's. Considerable support was managed to be raised for Waldemar. Kaiser Karl regularly infeoffed him as real Kurfürst, so far as parchment could do it; and in case of his decease, says Karl's diploma farther, the Princes of Anhalt shall succeed,—Ludwig in any case is to be zero henceforth. War followed, or what they called war: much confused invading, bickering and throttling, for two years to come. 'Most of the Towns declared for Waldemar, and their old Anhalt line of Margraves': Ludwig and the Bavarian sort are clearly not popular here. Ludwig held-out strenuously, however; would not be beaten. He had the King of Denmark for Brother-in-law; had connexions in the Reich: perhaps still better he had the *Reichs-Insignia*, lately his Father's, still in hand. He stood obstinate siege from the Kaiser's people and the Anhalters; shouted-in Denmark to help; started an Anti-Kaiser, as we said,—temporary Anti-Kaiser Günther of Schwartzburg, whom the reader can forget a second time:—in brief, Ludwig contrived to bring Kaiser Karl, and Imaginary Waldemar with his Anhalters, to a quietus and negotiation, and to get Brandenburg cleared of them. Year 1349, they went their ways;

and that devils'-dance, which had raged five years and more round Ludwig, was fairly got laid or lulled again.

Imaginary Waldemar, after some farther ineffectual wrigglings, retired altogether into private life, at the Court of Dessau; and happily died before long. Died at the Court of Dessau; the Anhalt Cousins treating him to the last as Head Representative of Albert the Bear, and real Prince Waldemar; for which they had their reasons. Portraits of this False Waldemar still turn-up in the German Printshops;[1] and represent a very absurd fellow, much muffled in drapery, mouth partially open, eyes wholly and widely so,—never yet recovered from his astonishment at himself and things in general! How it fared with poor Brandenburg, in these chaotic throttlings and vicissitudes, under the Bavarian Kurfürsts, we can too well imagine; and that is little to what lies ahead for it.

However, in that same year 1349, temporary quietus having come, Kurfürst Ludwig, weary of the matter, gave it over to his Brother: 'Have not I an opulent Maultasche, Gorgon-Wife, susceptible to kindness, in the Tyrol; have not I in the Reich elsewhere resources, appliances?' thought Kurfürst Ludwig. And gave the thing over to his next Brother. Brother whose name also is *Ludwig* (as their Fathers also had been, three Ludwigs at once, for our dear Germans shine in nomenclature): 'Ludwig *the Roman* this new one;—the elder Brother, our acquaintance, being Ludwig simply, distinguishable too as *Kurfürst* Ludwig, or even as Ludwig *Senior* at this stage of the affair. Kurfürst Ludwig, therefore, Year 1349, washes his hands of Brandenburg while the quietus lasts; retaining only the Electorship and Title; and goes his ways, resolving to take his ease in Bavaria and the Tyrol thenceforth. How it fared with him there, with his loving Gorgon and him, we will not ask farther. They had always separate houses to fly to, in case of extremity! They held out, better or worse, twelve years more; and Ludwig left his little Boy still surviving him, in 1361.

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[1] In Kloss (*Vaterländische Gemälde*, ii. 29), a sorry Compilation, above referred to, without value except for the old Excerpts, etc., there is a Copy of it.

Second, and then Third and last, of the Bavarian Kurfürsts in Brandenburg

In Brandenburg, the new Markgraf Ludwig, who we say is called '*the Roman*' (*Ludwig der Römer*, having been in Rome) to distinguish him, continued warring with the Anarchies, fifteen years in a rather tough manner, without much victory on either side;—made his peace with Kaiser Karl however, delivering-up the *Reichs-Insignia*; and tried to put down the domestic Robbers, who had got on foot, 'many of them persons of quality';[1]—till he also died, childless, A.D. 1365; having been Kurfürst too, since his Brother's death, for some four years.

Whereupon Brandenburg, Electorship and all Titles with it, came to Otto, third son of Kaiser Ludwig, who is happily the last of these Bavarian Electors. They were an unlucky set of Sovereigns, not hitherto without desert; and the unlucky Country suffered much under them. By far the unluckiest, and by far the worst, was this Otto; a dissolute, drinking, entirely worthless Herr; under whom, for eight years, confusion went worse confounded; as if plain Chaos were coming; and Brandenburg and Otto grew tired of each other to the last degree.

In which state of matters, A.D. 1373, Kaiser Karl offered Otto a trifle of ready-money to take himself away. Otto accepted greedily; sold his Electorate and big Mark of Brandenburg to Kaiser Karl for an old song,—200,000 thalers (about 30,000*l.*, and only half of it ever paid);[2]—withdrew to his Schloss of Wolfstein in Bavaria; and there, on the strength of that or other sums, 'rolled deep as possible in every sort of debauchery.' And so in few years puddled himself to death; foully ending the Bavarian set of Kurfürsts.

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[1] Michaelis, i. 282.

[2] *Ib.* i. 283.

They had lasted fifty years; with endless trouble to the Country and to themselves; and with such mutual profit as we have seen.

CHAPTER XIII

LUXEMBURG KURFURSTS IN BRANDENBURG

If Brandenburg suffered much under the Bavarian Kurfürsts for Fifty years, it was worse, and approached to the state of worst, under the Luxemburgers, who lasted for some Forty more. Ninety years of anarchy in all; which at length brought it to great need of help from the Fates!—

Karl IV. made his eldest Boy Wenzel, still only about twelve, Elector of Brandenburg;[1] Wenzel shall be Kaiser and King of Bohemia, one day, thinks Karl;—which actually came to pass, and little to Wenzel's profit, by and by. In the mean while Karl accompanied him to Brandenburg; which country Karl liked much at the money, and indeed ever after, in his old days, he seemed rather to busy himself with it. He assembled some kind of *Stände* (States) twice over; got the Country 'incorporated with Bohemia' by them, and made tight and handy so far. Brandenburg shall rest from its woes, and be a silent portion of Bohemia henceforth, thinks Karl,—if the Heavens so please. Karl, a futile Kaiser, would fain have done something to 'encourage trade' in Brandenburg; though one sees not what it was he did, if anything. He built the Schloss of Tangermünde, and oftenest lived there in time coming; a quieter place than even Prag for him. In short, he appears to have fancied his cheap Purchase, and to have cheered his poor old futile life with it, as with one thing that had been successful. Poor old creature: he had been a Kaiser on false terms, 'Ho, every one that dare bully me, or that has money in his pocket';—a Kaiser that could

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[1] 1373 (born 1361).

1373]

not but be futile! In five-years time he died;[1] and doubtless was regretted in Brandenburg and even in the Reich, in comparison with what came next.

In Brandenburg he left, instead of one indifferent or even bad governor steadily tied to the place and in earnest to make the best of it, a fluctuating series of governors holding loose, and not in earnest; which was infinitely worse. These did not try to govern it; sent it to the Pawnbroker, to a fluctuating series of Pawnbrokers; under whom, for the next Five-and-thirty years, Brandenburg tasted all the fruits of Non-government, that is to say, Anarchy or Government by the Pawnbroker; and sank faster and faster, towards annihilation as it seemed. That was its fate under the Luxemburg Kurfürsts, who made even the Bavarian and all others be regretted.

One thing Kaiser Karl did, which ultimately proved the saving of Brandenburg: made friendship with the Hohenzollern Burggraves. These, Johann II., temporary '*Statthalter*' Johann, and his Brother, who were Co-regents in the Family Domain, when Karl first made appearance,—had stood true to Kaiser Ludwig and his Son, so long as that play lasted at all; nay one of these Burggraves was talked of as Kaiser after Ludwig's death, but had the wisdom not to try. Kaiser Ludwig being dead, they still would not recognise the *Pfaffen-Kaiser* Karl, but held gloomily out. So that Karl had to march in force into the Nürnberg country; and by great promises, by considerable gifts, and the 'example of the other Princes of the Empire,'[2] brought them over to do homage.

After which, their progress, and that of their successor (Johann's son, Friedrich V.), in the grace of Karl, was something extraordinary. Karl gave his Daughter to this Friedrich v.'s eldest Son; appointed a Daughter of Friedrich's for his own Second Prince, the famed Sigismund, famed that is to be,—which latter match did not take effect, owing to changed outlooks after Karl's death. Nay there is a Deed still extant about marrying children not yet born: Karl to produce a Princess within five years, and Burggraf Friedrich v. a Prince, for that purpose![1] But the Burggraf never had another Prince; though Karl produced the due Princess, and was ready, for his share. Unless indeed this strange eager-looking Document, not dated in the old Books, may itself relate to the above wedding which did come to pass?—Years before that, Karl had made his much-esteemed Burggraf Friedrich v. 'Captain-General of the Reich'; 'Imperial Vicar' (*Substitute*, if need were), and much besides; nay, had given him the Landgraviate of Elsass (*Alsace*),—so far as lay with him to give,—of which valuable country this Friedrich had actual possession so long as the Kaiser lived. 'Best of men,' thought the poor light Kaiser; 'never saw such a man!'

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[1] King of Bohemia, 1346, on his Father's death; Kaiser (acknowledged on Ludwig the *Baier's* death), 1347; died, 1378, aged 62.

[2] 'Hallow-eve, 1347, on the Field of Nürnberg,' Agreement was come to (Rentsch, p. 326).

Which proved a salutary thought, after all. The man had a little Boy Fritz (not the betrothed to Karl's Princess), still chasing butterflies at Culmbach, when Karl died. In this Boy lie new destinies for Brandenburg: towards him, and not towards annihilation, are Karl and the Luxemburg Kurfürsts and Pawnbrokers unconsciously guiding it.

CHAPTER XIV

BURGGRAF FRIEDRICH VI

KARL left three young Sons, Wenzel, Sigismund, Johann; and also a certain Nephew much older; all of whom now more or less concern us in this unfortunate History.

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[1] Rentsch, p. 336.

1378]

Wenzel the eldest Son, heritable Kurfürst of Brandenburg as well as King of Bohemia, was as yet only seventeen, who nevertheless got to be Kaiser,[1]—and went widely astray, poor soul. The Nephew was no other than Margrave Jobst of Moravia (son of Maultasche's late Nullity there), now in the vigour of his years and a stirring man: to him, for a time, the chief management in Brandenburg fell, in these circumstances. Wenzel, still a minor, and already Kaiser and King of Bohemia, gave-up Brandenburg to his two younger Brothers, most of it to Sigismund, with a cutting for Johann, to help their apanages; and applied his own powers to govern the Holy Roman Empire, at that early stage of life.

To govern the Holy Roman Empire, poor soul;—or rather 'to drink beer, and dance with the girls'; in which, if defective in other things, Wenzel had an eminent talent. He was one of the worst Kaisers, and the least victorious on record. He would attend to nothing in the Reich; 'the Prag white beer, and girls' of various complexion, being much preferable, as he was heard to say. He had to fling his poor Queen's Confessor into the River Moldau,—Johann of Nepomuk, *Saint* so-called, if he is not a fable altogether; whose Statue stands on Bridges ever since, in those parts. Wenzel's Bohemians revolted against him; put him in jail; and he broke prison, a boatman's daughter helping him out, with adventures. His Germans were disgusted with him; deposed him from the Kaisership;[2] chose Rupert of the Pfalz; and then after Rupert's death,[3] chose Wenzel's own Brother Sigismund, in his stead,—left Wenzel to jumble about in his native Bohemian element, as King there, for nineteen years longer, still breaking pots to a ruinous extent.

He ended, by apoplexy, or sudden spasm of the heart; terrible Zisca, as it were, killing him at secondhand. For Zisca, stout and furious, blind of one eye and at last of both, a kind of human rhinoceros driven mad, had risen out of the ashes of murdered Huss, and other bad Papistic doings, in the interim; and was tearing-up the world at a huge rate. Rhinoceros Zisca was on the Weissenberg, or a still nearer Hill of Prag since called *Zisca-Berg* (Zisca Hill); and none durst whisper of it to the King. A servant waiting at dinner inadvertently let-slip the word:—'Zisca there? Deny it, slave!' cried Wenzel frantic. Slave durst not deny. Wenzel drew his sword to run at him, but fell down dead: that was the last pot broken by Wenzel. The hapless royal ex-imperial Phantasm self-broken in this manner.[1] Poor soul, he came to the Kaisership too early; was a thin violent creature, sensible to the charms and horrors of created objects; and had terrible rhinoceros Ziscas and unruly horned-cattle to drive. He was one of the worst Kaisers ever known,—could have done Opera-singing much better;—and a sad sight to Bohemia. Let us leave him there: he was never actual Elector of Brandenburg, having given it up in time; never did any ill to that poor Country.

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[1] 1378, on his Father's death.

[2] 25th May 1400 (Köhler, p. 331).

[3] 1410 (*ib.* p. 336).

Sigismund is Kurfürst of Brandenburg, but is King of Hungary also

The real Kurfürst of Brandenburg all this while was Sigismund Wenzel's next Brother, under tutelage of Cousin Jobst or otherwise;—real and yet imaginary, for he never himself governed, but always had Jobst of Mähren or some other in his place there. Sigismund, as above said, was to have married a Daughter of Burggraf Friedrich v.; and he was himself, as was the young lady, well inclined to this arrangement. But the old people being dead, and some offer of a King's Daughter turning-up for Sigismund, Sigismund broke off; and took the King's Daughter, King of Hungary's,—not without regret then and afterwards, as is believed. At any rate, the Hungarian charmer proved a wife of small merit, and a Hungarian successor she had was a wife of light conduct even; Hungarian charmers, and Hungarian affairs, were much other than a comfort to Sigismund.

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[1] 30th July 1419 (Hormayr, vii. 119).

As for the disappointed Princess, Burggraf Friedrich's Daughter, she said nothing that we hear; silently became a Nun, an Abbess: and through a long life looked out, with her thoughts to herself, upon the loud whirlwind of things, where Sigismund (oftenest like an imponderous rag of conspicuous colour) was riding and tossing. Her two Brothers also, joint Burggraves after their Father's death, seemed to have reconciled themselves without difficulty. The elder of them was already Sigismund's Brother-in-law; married to Sigismund's and Wenzel's sister,—by such predestination as we saw. Burggraf Johann III. was the name of this one: a stout fighter and manager for many years; much liked, and looked to, by Sigismund. As indeed were both the Brothers, for that matter; always, together or in succession, a kind of right-hand to Sigismund. Friedrich the younger Burggraf, and ultimately the survivor and inheritor (Johann having left no sons), is the famed Burggraf Friedrich VI., the last and notablest of all the Burggraves. A man of distinguished importance, extrinsic and intrinsic; chief or among the very chief of German public men in his time;—and memorable to Posterity, and to this History, on still other grounds! But let us not anticipate.

Sigismund, if apanaged with Brandenburg alone, and wedded to his first love, not a King's Daughter, might have done tolerably well there;—better than Wenzel, with the Empire and Bohemia, did. But delusive Fortune threw her golden apple at Sigismund too; and he, in the wide high world, had to play strange pranks. His Father-in-law died in Hungary, Sigismund's first wife his only child. Father-in-law bequeathed Hungary to Sigismund;[1] who plunged into a strange sea thereby; got troubles without number, beatings not a few, —and had even to take boat, and sail for his life down to Constantinople, at one time. In which sad adventure

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[1] 1387 (Sigismund's age then twenty).

Burggraf Johann escorted him, and as it were tore him out by the hair of the head. These troubles and adventures lasted many years; in the course of which, Sigismund, trying all manner of friends and expedients, found in the Burggraves of Nürnberg, Johann and Friedrich, with their talents, possessions and resources, the main or almost only sure support he got.

No end of troubles to Sigismund, and to Brandenburg through him, from this sublime Hungarian legacy! Like a remote fabulous golden-fleece, which you have to go and conquer first, and which is worth little when conquered. Before ever setting out (A.D. 1387), Sigismund saw too clearly he would have cash to raise: an operation he had never done with, all his life afterwards. He pawned Brandenburg to Cousin Jobst of Mähren; got '20,000 Bohemian gulden,'—I guess, a most slender sum, if Dryasdust would but interpret it. This was the beginning of Pawnings to Brandenburg; of which when will the end be? Jobst thereby came into Brandenburg on his own right for the time, not as Tutor or Guardian, which he had hitherto been. Into Brandenburg; and there was no chance of repayment to get him out again.

Cousin Jobst has Brandenburg in Pawn

Jobst tried at first to do some governing; but finding all very anarchic, grew unhopeful; took to making matters easy for himself. Took, in fact, to turning a penny on his pawn-ticket; alienating crown domains, winking hard at robber-barons, and the like;—and after a few years, went home to Moravia, leaving Brandenburg to shift for itself, under a Statthalter (*Viceregent*, more like a hungry land-steward), whom nobody took the trouble of respecting. Robber-castles flourished; all else decayed. No highway not unsafe; many a Turpin with sixteen quarters, and styling himself *Edler Herr* (noble Gentleman), took to 'living from the saddle':—what are Hamburg pedlars made for but to be robbed?

The Towns suffered much; any trade they might have had, going to wreck in this manner. Not to speak of private feuds, which abounded *ad libitum*. Neighbouring potentates, Archbishop of Magdeburg and others, struck-in also at discretion, as they had gradually got accustomed to do, and snapped away (*abzwackten*) some convenient bit of territory, or, more legitimately, they came across to coerce, at their own hand, this or the other Edler Herr of the Turpin sort, whom there was no other way of getting at, when he carried matters quite too high. 'Droves of six-hundred swine,'—I have seen (by reading in those old Books) certain noble Gentlemen, 'of Putlitz,' I think, driving them openly, captured by the stronger hand; and have heard the short querulous squeak of the bristly creatures: 'What is the use of being a pig at all, if I am to be stolen in this way, and surreptitiously made into ham?' Pigs do continue to be bred in Brandenburg· but it is under such discouragements. Agriculture, trade, well-being and well-doing of any kind, it is not encouragement they are meeting here. Probably few countries, not even Ireland, have a worse outlook, unless help come.[1]

Jobst came back in 1398, after eight-years absence; but no help came with Jobst. The *Neumark* part of Brandenburg, which was Brother Johann's portion, had fallen home to Sigismund, Brother Johann having died: but Sigismund, far from redeeming old pawn-tickets with the Newmark, pawned the Newmark too,—the second Pawnage of Brandenburg. Pawned the Newmark to the Teutsch Ritters 'for 63,000 Hungarian gold gulden' (I think, about 30,000*l.*): and gave no part of it to Jobst; had not nearly enough for himself and his Hungarian occasions.

Seeing which, and hearing such squeak of pigs surreptitiously driven, with little but discordant sights and sounds everywhere, Jobst became disgusted with the matter; and resolved to wash his hands of it, at least to have his money out of it again. Having sold what of the Domains he could to persons of quality, at an uncommonly easy rate, and so pocketed what ready-cash there was among them, he made-over his pawn-ticket, or properly he himself repawned Brandenburg to the Saxon Potentate, a speculative moneyed man, Markgraf of Meissen, 'Wilhelm the Rich' so-called. Pawned it to Wilhelm the Rich,—sum not named; and went home to Moravia, there to wait events. This is the third Brandenburg pawning: let us hope there may be a fourth and last.

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[1] Pauli, i. 541-612. Michaelis, i. 283-285.

Brandenburg in the hands of the Pawnbrokers; Rupert of the Pfalz is Kaiser

And so we have now reached that point in Brandenburg History when, if some help do not come, Brandenburg will not long be a country, but will either get dissipated in pieces and stuck to the edge of others where some government is, or else go waste again, and fall to the bisons and wild bears.

Who now is Kurfürst of Brandenburg, might be a question. 'I *un*questionably!' Sigismund would answer, with astonishment. 'Soft, your Hungarian Majesty,' thinks Jobst: 'till my cash is paid, may it not probably be another?' This question has its interest: the Electors just now (A.D. 1400) are about deposing Wenzel; must choose some better Kaiser. If they wanted another scion of the House of Luxemburg; a mature old gentleman of sixty; full of plans, plausibilities, pretensions,—Jobst is their man. Jobst and Sigismund were of one mind as to Wenzel's going; at least Sigismund voted clearly so, and Jobst said nothing counter: but the Kurfürsts did not think of Jobst for successor. After some stumbling, they fixed upon Rupert *Kur-Pfalz* (Elector Palatine, *Ruprecht von der Pfalz*) as Kaiser.

Rupert of the Pfalz proved a highly respectable Kaiser; lasted for ten years (1400-1410), with honour to himself and the Reich. A strong heart, strong head, but short of means. He chastised petty mutiny with vigour; could not bring down the Milanese Visconti, who had perched themselves so high on money paid to Wenzel; could not heal the schism of the Church (Double or Triple Pope, Rome-Avignon affair), or awaken the Reich to a sense of its old dignity and present loose condition. In the late loose times, as Antiquaries remark,[1] most Members of the Empire, Petty Princes even and Imperial Towns, had been struggling to set-up for themselves; and were now concerned chiefly to become Sovereign in their own Territories. And Schilter informs us, it was about this period that most of them attained such rather unblessed consummation; Rupert of himself not able to help it, with all his willingness. The People called him 'Rupert *Klemm* (Rupert *Smith's-vice*)' from his resolute ways; which nickname,—given him not in hatred, but partly in satirical goodwill,—is itself a kind of history. From Historians of the *Reich* he deserves honourable regretful mention.

He had for Empress a Sister of Burggraf Friedrich's; which high lady, unknown to us otherwise, except by her Tomb at Heidelberg, we remember for her Brother's sake. Kaiser Rupert,—great-grandson of that Kur-Pfalz who was Kaiser Ludwig's elder brother,—is the culminating point of the Electors Palatine; the Highest that Heidelberg produced. Ancestor of those famed Protestant 'Palatines'; of all the Palatines or *Pfalzes* that reign in these late centuries. Ancestor of the present Bavarian Majesty; Kaiser Ludwig's race having died out. Ancestor of the unfortunate *Winterkönig*, Friedrich King of Bohemia, who is too well known in English History; —ancestor also of Charles XII. of Sweden, a highly creditable fact of the kind to him. Fact indisputable: a cadet of Pfalz-Zweibrück (*Deux-Ponts*, as the French call it), direct from Rupert, went to serve in Sweden in his soldier business; distinguished himself in soldiering;—had a Sister of the great Gustaf Adolf to wife; and from her a renowned Son, Karl Gustaf (Christina's Cousin), who succeeded as King; who again had a Grandson made in his own likeness, only still more of

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[1] Köhler, p. 334; who quotes S

iron in his composition.—Enough now of Rupert *Smith's-vice*; who died in 1410, and left the Reich again vacant.

Rupert's funeral is hardly done, when, over in Preussen, far off in the Memel region, place called Tannenberg, where there is still 'a churchyard to be seen,' if little more, the Teutsch Ritters had, unexpectedly, a terrible Defeat: consummation of their Polish Miscellaneous quarrels of long standing; and the *end* of their high courses in this world. A ruined Teutsch Ritterdom, as good as ruined, ever henceforth. Kaiser Rupert died 18th May; and on the 15th July, within two months, was fought that dreadful 'Battle of Tannenberg,'—Poland and Polish King, with miscellany of savage Tartars and revolted Prussians, *versus* Teutsch Ritterdom; all in a very high mood of mutual rage; the very elements, 'wild thunder, tempest and rain-deluges,' playing chorus to them on the occasion.[1] Ritterdom fought lionlike, but with insufficient strategic and other wisdom; and was driven nearly distracted to see its pride tripped into the ditch by such a set. Vacant Reich could not in the least attend to it; nor can we farther at present.

Sigismund, with a struggle, becomes Kaiser

Jobst and Sigismund were competitors for the Kaisership; Wenzel, too, striking-in with claims for reinstatement: the House of Luxemburg divided against itself. Wenzel, finding reinstatement not to be thought of, threw his weight, such as it was, into the scale of Cousin Jobst; remembering angrily how Brother Sigismund voted in the Deposition case, ten years ago. The contest was vehement, and like to be lengthy. Jobst, though he had made-over his pawn-ticket, claimed to be Elector of Brandenburg; and voted for Himself. The like, with still more emphasis, did Sigismund, or Burggraf Friedrich acting for him: 'Sigismund, sure, is Kur-Brandenburg, though under pawn!' argued Friedrich,—and, I almost guess, though that is not said, produced from his own purse, at some stage

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[1] Voigt, vii. 82. Büsching, *Erdbeschreibung* (Hamburg, 1770), ii. 1038.

1411]

of the business, the actual money for Jobst, to close his Brandenburg pretension.

Both were elected (majority contested in this manner); and old Jobst, then above seventy, was like to have given much trouble: but happily in three months he died;[1] and Sigismund became indisputable. Jobst was the son of Maultasche's Nullity; him too, in an involuntary sort, she was the cause of. In his day Jobst made much noise in the world, but did little or no good in it. 'He was thought a great man,' says one satirical old Chronicler; 'and there was nothing great about him but the beard.'

'The cause of Sigismund's success with the Electors,' says Köhler, 'or of his having any party among them, was the faithful and unwearied diligence which had been used for him by the above-named Burggraf Friedrich VI. of Nürnberg, who took extreme pains to forward Sigismund to the Empire; pleading that Sigismund and Wenzel would be sure to agree well henceforth, and that Sigismund, having already such extensive territories (Hungary, Brandenburg and so forth) by inheritance, would not be so exact about the *Reichs*-Tolls and other Imperial Incomes. This same Friedrich also, when the Election fell out doubtful, was Sigismund's best support in Germany, nay almost his right-hand, through whom he did whatever was done.'[2]

Sigismund is Kaiser, then, in spite of Wenzel. King of Hungary, after unheard-of troubles and adventures, ending some years ago in a kind of peace and conquest, he has long been. King of Bohemia, too, he at last became; having survived Wenzel, who was childless. Kaiser of the Holy Roman Empire, and so much else: is not Sigismund now a great man? Truly the loom he weaves upon, in this world, is very large. But the weaver was of headlong, high-pacing, flimsy nature; and both warp and woof were gone dreadfully entangled!—

This is the Kaiser Sigismund who held the Council of

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[1] 'Jodocus *Barbatus*,' 21st July 1411.

[2] Köhler, p. 337.

Constance; and 'blushed visibly,' when Huss, about to die, alluded to the Letter of Safeconduct granted him, which was issuing in such fashion.[1] Sigismund blushed; but could not conveniently mend the matter,—so many matters pressing on him just now. As they perpetually did, and had done. An always-hoping, never-resting, unsuccessful, vain and empty Kaiser. Specious, speculative; given to eloquence, diplomacy, and the windy instead of the solid arts;—always short of money for one thing. He roamed about, and talked eloquently;—aiming high, and generally missing:—how he went to conquer Hungary, and had to float down the Donau instead, with an attendant or two, in a most private manner, and take refuge with the Grand Turk: this we have seen, and this is a general emblem of him. Hungary and even the Reich have at length become his; but have brought small triumph in any kind; and instead of ready-money, debt on debt. His Majesty has no money, and his Majesty's occasions need it more and more.

He is now (A.D. 1414) holding this Council of Constance, by way of healing the Church, which is sick of Three simultaneous Popes and of much else. He finds the problem difficult; finds he will have to run into Spain, to persuade a refractory Pope there, if eloquence can (as it cannot). all which requires money, money. At opening of the Council, he 'officiated as deacon'; actually did some kind of litanying 'with a surplice over him,'[2] though Kaiser and King of the Romans. But this passage of his opening speech is what I recollect best of him there: 'Right Reverend Fathers, *date operam ut illa nefanda schisma eradicetur*,' exclaims Sigismund, intent on having the Bohemian Schism well dealt with,—which he reckons to be of the feminine gender. To which a Cardinal mildly remarking '*Domine, schisma est generis neutrius* (*Schisma* is neuter, your Majesty),'—Sigismund loftily replies, '*Ego sum Rex Romanus et super grammaticam* (I am King of the Romans, and above Grammar)!'[1] For which reason I call him in my Note-books Sigismund *super Grammaticam*, to distinguish him in the imbroglio of Kaisers.

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[1] 15th June 1415.

[2] 25th December 1414 (Köhler, p. 340).

Brandenburg is pawned for the last time

How Jobst's pawn-ticket was settled I never clearly heard; but can guess it was by Burggraf Friedrich's advancing the money, in the pinch above indicated, or paying it afterwards to Jobst's heirs whoever they were. Thus much is certain: Burggraf Friedrich, these three years and more (ever since 8th July 1411) holds Sigismund's Deed of acknowledgment 'for 100,000 gulden lent at various times': and has likewise got the Electorate of Brandenburg in pledge for that sum; and does himself administer the said Electorate till he be paid. This is the important news; but this is not all.

The new journey into Spain requires new moneys; this Council itself, with such a pomp as suited Sigismund, has cost him endless moneys. Brandenburg, torn to ruins in the way we saw, is a sorrowful matter; and, except the title of it, as a feather in one's cap, is worth nothing to Sigismund. And he is still short of money; and will forever be. Why could not he give up Brandenburg altogether; since, instead of paying, he is still making new loans from Burggraf Friedrich; and the hope of ever paying were mere lunacy! Sigismund revolves these sad thoughts too, amid his world-wide diplomacies, and efforts to heal the Church. 'Pledged for 100,000 gulden,' sadly ruminates Sigismund; 'and 50,000 more borrowed since, by little and little; and more ever needed, especially for this grand Spanish journey!' these were Sigismund's sad thoughts:—'Advance me, in a round sum, 250,000 gulden more,' said he to Burggraf Friedrich, '250,000 more, for my manifold occasions in this time;—that will be 400,000 in whole;[2]—and take the Electorate of Brandenburg to yourself, Land,

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[1] Wolfgang Mentzel, *Geschichte der Deutschen*, i. 477.

[2] Rentsch, pp. 75, 357.

Titles, Sovereign Electorship and all, and make me rid of it!' That was the settlement adopted, in Sigismund's apartment at Constance, on the 30th of April 1415; signed, sealed and ratified,—and the money paid. A very notable event in World-History; virtually completed on the day we mention.

The ceremony of Investiture did not take place till two years afterwards, when the Spanish journey had proved fruitless, when much else of fruitless had come and gone, and Kaiser and Council were probably more at leisure for such a thing. Done at length it was by Kaiser Sigismund in utmost gala, with the Grandees of the Empire assisting, and august members of the Council and world in general looking on; in the big Square or Marketplace of Constance, 17th April 1417;—is to be found described in Rentsch, from Nauclerus and the old Newsmongers of the time. Very grand indeed: much processioning on horseback, under powerful trumpet-peals and flourishes; much stately kneeling, stately rising, stepping backwards (done well, *zierlich*, on the Kurfürst's part); liberal expenditure of cloth and pomp; in short, 'above 100,000 people looking on from roofs and windows,'[1] and Kaiser Sigismund in all his glory. Sigismund was on a high Platform in the Marketplace, with stairs to it and from it; the illustrious Kaiser,—red as a flamingo, 'with scarlet mantle and crown of gold,'—a treat to the eyes of simple mankind.

What sum of modern money, in real purchasing power, this '400,000 Hungarian Gold Gulden' is, I have inquired in the likely quarters without result; and it is probable no man exactly knows. The latest existing representative of the ancient Gold Gulden is the *Ducat*, worth generally about a Half-sovereign in English. Taking the sum at that latest rate, it amounts to 200,000*l.*; and the reader can use that as a note of memory for the sale-price of Brandenburg with all its lands and honours,—multiplying it perhaps by four or six to bring out its effective amount in current coin. Dog-cheap, it must be owned, for size and capability; but in the most waste condition, full of mutiny, injustice, anarchy and highway robbery; a purchase that might have proved dear enough to another man than Burggraf Friedrich.

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[1] Pauli, *Allgemeine Preussische Staats-Geschichte*, ii. 74. Rentsch, pp. 76-78.

But so, at any rate, moribund Brandenburg has got its Hohenzollern Kurfürst; and started on a new career it little dreamt of;—and we can now, right willingly, quit Sigismund and the Reichs-History; leave Kaiser Sigismund to sink or swim at his own will henceforth. His grand feat in life, the wonder of his generation, was this same Council of Constance; which proved entirely a failure; one of the largest *wind-eggs* ever dropped with noise and travail in this world. Two-hundred thousand human creatures, reckoned and reckoning themselves the elixir of the Intellect and Dignity of Europe; Two-hundred thousand, nay some, counting the lower menials and numerous unfortunate-females, say Four-hundred thousand,—were got congregated into that little Swiss Town; and there as an Ecumenic Council, or solemnly distilled elixir of what pious Intellect and Valour could be scraped together in the world, they laboured with all their select might for four-years space. That was the Council of Constance. And except this transfer of Brandenburg to Friedrich of Hohenzollern, resulting from said Council in the quite reverse and involuntary way, one sees not what good result it had.

They did indeed burn Huss; but that could not be called a beneficial incident; that seemed to Sigismund and the Council a most small and insignificant one. And it kindled Bohemia, and kindled rhinoceros Zisca, into never-imagined flame of vengeance; brought mere disaster, disgrace, and defeat on defeat to Sigismund, and kept his hands full for the rest of his life, however small he had thought it. As for the sublime four-years deliberations and debates of this Sanhedrim of the Universe,—eloquent debates, conducted, we may say, under such extent of *wig* as was never seen before or since,—they have fallen wholly to the domain of Dryasdust; and amount, for mankind at this time, to zero *plus* the Burning of Huss. On the whole, Burggraf Friedrich's Electorship, and the first Hohenzollern to Brandenburg, is the one good result.

Adieu, then, to Sigismund. Let us leave him at this his culminating point, in the Marketplace of Constance; red as a flamingo; doing one act of importance, though unconsciously and against his will.—I subjoin here, for refreshment of the reader's memory, a Synopsis, or bare arithmetical List, of those Intercalary Non-Hapsburg Kaisers, which, now that its original small duty is done, may as well be printed as burnt:

The Seven Intercalary or Non-Hapsburg Kaisers.

Rudolf of Hapsburg died A.D. 1291, after a reign of eighteen vigorous years, very useful to the Empire after its Anarchic *Interregnum*. He was succeeded, not by any of his own sons or kindred, but by

1°. Adolf of Nassau, 1291-1298. A stalwart but necessitous Herr; much concerned in the French projects of our Edward Longshanks: *miles stipendiarius Eduardi*, as the Opposition party scornfully termed him. Slain in battle by the Anti-Kaiser, Albrecht or Albert eldest son of Rudolf, who thereupon became Kaiser.

Albert I. (of Hapsburg, he), 1298-1308. Parricided, in that latter year, at the Ford of the Reuss.

2° (*a*). Henry VII. of Luxemburg, 1308-1313; poisoned (1313) in sacramental wine. The first of the Luxemburgers; who are marked here, in their order, by the addition of an alphabetic letter.

3°. Ludwig der Baier, 1314-1347 (Duke of *Ober-Baiern*, Upper Bavaria; progenitor of the subsequent Kurfürsts of Baiern, who are *Cousins* of the Pfalz Family).

4° (*b*). Karl IV., 1347-1378, Son of Johann of Bohemia (Johann *Ich-dien*), and Grandson of Henry VII. Nicknamed the *Pfaffen-Kaiser* (Parsons'-Kaiser). Karlsbad; the Golden Bull; Castle of Tangermünde.

5° (*c*). Wenzel (or Wenceslaus), 1378-1400; Karl's eldest Son. Elected 1378, still very young; deposed in 1400, Kaiser Rupert succeeding. Continued King of Bohemia till his death (by Zisca *at second-hand*) nineteen years after. Had been Kaiser for twenty-two years.

6°. Rupert of the Pfalz, 1400-1410; called Rupert *Klemm* (Pincers, Smith's-vice); Brother-in-law to Burggraf Friedrich VI. (afterwards Kurfürst Friedrich I.), who marched with him to Italy and often else-whither, Burggraf Johann the elder Brother-in-law being then oftenest in Hungary with Sigismund, Karl IV.'s second Son.

7° (*d*). Sigismund, 1410-1437, Wenzel's younger Brother; the fourth and last of the Luxemburgers, seventh and last of the Intercalary Kaisers. Sold Brandenburg, after thrice or oftener pawning it. Sigismund *super Grammaticam.*

Super-Grammaticam died 9th December 1437; left only a Daughter, wedded to the then Albert Duke of Austria; which Albert, on the strength of this, came to the Kingship of Bohemia and of Hungary, as his Wife's inheritance, and to the Empire by election. Died thereupon in few months: 'three crowns, Bohemia, Hungary, the Reich, in that one year, 1438,' say the old Historians; 'and then next year he quitted them all, for a fourth and more lasting crown, as is hoped.' Kaiser Albert II., 1438-1439: After whom all are Hapsburgers,—excepting, if that is an exception, the unlucky Karl VII. alone (1742-1745), who descends from Ludwig the Baier.

BOOK III

THE HOHENZOLLERNS IN BRANDENBURG

1412-1713

CHAPTER I

KURFURST FRIEDRICH I

Burggraf Friedrich, on his first coming to Brandenburg, found but a cool reception as Statthalter.[1] He came as the representative of law and rule; and there had been many helping themselves by a ruleless life, of late. Industry was at a low ebb, violence was rife; plunder, disorder everywhere; too much the habit for baronial gentlemen to 'live by the saddle,' as they termed it, that is, by highway robbery, in modern phrase.

The Towns, harried and plundered to skin and bone, were glad to see a Statthalter, and did homage to him with all their heart. But the Baronage or Squirearchy of the country were of another mind. These, in the late anarchies, had set-up for a kind of kings in their own right: they had their feuds; made war, made peace, levied tolls, transit-dues; lived much at their own discretion in these solitary countries;—rushing out from their stone towers ('walls fourteen feet thick'), to seize any herd of 'six-hundred swine,' any convoy of Lübeck or Hamburg merchant-goods, that had not contented them in passing. What were pedlars and mechanic fellows made for, if not to be plundered when needful? Arbitrary rule, on the part of these Noble Robber-Lords! And then much of the Crown-Domains had gone to the chief of them,—pawned (and the pawn-ticket lost, so to speak), or sold for what trifle of ready-money was to be had, in Jobst and Company's time. To these gentlemen, a Statthalter coming to inquire into matters was no welcome phenomenon. Your *Edler Herr* (Noble Lord) of Putlitz, Noble Lords of Quitzow, Rochow, Maltitz and others, supreme in their grassy solitudes this long while, and accustomed to nothing greater than themselves in Brandenburg, how should they obey a Statthalter?

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[1] '*Johannistage*' (24 June) '1412,' he first set foot in Brandenburg, with due escort, in due state; only Statthalter (Viceregent) as yet: Pauli, i. 594, ii. 58; Stenzel, *Geschichte des Preussischen Staats* (Hamburg, 1830-1851), i. 167-169.

Such was more or less the universal humour in the Squirearchy of Brandenburg; not of good omen to Burggraf Friedrich. But the chief seat of contumacy seemed to be among the Quitzows, Putlitzes above spoken of; big Squires in the district they call the Priegnitz, in the Country of the sluggish Havel River, north-west from Berlin a fifty or forty miles. These refused homage, very many of them; said they were 'incorporated with Böhmen'; said this and that;—much disinclined to homage; and would not do it. Stiff surly fellows, much deficient in discernment of what is above them and what is not:—a thick-skinned set; bodies clad in buff leather; minds also cased in ill habits of long continuance.

Friedrich was very patient with them; hoped to prevail by gentle methods. He 'invited them to dinner'; 'had them often at dinner for a year or more': but could make no progress in that way. 'Who is this we have got for a Governor?' said the noble lords privately to each other: 'A *Nürnberger Tand* (Nürnberg Plaything,—wooden image, such as they make at Nürnberg),' said they, grinning, in a thick-skinned way: 'If it rained Burggraves all the year round, none of them would come to luck in this Country';—and continued their feuds, toll-levyings, plunderings and other contumacies.

Seeing matters come to this pass after waiting above a year, Burggraf Friedrich gathered his Frankish men-at-arms; quietly made league with the neighbouring Potentates, Thüringen and others; got some munitions, some artillery together,—especially one huge gun, the biggest ever seen, 'a twenty-four pounder' no less; to which the peasants, dragging her with difficulty through the clayey roads, gave the name of *Faule Grete* (Lazy, or Heavy Peg); a remarkable piece of ordnance. Lazy Peg he had got from the Landgraf of Thüringen, on loan merely; but he turned her to excellent account of his own. I have often inquired after Lazy Peg's fate in subsequent times; but could never learn anything distinct:—the German Dryasdust is a dull dog, and seldom carries anything human in those big wallets of his!—

Equipped in this way, Burggraf Friedrich (he was not yet Kurfürst, only coming to be) marches for the Havel Country (early days of 1414);[1] makes his appearance before Quitzow's strong-house of Friesack, walls fourteen feet thick: 'You Dietrich von Quitzow, are you prepared to live as a peaceable subject henceforth: to do homage to the Laws and me?' —'Never!' answered Quitzow, and pulled-up his drawbridge. Whereupon Heavy Peg opened upon him, Heavy Peg and other guns; and, in some eight-and-forty hours, shook Quitzow's impregnable Friesack about his ears. This was in the month of February 1414, day not given: Friesack was the name of the impregnable Castle (still discoverable in our time); and it ought to be memorable and venerable to every Prussian man. Burggraf Friedrich VI., not yet quite become Kurfürst Friedrich I., but in a year's space to become so, he in person was the beneficent operator; Heavy Peg, and steady Human Insight, these were clearly the chief implements.

Quitzow being settled,—for the country is in military occupation of Friedrich and his allies, and except in some stone castle a man has no chance,—straightway Putlitz or another mutineer, with his drawbridge up, was battered to pieces, and his drawbridge brought slamming down. After this manner, in an incredibly short period, mutiny was quenched; and it became apparent to Noble Lords, and to all men, that here at length was a man come who would have the Laws obeyed again, and could and would keep mutiny down.

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[1] Michaelis, i. 287; Stenzil, i. 168 (where, contrary to wont, is an insignificant error or two). Pauli (ii. 58) is, as usual, lost in water.

Friedrich showed no cruelty; far the contrary. Your mutiny once ended, and a little repented of, he is ready to be your gracious Prince again: Fairplay and the social wine-cup, or inexorable war and Lazy Peg, it is at your discretion which. Brandenburg submitted; hardly ever rebelled more. Brandenburg, under the wise Kurfürst it has got, begins in a small degree to be cosmic again, or of the domain of the gods; ceases to be chaotic and a mere cockpit of the devils.

There is no doubt but this Friedrich also, like his ancestor Friedrich III., the First Hereditary Burggraf, was an excellent citizen of his country: a man conspicuously important in all German business in his time. A man setting up for no particular magnanimity, ability or heroism, but unconsciously exhibiting a good deal; which by degrees gained universal recognition. He did not shine much as Reichs-Generalissimo, under Kaiser Sigismund, in his expeditions against Zisca; on the contrary, he presided over huge defeat and rout, once and again, in that capacity; and indeed had represented in vain that, with such a species of militia, victory was impossible. He represented and again represented, to no purpose; whereupon he declined the office farther; in which others fared no better.[1]

The offer to be Kaiser was made him in his old days; but he wisely declined that too. It was in Brandenburg, by what he silently founded there, that he did his chief benefit to Germany and mankind. He understood the noble art of governing men; had in him the justice, clearness, valour and patience needed for that. A man of sterling probity, for one thing. Which indeed is the first requisite in said art:—if you will have your laws obeyed without mutiny, see well that they be pieces of God Almighty's Law: otherwise all the artillery in the world will not keep down mutiny.

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[1] Hormayr *Œsterreichischer Plutarch*, vii. 109-158, § *Zisca*.

Friedrich 'travelled much over Brandenburg'; looking into everything with his own eyes;—making, I can well fancy, innumerable crooked things straight. Reducing more and more that famishing dogkennel of a Brandenburg into a fruitful arable field. His portraits represent a square-headed, mild-looking solid gentleman, with a certain twinkle of mirth in the serious eyes of him. Except in those Hussite wars for Kaiser Sigismund and the Reich, in which no man could prosper, he may be defined as constantly prosperous. To Brandenburg he was, very literally, the blessing of blessings; redemption out of death into life. In the ruins of that old Friesack Castle, battered down by Heavy Peg, Antiquarian Science (if it had any eyes) might look for the taproot of the Prussian Nation, and the beginning of all that Brandenburg has since grown-to under the sun.

Friedrich, in one capacity or another, presided over Brandenburg near thirty years. He came thither first of all in 1412; was not completely Kurfürst in his own right till 1415; nor publicly installed, 'with 100,000 looking on from the roofs and windows, in Constance yonder, till 1417,—age then some forty-five. His Brandenburg residence, when he happened to have time for residing or sitting still, was Tangermünde, the Castle built by Kaiser Karl IV. He died there, 21st September 1440; laden tolerably with years, and still better with memories of hard work done. Rentsch guesses by good inference he was born about 1372. As I count, he is seventh in descent from that Conrad, Burggraf Conrad I., Cadet of Hohenzollern, who came down from the Rauhe Alp, seeking service with Kaiser Redbeard, above two centuries ago: Conrad's generation and six others had vanished successively from the world-theatre in that ever-mysterious manner, and left the stage clear, when Burggraf Friedrich the Sixth came to be First Elector. Let three centuries, let twelve generations farther come and pass, and there will be another still more notable Friedrich,—our little Fritz, destined to be Third King of Prussia, officially named Friedrich II., and popularly Frederick the Great. This First Elector is his lineal ancestor, twelve times removed.[1]

CHAPTER II

MATINEES DU ROI DE PRUSSE

ELEVEN successive Kurfürsts followed Friedrich in Brandenburg. Of whom and their births, deaths, wars, marriages, negotiations and continual multitudinous stream of smaller or greater adventures, much has been written, of a dreary confused nature; next to nothing of which ought to be repeated here. Some list of their Names, with what rememberable human feature or event (if any) still speaks to us in them, we must try to give. Their Names, well dated, with any actions, incidents, or phases of life, which may in this way get to adhere to them in the reader's memory, the reader can insert, each at its right place, in the grand Tide of European Events, or in such Picture as the reader may have of that. Thereby with diligence he may produce for himself some faint twilight notion of the Flight of Time in remote Brandenburg,—convince himself that remote Brandenburg was present all along, alive after its sort, and assisting, dumbly or otherwise, in the great World-Drama as that went on.

We have to say in general, the history of Brandenburg under the Hohenzollerns has very little in it to excite a vulgar curiosity, though perhaps a great deal to interest an intelligent one. Had it found treatment duly intelligent;—which, however, how could it, lucky beyond its neighbours, hope to do! Commonplace Dryasdust, and voluminous Stupidity, not worse here than elsewhere, play their part.

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[1] Rentsch, pp. 349-372; Hübner, t. 176.

It is the history of a State, or Social Vitality, growing from small to great; steadily growing henceforth under guidance: and the contrast between guidance and no-guidance, or misguidance, in such matters, is again impressively illustrated there. This we see well to be the fact; and the details of this would be of moment, were they given us: but they are not;—how could voluminous Dryasdust give them? Then, on the other hand, the Phenomenon is, for a long while, on so small a scale, wholly without importance in European politics and affairs, the commonplace Historian, writing of it on a large scale, becomes unreadable and intolerable. Witness grandiloquent Pauli our fatal friend, with his Eight watery Quartos; which gods and men, unless driven by necessity, have learned to avoid![1] The Phenomenon of Brandenburg is small, remote; and the essential particulars, too delicate for the eye of Dryasdust, are mostly wanting, drowned deep in details of the unessential. So that we are well content, my readers and I, to keep remote from it on this occasion.

On one other point I must give the reader warning. A rock of offence on which if he heedlessly strike, I reckon he will split; at least no help of mine can benefit him till he be got off again. Alas, offences must come; and must stand, like rocks of offence, to the shipwreck of many! Modern Dryasdust, interpreting the mysterious ways of Divine Providence in this Universe, or what he calls writing History, has done uncountable havoc upon the best interests of mankind. Hapless godless dullard that he is; driven and driving on courses that lead only downward, for him as for us! But one could forgive him all things, compared with this doctrine of devils which he has contrived to get established, pretty generally, among his unfortunate fellow-creatures for the time!—I must insert the following quotation, readers guess from what author:

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[1] Dr. Carl Friedrich Pauli, *Allgemeine Preussische Staats-Geschichte*, often enough cited here.

> 'In an impudent Pamphlet, forged by I know not whom, and published in 1766, under the title of *Matinées du Roi de Prusse*, purporting to be "Morning Conversations" of Frederick the Great with his Nephew the Heir-Apparent, every line of which betrays itself as false and spurious to a reader who has made any direct or effectual study of Frederick or his manners or affairs,—it is set forth, in the way of exordium to these pretended royal confessions, that "*notre maison*," our Family of Hohenzollern, ever since the first origin of it among the Swabian mountains, or its first descent therefrom into the Castle and Imperial Wardenship of Nürnberg, some six-hundred years ago or more, has consistently travelled one road, and this a very notable one. "We, as I myself the royal Frederick still do, have all along proceeded," namely, "in the way of adroit Macchiavellism, as skilful gamblers in this world's business, ardent gatherers of this world's goods; and in brief as devout worshippers of Beelzebub, the grand regulator and rewarder of mortals here below. Which creed we, the Hohenzollerns, have found, and I still find, to be the true one; learn it you, my prudent Nephew, and let all men learn it. By holding steadily to that, and working late and early in such spirit, we are come to what you now see;—and shall advance still farther, if it please Beelzebub, who is generally kind to those that serve him well." Such is the doctrine of this impudent Pamphlet; "original Manuscripts" of which are still purchased by simple persons,—who have then nobly offered them to me, thrice over, gratis or nearly so, as a priceless curiosity. A new printed edition of which, probably the fifth, has appeared within few years. Simple persons consider it a curious and interesting Document; rather ambiguous in origin perhaps, but probably authentic in substance, and throwing unexpected light on the character of Frederick whom men call the Great. In which new light they are willing a meritorious Editor should share.
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> 'Who wrote that Pamphlet I know not, and am in no condition to guess. A certain snappish vivacity (very unlike the style of Frederick whom it personates); a wearisome grimacing, gesticulating malice and smartness, approaching or reaching the sad dignity of what is called "wit" in modern times; in general the rottenness of matter, and the epigrammatic unquiet graciosity of manner in this thing, and its

elaborately *in*human turn both of expression and of thought, are visible characteristics of it. Thought, we said,—if thought it can be called: thought all hamstrung, shrivelled by inveterate rheumatism, on the part of the poor ill-thriven thinker; nay *tied* (so to speak, for he is of epigrammatic turn withal), as by cross ropes, right shoulder to left foot; and forced to advance, hobbling and jerking along, in that sad guise: not in the way of walk, but of saltation and dance; and this towards a false not a true aim, rather nowhither than somewhither:—Here were features leading one to think of an illustrious Prince de Ligne as perhaps concerned in the affair. The Bibliographical Dictionaries, producing no evidence, name quite another person, or series of persons,[1] highly unmemorable otherwise. Whereupon you proceed to said other person's acknowledged *Works* (as they are called); and find there a style bearing no resemblance whatever; and are left in a dubious state, if it were of any moment. In the absence of proof, I am unwilling to charge his Highness de Ligne with such an action; and indeed am little careful to be acquainted with the individual who did it, who could and would do it. A Prince of Coxcombs I can discern him to have been; capable of shining in the eyes of insincere foolish persons, and of doing detriment to them, not benefit; a man without reverence for truth or human excellence; not knowing in fact what is true from what is false, what is excellent from what is sham-excellent and at the top of the mode; an apparently polite and knowing man, but intrinsically an impudent, dark and merely modish-insolent man;—who, if he fell-in with Rhadamanthus on his travels, would not escape a horse-whipping. Him we will willingly leave to that beneficial chance, which indeed seems a certain one sooner or later; and address ourselves to consider the theory itself, and the facts it pretends to be grounded on.

'As to the theory, I must needs say, nothing can be falser, more heretical or more damnable. My own poor opinion, and deep conviction on that subject is well known, this long while. And, in fact, the summary of all I have believed, and have been trying as I could to teach mankind to believe again, is even that same opinion and conviction, applied to all provinces of things. Alas, in this his sad theory about the world, our poor impudent Pamphleteer is by no means singular at present; nay rather he has in a manner the whole practical part of mankind on his side just now; the more is the pity for us all!—

'It is very certain, if Beelzebub made this world, our Pamphleteer, and the huge portion of mankind that follow him, are right. But if God

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[1] A certain 'N. de Bonneville' (afterwards a Revolutionary spiritual-mountebank, for some time) is now the favourite Name;—proves, on investigation, to be an impossible one. Barbier (*Dictionnaire des Anonymes*), in a helpless doubting manner, gives still others.

1440]

made the world; and only leads Beelzebub, as some ugly muzzled bear is led, a longer or shorter temporary *dance* in this divine world, and always draws him home again, and peels the unjust gains off him, and ducks him in a certain hot Lake, with sure intent to lodge him there to all eternity at last,—then our Pamphleteer, and the huge portion of mankind that follow him, are wrong.

'More I will not say; being indeed quite tired of *speaking* on that subject. Not a subject which it concerns me to speak of; much as it concerns me, and all men, to know the truth of it, and silently in every hour and moment to do said truth. As indeed the sacred voice of their own soul, if they listen, will conclusively admonish all men; and truly if *it* do not, there will be little use in my logic to them. For my own share, I want no trade with men who need to be convinced of that fact. If I am in their premises, and discover such a thing of them, I will quit their premises; if they are in mine, I will, as old Samuel advised, count my spoons. Ingenious gentlemen who believe that Beelzebub made this world, are not a class of gentlemen I can get profit from. Let them keep at a distance, lest mischief fall out between us. They are of the set deserving to be called,—and this not in the way of profane swearing, but of solemn wrath and pity, I say of virtuous anger and inexorable reprobation, —the damned set. For, in very deed, they are doomed and damned, by Nature's oldest Act of Parliament, they, and whatsoever thing they do or say or think; unless they can escape from that devil-element. Which I still hope they may!—

'But with regard to the facts themselves, "*de notre maison*," I take leave to say, they too are without basis of truth. They are not so false as the theory, because nothing can in falsity quite equal that. "*Notre maison*," this Pamphleteer may learn, if he please to make study and inquiry before speaking, did *not* rise by worship of Beelzebub at all in this world; but by a quite opposite line of conduct. It rose, in fact, by the course which all, except fools, stockjobber stags, cheating gamblers, forging Pamphleteers and other temporary creatures of the damned sort, have found from of old to be the one way of permanently rising: by steady service, namely, of the Opposite of Beelzebub. By conforming to the Laws of this Universe; instead of trying by pettifogging to evade and profitably contradict them. The Hohenzollerns too have a History still articulate to the human mind, if you search sufficiently; and this is what, even with some emphasis, it will teach us concerning their adventures, and achievements of success in the field of life. Resist the Devil, good reader, and he will flee from you!'—

So ends our indignant friend.

How the Hohenzollerns got their big Territories, and came to what they are in the world, will be seen. Probably they were not, any of them, paragons of virtue. They did not walk in altogether speckless Sunday pumps, or much clear-starched into consciousness of the moral sublime; but in rugged practical boots, and by such roads as there were. Concerning their moralities, and conformities to the Laws of the Road and of the Universe, there will much remain to be argued by pamphleteers and others. Men will have their opinion, Men of more wisdom and of less; Apes by the Dead-Sea also will have theirs. But what man that believed in such a Universe as that of this Dead-Sea Pamphleteer could consent to live in it at all? Who that believed in such a Universe, and did not design to live like a Papin's-Digester, or *Porcus Epicuri*, in an extremely ugly manner in it, could avoid one of two things: Going rapidly into Bedlam, or else blowing his brains out? 'It will not do for me at any rate, this infinite Doghouse; not for me, ye Dryasdusts, and omnipotent Dog-monsters and Mud-gods, whoever you are. One honourable thing I can do: take leave of you and your Dog-establishment. Enough!'—

CHAPTER III

KURFURST FRIEDRICH II

THE First Friedrich's successor was a younger son, Friedrich II.; who lasted till 1471, above thirty years; and proved likewise a notable manager and governor. Very capable to assert himself, and his just rights, in this world. He was but Twenty-seven at his accession; but the Berlin Burghers, attempting to take some liberties with him, found he was old enough. He got the name *Ironteeth*, Friedrich *Ferratis Dentibus*, from his decisive ways then and afterwards. He had his share of brabbling with intricate litigant neighbours; quarrels now and then not to be settled without strokes. His worst war was with Pommern,—just claims disputed there, and much confused bickering, sieging and harassing in consequence: of which quarrel we must speak anon. It was he who first built the conspicuous Schloss or Palace at Berlin, having got the ground for it (same ground still covered by the actual fine Edifice, which is a second edition of Friedrich's) from the repentant Burghers; and took up his chief residence there.[1]

But his principal achievement in Brandenburg History is his recovery of the Province called the Neumark to that Electorate. In the thriftless Sigismund times, the Neumark had been pledged, had been sold; Teutsch Ritterdom, to whose dominions it lay contiguous, had purchased it with money down. The Teutsch Ritters were fallen moneyless enough since then; they offered to pledge the Neumark to Friedrich, who accepted, and advanced the sum . after a while the Teutsch Ritters, for a small farther sum, agreed to sell Neumark.[2] Into which Transaction, with its dates and circumstances, let us cast one glance, for our behoof afterwards. The Teutsch Ritters were an opulent domineering Body in Sigismund's early time; but they are now come well down in Friedrich II.'s! And are coming ever lower. Sinking steadily, or with desperate attempts to rise, which only increase the speed downwards, ever since that fatal Tannenberg Business, 15th July 1410. Here is the sad progress of their descent to the bottom; divided into three stages or periods:

'*Period First* is of Thirty years: 1410-1440. A peace with Poland soon followed that Defeat of Tannenberg; humiliating peace, with mulct in money, and slightly in territory, attached to it. Which again was soon followed by war, and ever again; each new peace more humiliating than its foregoer. Teutsch Order is steadily sinking,—into debt, among other things; driven to severe finance-measures (ultimately even to "debase its coin"), which produce irritation enough. Poland is gradually edging itself into the territories and the interior troubles of Preussen; prefatory to greater operations that lie ahead there.

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[1] 1442-1451 (Nicolai, i. 81).

[2] Michaelis, i. 301.

'*Second Period*, of Fourteen years. So it had gone on, from bad to worse, till 1440; when the general population, through its Heads, the Landed Gentry and the Towns, wearied out with fiscal and other oppressions from its domineering Ritterdom brought now to such a pinch, began everywhere to stir themselves into vocal complaint. Complaint emphatic enough: "Where will you find a man that has not suffered injury in his rights, perhaps in his person? Our friends they have invited as guests, and under show of hospitality have murdered them. Men, for the sake of their beautiful wives, have been thrown into the river like dogs,"—and enough of the like sort.[1] No want of complaint, nor of complainants: Town of Thorn, Town of Dantzig, Kulm, all manner of Towns and Baronages, proceeded now to form a *Bund*, or general Covenant for complaining; to repugn, in hotter and hotter form, against a domineering Ritterdom, with back so broken; in fine, to colleague with Poland,—what was most ominous of all. Baronage, Burgherage, they were German mostly by blood, and by culture were wholly German; but preferred Poland to a Teutsch Ritterdom of that nature. Nothing but brabblings, scufflings, objurgations; a great outbreak ripening itself. Teutsch Ritterdom has to hire soldiers; no money to pay them. It was in these sad years that the Teutsch Ritterdom, fallen moneyless, offered to pledge the Neumark to our Kurfürst; 1444, that operation was consummated.[2] All this goes on, in hotter and hotter form, for ten years longer.

'*Period Third* begins, early in 1454, with an important special catastrophe; and ends, in the Thirteenth year after, with a still more important universal one of the same nature. Prussian *Bund*, or Anti-Oppression Covenant of the Towns and Landed Gentry, rising in temperature for fourteen years at this rate, reached at last the igniting point, and burst into fire. February 4th, 1454, the Town of Thorn, darling first-child of Teutsch Ritterdom,—child 223 years old at this time,[3] and grown very big, and now very angry,—suddenly took its old parent by the throat, so to speak, and hurled him out to the dogs; to the extraneous Polacks first of all. Town of Thorn, namely, sent that day its "Letter of Renunciation" to the Hochmeister over at Marienburg; seized in a day or two more the Hochmeister's Official Envoys, Dignitaries of the Order; led them through the streets, amid universal storm of execrations, hootings and unclean projectiles, straight to jail; and besieged the Hochmeister's Burg (*Bastille* of Thorn, with a few Ritters in it), all the artillery and all the throats and hearts of the place raging deliriously upon it. So that the poor Ritters, who had no chance in resisting, were in few days obliged to surrender;[1] had to come out in bare jerkin; and Thorn ignominiously dismissed them into space forevermore,—with actual "kicks," I have read in some Books, though others veil that sad feature. Thorn threw out its old parent in this manner; swore fealty to the King of Poland; and invited other Towns and Knightages to follow the example. To which all were willing, wherever able.

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[1] Voigt, vii. 747; quoting, evidently, not an express manifesto, but one manufactured by the old Chroniclers.

[2] Pauli, ii. 187,—does not name the sum.

[3] 'Founded 1231, as a wooden Burg, just across the river, on the Heathen side, mainly round the stem of an immense old Oak that grew handy there,—Seven Barges always on the river (Weichsel), to fly to our own side if quite overwhelmed.' *Oak and Seven Barges* is still the Town's-Arms of Thorn. See Köhler, *Münzbelustigungen*, xxii. 107; quoting Dusburg (a Priest of the Order) and his old *Chronus Terræ Prusciæ*, written in 1326.

'War hereupon, which blazed up over Preussen at large,—Prussian Covenant and King of Poland *versus* Teutsch Ritterdom,—and lasted into the thirteenth year, before it could go out again; out by lack of fuel mainly. One of the fellest wars on record, especially for burning and ruining; above "300,000 fighting-men" are calculated to have perished in it; and of towns, villages, farmsteads, a cipher which makes the fancy, as it were, black and ashy altogether. Ritterdom showed no lack of fighting energy; but that could not save it, in the pass things were got-to. Enormous lack of wisdom, of reality and human veracity, there had long been; and the hour was now come. Finance went out, to the last coin. Large mercenary armies all along; and in the end not the colour of money to pay them with; mercenaries became desperate; "besieged the Hochmeister and his Ritters in Marienburg";—finally sold the Country they held; formally made it over to the King of Poland, to get their pay out of it. Hochmeister had to see such things, and say little. Peace, or extinction for want of fuel, came in the year 1466. Poland got to itself the whole of that fine German Country, henceforth called "*West* Preussen" to distinguish it, which goes from the left bank of the Weichsel to the borders of Brandenburg and Neumark;—would have got Neumark too, had not Kurfürst Friedrich been there to save it. The Teutsch Order had to go across the Weichsel, ignominiously driven; to content itself with "*East* Preussen," the Königsberg-Memel country, and even to do homage to Poland for that. Which latter was the bitterest clause of all: but it could not be helped, more than the others. In this manner did its revolted children fling out Teutsch Ritterdom ignominiously to the dogs, to the Polacks, first of all,—Thorn, the eldest child, leading off or setting the example.'

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[1] 8th February 1454, says Voigt (viii. 361); 16th, says Köhler (*Münzbelustigungen*, xxii. 110).

And so the Teutsch Ritters are sunk beyond retrieval; and West Preussen, called subsequently 'Royal Preussen,' *not* having homage to pay as the 'Ducal' or East Preussen had, is German no longer, but Polish, Sclavic; not prospering by the change.[1] And all that fine German country, reduced to rebel against its unwise parent, was cut away by the Polish sword, and remained with Poland, which did not prove very wise either; till—till, in the Year 1773, it was cut back by the German sword! All readers have heard of the Partition of Poland; but of the Partition of Preussen, 307 years before, all have not heard.

It was in the second year of that final tribulation, marked above as Period Third, that the Teutsch Ritters, famishing for money, completed the Neumark transaction with Kurfürst Friedrich; Neumark, already pawned to him ten years before, they in 1455, for a small farther sum, agreed to sell; and he, long carefully steering towards such an issue, and dextrously keeping out of the main broil, failed not to buy. Friedrich could thenceforth, on his own score, protect the Neumark; keep up an invisible but impenetrable wall between it and the neighbouring anarchic conflagrations of thirteen years; and the Neumark has ever since remained with Brandenburg, its original owner.

As to Friedrich's Pomeranian quarrel, this is the figure of it. Here is a scene from Rentsch, which falls-out in Friedrich's time; and which brought much battling and broiling to him and his. Symbolical withal of much that befell in Brandenburg, from first to last. Under the Hohenzollerns as before, Brandenburg grew by aggregation, by assimilation; and we see here how difficult the process often was.

Pommern (*Pomerania*), long Wendish, but peaceably so since the time of Albert the Bear, and growing ever more German, had, in good part, according to Friedrich's notion, if there were force in human Treaties and Imperial Laws, fallen fairly to Brandenburg,—that is to say, the half of it, Stettin-Pommern had fairly fallen,—in the year 1464, when Duke Otto of Stettin, the last Wendish Duke, died without heirs. In that case by many bargains, some with bloody crowns, it had been settled, If the Wendish Dukes died out, the country was to fall to Brandenburg;—and here they were dead. 'At Duke Otto's burial, accordingly, in the High Church of Stettin, when the coffin was lowered into its place, the Stettin Bürgermeister, Albrecht Glinde, took sword and helmet, and threw the same into the grave, in token that the Line was extinct. But Franz von Eichsted,' apparently another Burgher instructed for the nonce, 'jumped into the grave, and picked them out again; alleging, No, the Dukes of *Wolgast*-Pommern were of kin; these tokens we must send to his Grace at Wolgast, with offer of our homage, said Franz von Eichsted.'[1]—And sent they were, and accepted by his Grace. And perhaps half-a-score of bargains, with bloody crowns to some of them; and yet other chances, and centuries, with the extinction of new Lines,—had to supervene, before even Stettin-Pommern, and that in no complete state, could be got.[2] As to Pommern at large, Pommern not denied to be due, after such extinction and re-extinction of native Ducal Lines, did not fall home for centuries more; and what struggles and inextricable armed-litigations there were for it, readers of Brandenburg-History too wearisomely know. The process of assimilation not the least of an easy one!—

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[1] What Thorn had sunk to, out of its palmy state, see in Nanke's *Wanderungen durch Preussen* (Hamburg and Altona, 1800), ii. 177-200:—a pleasant little Book, treating mainly of Natural History; but drawing you, by its innocent simplicity and geniality, to read with thanks whatever is in it.

This Friedrich was second son: his Father's outlook for him had, at first, been towards a Polish Princess and the crown of Poland, which was not then so elective as afterwards: and with such view his early breeding had been chiefly in Poland; Johann, the eldest son and heir-apparent, helping his Father at home in the mean while. But these Polish outlooks went to nothing, the young Princess having died; so that Friedrich came home; possessed merely of the Polish language, and of what talents the gods had given him, which were considerable. And now, in the mean while, Johann, who at one time promised well in practical life, had taken to Alchemy; and was busy with crucibles and speculations, to a degree that seemed questionable. Father Friedrich, therefore, had to interfere, and deal with this 'Johann the Alchemist' (*Johannes Alchemista*, so the Books still name him); who loyally renounced the Electorship, at his Father's bidding, in favour of Friedrich; accepted Baireuth (better half of the Culmbach Territory) for apanage; and there peacefully distilled and sublimated at discretion; the government there being an easier task, and fitter for a soft speculative Herr. A third Brother, Albert by name, got Anspach, on the Father's decease; very capable to do any fighting there might be occasion for, in Culmbach.

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[1] Rentsch, p. 110 (whose printer has put his date awry); Stenzel (i. 233) calls the man '*Lorenz* Eikstetten, a resolute Gentleman.'

[2] 1648, by Treaty of Westphalia.

As to the Burggrafship, it was now done, all but the Title. The First Friedrich, once he was got to be Elector, wisely parted with it. The First Friedrich found his Electorship had dreadfully real duties for him, and that this of the Burggrafship had fallen mostly obsolete; so he sold it to the Nürnbergers for a round sum: only the Principalities and Territories are retained in that quarter. About which too, and their feudal duties, boundaries and tolls, with a jealous litigious Nürnberg for neighbour, there at length came quarrelling enough. But Albert the third Brother, over at Anspach, took charge of all that; and nothing of it fell in Johann's way.

The good Alchemist died,—performed his last sublimation, poor man,—six or seven years before his Brother Friedrich; age then sixty-three.[1] Friedrich, with his Iron Teeth and faculties, only held-out till fifty-eight,—10th February 1471.

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[1] 14th November 1464.

The manner of his end was peculiar. In that War with Pommern, he sat besieging a Pomeranian town, Uckermünde the name of it: when at dinner one day, a cannon-ball plunged down upon the table,[1] with such a crash as we can fancy;—which greatly confused the nerves of Friedrich; much injured his hearing, and even his memory thenceforth. In a few months afterwards he resigned, in favour of his Successor; retired to Plassenburg, and there died in about a year more.

CHAPTER IV

KURFURST ALBERT ACHILLES, AND HIS SUCCESSOR

Neither Friedrich nor Johann left other than daughters: so that the united Heritage, Brandenburg and Culmbach both, came now to the third Brother, Albert; who has been in Culmbach these many years already. A tall, fiery, tough old gentleman, of formidable talent for fighting, who was called the '*Achilles of Germany*' in his day; being then a very blazing far-seen character, dim as he has now grown.[2] This Albert Achilles was the Third Elector; Ancestor he of all the Brandenburg and Culmbach Hohenzollern Princes that have since figured in the world. After him there is no break or shift in the succession, down to the little Friedrich now born;—Friedrich the old Grandfather, first *King*, was the Twelfth *Kurfürst.*

We have to say, they followed generally in their Ancestors' steps, and had success of the like kind, more or less; Hohenzollerns all of them, by character and behaviour as well as by descent. No lack of quiet energy, of thrift, sound sense. There was likewise solid fairplay in general, no founding of yourself on ground that will not carry;—and there was instant, gentle but inexorable, crushing of mutiny, if it showed itself; which, after the Second Elector, or at most the Third, it had altogether ceased to do. Young Friedrich II., upon whom those Berlin Burghers had tried to close their gates, till he should sign some 'Capitulation' to their mind, got from them, and not quite in ill-humour, that name *Ironteeth* :—'Not the least a Nose-of-wax, this one! No use trying here, then!'—which, with the humour attached to it, is itself symbolical of Friedrich and these Hohenzollern Sovereigns. Albert, his Brother, had plenty of fighting in his time: but it was in the Nürnberg and other distant regions; no fighting, or hardly any, needed in Brandenburg henceforth.

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[1] Michaelis, i. 303.

[2] Born 1414; Kurfürst 1471-86.

With Nürnberg, and the Ex-Burggrafship there, now when a new generation began to tug at the loose clauses of that Bargain with Friedrich I., and all Free-Towns were going high upon their privileges, Albert had at one time much trouble, and at length actual furious War;—other Free-Towns countenancing and assisting Nürnberg in the affair; numerous petty Princes, feudal Lords of the vicinity, doing the like by Albert. Twenty years ago, all this; and it did not last, so furious was it. 'Eight victories,' they count on Albert's part,—furious successful skirmishes, call them;—in one of which, I remember, Albert plunged in alone, his Ritters being rather shy; and laid about him hugely, hanging by a standard he had taken, till his life was nearly beaten out.[1] Eight victories; and also one defeat, wherein Albert got captured, and had to ransom himself. The captor was one Kunz of Kauffungen, the Nürnberg hired General at the time: a man known to some readers for his Stealing of the Saxon Princes (*Prinzenraub*, they call it); a feat which cost Kunz his head.[2] Albert, however, prevailed in the end, as he was apt to do; and got his Nürnbergers fixed to clauses satisfactory to him.

In his early days he had fought against Poles, Bohemians and others, as Imperial general. He was much concerned, all along, in those abstruse armed-litigations of the Austrian House with its dependencies; and diligently helped the

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[1] 1449 (Rentsch, p. 399).

[2] Carlyle's *Miscellanies* (London, 1872), vii. § *Prinzenraub*.

Kaiser,—Friedrich III., rather a weakish, but an eager and greedy Kaiser,—through most of them. That inextricable Hungarian-Bohemian-Polish *Donnybrook* (so we may call it) which Austria had on hand, one of Sigismund's bequests to Austria; distressingly tumultuous Donnybrook, which goes from 1440 to 1471, fighting in a fierce confused manner;—the Anti-Turk Hunniades, the Anti-Austrian Corvinus, the royal Majesties George Podiebrad, Ladislaus *Posthumus*, Ludwig *Ohne Haut* (Ludwig *No-Skin*), and other Ludwigs, Ladislauses and Vladislauses, striking and getting struck at such a rate:—Albert was generally what we may call chief-constable in all that; giving a knock here and then one there, in the Kaiser's name.[1] Almost from boyhood, he had learned soldiering, which he had never afterwards leisure to forget. Great store of fighting he had,—say half a century of it, off and on, during the seventy and odd years he lasted in this world. With the Donnybrook we spoke of; with the Nürnbergers; with the Dukes of Bavaria (endless bickerings with these Dukes, Ludwig *Beardy*, Ludwig *Superbus*, Ludwig *Gibbosus* or Hunchback, against them and about them, on his own and the Kaiser's score); also with the French, already clutching at Lorraine; also with Charles the Rash of Burgundy;—lastly with the Bishop of Bamberg, who got him excommunicated and would not bury the dead.

Kurfürst Albert's Letter on this last emergency, to his Vicegerent in Culmbach, is a famed Piece still extant (date 1481);[2] and his plan in such emergency, is a simple and likely one: 'Carry the dead bodies to the Parson's house; let him see whether he will not bury them by and by!—One must fence-off the Devil by the Holy Cross,' says Albert,—appeal to Heaven with what honest mother-wit Heaven has vouchsafed one, means Albert. 'These fellows' (the Priests), continues he, 'would fain have the temporal sword as well as the spiritual. Had God wished there should be only one sword, he could have contrived that as well as the two. He surely did not want for intellect (*Er war gar ein weiser Mann*),'—want of intellect it clearly was not!—In short, they had to bury the dead, and do reason; and Albert hustled himself well clear of this broil, as he had done of many.

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[1] Hormayr, ii. 138, 140 (§ *Hunyady Corvin*); Rentsch, pp. 389-422; Michaelis, i. 304-13.

[2] Rentsch, p. 409.

Battle enough, poor man, with steel and other weapons:—and we see he did it with sharp insight, good forecast; now and then in a wildly leonine or *aquiline* manner. A tall hook-nosed man, of lean, sharp, rather taciturn aspect; nose and look are very aquiline; and there is a cloudy sorrow in those old eyes, which seems capable of sudden effulgence to a dangerous extent. He was a considerable diplomatist too: very great with the Kaiser, old Frederich III. (Max's father, Charles V.'s Great-Grandfather);[1] and managed many things for him. Managed to get the thrice-lovely Heiress of the Netherlands and Burgundy, Daughter of that Charles the Rash, with her Seventeen Provinces, for Max,[2]—who was thought thereupon by everybody to be the luckiest man alive; though the issue contradicted it before long.

Kurfürst Albert died in 1486, March 11, aged seventy-two. It was some months after Bosworth Fight, where our Crooked Richard got his quietus here in England and brought the Wars of the Roses to their finale:—a little chubby Boy, the son of poor parents at Eisleben in Saxony, Martin Luther the name of him, was looking into this abstruse Universe, with those strange eyes of his, in what rough woollen or linsey-woolsey short-clothes we do not know.[3]

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[1] How admirable Albert is, not to say 'almost divine,' to the Kaiser's then Secretary, oily-mouthed Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope, Rentsch can testify (pp. 401, 586); quoting Æneas's eulogies and gossipries (*Historia Rerum Frederici Imperatoris*, I conclude, though no book is named). Oily diligent Æneas, in his own young years and in Albert's prime, had of course seen much of this 'miracle' of Arms and Art,—'miracle' and 'almost divine,' so to speak.

[2] 1477.

[3] Born 10th November 1483.

Albert's funeral was very grand; the Kaiser himself, and all the magnates of the Diet and Reich attending him from Frankfort to his last resting-place, many miles of road. For he died at the Diet, in Frankfort-on-Mayn; having fallen ill there while busy,—perhaps too busy for that age, in the harsh spring weather,—electing Prince Maximilian ('lucky Max,' who will be Kaiser too before long, and is already deep in *ill*-luck, tragical and other!) to be King of the Romans. The old Kaiser had 'looked in on him at Onolzbach' (Anspach), and brought him along; such a man could not be wanting on such an occasion. A man who 'perhaps did more for the German Empire than for the Electorate of Brandenburg,' hint some. The Kaiser himself, Friedrich III., was now getting old; anxious to see Max secure, and to set his house in order. A somewhat anxious, croaky, close-fisted, ineffectual old Kaiser;[1] distinguished by his luck in getting Max so provided for, and bringing the Seventeen Provinces of the Netherlands to his House. He is the first of the Hapsburg Kaisers who had what has since been called the 'Austrian lip'—protrusive under-jaw, with heavy lip disinclined to shut. He got it from his Mother, and bequeathed it in a marked manner; his posterity to this day bearing traces of it. Mother's name was Cimburgis, a Polish Princess, 'Duke of Masovia's daughter'; a lady who had something of the *Maultasche* in her, in character as well as mouth.—In old Albert, the poor old Kaiser has lost his right hand; and no doubt muses sadly as he rides in the funeral procession.

Albert is buried at Heilsbronn in Frankenland, among his Ancestors,—burial in Brandenburg not yet common for these new Kurfürsts:—his skull, in an after-time, used to be shown there, laid on the lid of the tomb; skull marvellous for strength, and 'for having no visible sutures,' says Rentsch. Pious Brandenburg Officiality at length put an end to that profanation, and restored the skull to its place,—marvellous enough, with what had once dwelt in it, whether it had sutures or not.

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[1] See Köhler (*Münzbelustigungen*, vi. 393-401; ii. 89-96, etc.) for a vivid account of him.

Johann the Cicero is Fourth Kurfürst, and leaves Two notable Sons

Albert's eldest Son, the Fourth Kurfürst, was Johannes Cicero (1486-1499): Johannes was his natural name, to which the epithet 'Cicero of Germany (*Cicero Germaniæ*)' was added by an admiring public. He had commonly administered the Electorate during his Father's absences; and done it with credit to himself. He was an active man, nowise deficient as a Governor; creditably severe on highway robbers, for one thing,—destroys you 'fifteen baronial robber-towers' at a stroke; was also concerned in the Hungarian-Bohemian *Donnybrook*, and did that also well. But nothing struck a discerning public like the talent he had for speaking. Spoke 'four hours at a stretch in Kaiser Max's Diets, in elegantly-flowing Latin'; with a fair share of meaning, too;—and had bursts of parliamentary eloquence in him that were astonishing to hear. A tall, square-headed man, of erect, cheerfully composed aspect, head flung rather back if anything: his bursts of parliamentary eloquence, once glorious as the day, procured him the name 'Johannes *Cicero*'; and that is what remains of them: for they are sunk now, irretrievable he and they, into the belly of eternal Night; the final resting-place, I do perceive, of much Ciceronian ware in this world. Apparently he had, like some of his Descendants, what would now be called 'distinguished literary talents,'—insignificant to mankind and us. I find he was likewise called *der Grosse*, 'John the *Great*'; but on investigation it proves to be mere 'John the *Big*,' a name coming from his tall stature and ultimate fatness of body.

For the rest, he left his family well off, connected with high Potentates all around; and had increased his store, to a fair degree, in his time. Besides his eldest Son who followed as Elector, by name Joachim I., a burly gentleman of whom much is written in Books, he left a second Son, Archbishop of Magdeburg, who in time became Archbishop of Mainz and Cardinal of Holy Church,[1]—and by accident got to be forever memorable in Church-History, as we shall see anon. Archbishop of Mainz means withal *Kur-Mainz*, Elector of Mainz; who is Chief of the Seven Electors, and as it were their President or 'Speaker.' Albert was the name of this one; his elder Brother, the then Kur-Brandenburg, was called Joachim. Cardinal Albert Kur-Mainz, like his brother Joachim Kur-Brandenburg, figures much, and blazes widely abroad, in the busy reign of Karl V., and the inextricable Lutheran-Papal, Turk-Christian business it had.

But the notable point in this Albert of Mainz was that of Leo X. and the Indulgences.[2] Pope Leo had permitted Albert to retain his Archbishopric of Magdeburg and other dignities along with that of Mainz; which was an unusual favour. But the Pope expected to be paid for it,—to have 30,000 ducats (15,000*l.*), almost a King's ransom at that time, for the 'Pallium' to Mainz; *Pallium*, or little Bit of woollen Cloth, on sale by the Pope, without which Mainz could not be held. Albert, with all his dignities, was dreadfully short of money at the time. Chapter of Mainz could or would do little or nothing, having been drained lately; Magdeburg, Halberstadt, the like. Albert tried various shifts; tried a little stroke of trade in relics,—gathered in the Mainz district 'some hundreds of fractional sacred bones, and three whole bodies,' which he sent to Halle for pious purchase;—but nothing came of this branch. The 15,000*l.* remained unpaid; and Pope Leo, building St. Peter's, 'furnishing a sister's toilet,' and doing worse things, was in extreme need of it. What is to be done? 'I could borrow the money from the Fuggers of Augsburg,' said the Archbishop hesitatingly; 'but then — ?'—'I could help you to repay it!' said his Holiness; 'Could repay the half of it,—if only we had (but they always make such clamour about these things) an Indulgence published in Germany!'—'Well; it must be!' answered Albert at last, agreeing to take the clamour on himself, and to do the feat; being at his wits'-end for money. He draws out his Full-Power, which, as first Spiritual Kurfürst, he has the privilege to do; nominates (1516) one Tetzel for Chief Salesman, a Priest whose hardness of face, and shiftiness of head and hand, were known to him; and—here is one Hohenzollern that has a place in History! Poor man, it was by accident, and from extreme tightness for money. He was by no means a violent Churchman; he had himself inclinations towards Luther, even of a practical sort, as the thing went on. But there was no help for it.

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[1] Ulrich von Hutten's grand 'Panegyric' upon this Albert on his first Entrance into Mainz (9th October 1514),—'entrance with a retinue of 2000 horse, mainly furnished by the Brandenburg and Culmbach kindred,' say the old Books,—is in *Ulrichi ab Hutten Equitis Germani Opera* (Münch's edition; Berlin, 1821), i. 276-310.

[2] Pauli, v. 496-499; Rentsch, p. 869.

Cardinal Albert, Kur-Mainz, shows himself a copious dextrous public speaker at the Diets and elsewhere in those times; a man intent on avoiding violent methods;—uncomfortably fat in his later years, to judge by the Portraits. Kur-Brandenburg, Kur-Mainz (the younger now officially even greater than the elder), these names are perpetually turning up in the German Histories of that Reformation-Period; absent on no great occasion; and they at length, from amid the meaningless bead-roll of Names, wearisomely met with in such Books, emerge into Persons for us as above.

CHAPTER V

OF THE BAIREUTH-ANSPACH BRANCH

Albert Achilles the Third Elector had, before his accession, been Margraf of Anspach, and since his Brother the Alchemist's death, Margraf of Baireuth too, or of the whole Principality,—'Margraf of Culmbach' we will call it, for brevity's sake, though the bewildering old Books have not steadily any name for it.[1] After his accession, Albert Achilles naturally held both Electorate and Principality during the rest of his life. Which was an extremely rare predicament for the two Countries, the big and the little.

No other Elector held them both, for nearly a hundred years; nor then, except as it were for a moment. The two countries, Electorate and Principality, Hohenzollern both, and constituting what the Hohenzollerns had in this world, continued intimately connected; with affinity and clientship carefully kept up, and the lesser standing always under the express protection and as it were *cousinship* of the greater. But they had their separate Princes, Lines of Princes; and they only twice, in the time of these Twelve Electors, came even temporarily under the same head. And as to ultimate union, Brandenburg-Baireuth and Brandenburg-Anspach were not incorporated with Brandenburg-Proper, and its new fortunes, till almost our own day, namely in 1791; nor then either to continue; having fallen to Bavaria, in the grand

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[1] A certain subaltern of this express title, 'Margraf of Culmbach' (a Cadet, with some temporary apanage there, who was once in the service of him they call the Winter-King, and may again be transiently heard-of by us here), is the altogether mysterious Personage who prints himself '*Marquis de Lulenbach*' in Bromley's *Collection of Royal Letters* (London, 1787), pp. 52, etc. :—one of the most curious Books on the Thirty-Years War; 'edited' with a composed stupidity, and cheerful infinitude of ignorance, which still farther distinguish it. The *Bromley* Originals, well worth a real editing, turn out, on inquiry, to have been 'sold as Autographs, and dispersed beyond recovery, about fifty years ago.'

Congress of Vienna, within the next Five-and-twenty years. All which, with the complexities and perplexities resulting from it here, we must, in some brief way, endeavour to elucidate for the reader.

Two Lines in Culmbach or Baireuth-Anspach: The Gera Bond of 1598

Culmbach the Elector left, at his death, to his Second Son,—properly to two sons, but one of them soon died, and the other became sole possessor;—Friedrich by name; who, as founder of the Elder Line of Brandenburg-Culmbach Princes, must not be forgotten by us. Founder of the First or Elder Line, for there are two Lines; this of Friedrich's having gone out in about a hundred years; and the Anspach-Baireuth territories having fallen home again to Brandenburg;—where, however, they continued only during the then Kurfürst's life. Johann George (1525-1598), Seventh Kurfürst, was he to whom Brandenburg-Culmbach fell home,—nay, strictly speaking, it was but the sure prospect of it that fell home, the thing itself did not quite fall in his time, though the disposal of it did,[1]—to be conjoined again with Brandenburg-Proper. Conjoined for the short potential remainder of his own life; and then to be disposed of as an apanage again;—which latter operation, as Johann George had three-and-twenty children, could be no difficult one.

Johann George, accordingly (Year 1598), split the Territory in two; Brandenburg-Baireuth was for his second son, Brandenburg-Anspach for his third: hereby again were two new progenitors of Culmbach Princes introduced, and a New Line, Second or 'Younger Line' they call it (Line mostly split in *two*, as heretofore); which,—after complex adventures in its split condition, Baireuth under one head, Anspach under another,—continues active down to our little Fritz's time and farther. As will become but too apparent to us in the course of this History!—

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[1] 'Disposal,' 1598; thing itself, 1603, in his Son's time.

From of old these Territories had been frequently divided: each has its own little capital, Town of Anspach, Town of Baireuth,[1] suitable for such arrangement. Frequently divided; though always under the closest cousinship, and ready for reuniting, if possible. Generally under the Elder Line too, under Friedrich's posterity, which was rather numerous and often in need of apanages, they had been in separate hands. But the understood practice was not to divide farther; Baireuth by itself, Anspach by itself (or still luckier if one hand could get hold of both),—and especially Brandenburg by itself, uncut by any apanage: this, I observe, was the received practice. But Johann George, wise Kurfürst as he was, wished now to make it surer; and did so by a famed Deed, called the Gera Bond (*Geraische Vertrag*), dated 1598,[2] the last year of Johann George's life.

Hereby, in a Family Conclave held at that Gera, a little town in Thüringen, it was settled and indissolubly fixed, That their Electorate, unlike all others in Germany, shall continue indivisible: Law of Primogeniture, here if nowhere else, is to be in full force; and only the Culmbach Territory (if otherwise unoccupied) can be split off for younger sons. Culmbach can be split off; and this again withal can be split, if need be, into two (Baireuth and Anspach); but not in any case farther. Which Household Law was strictly obeyed henceforth. Date of it 1598; principal author, Johann George, Seventh Elector. This 'Gera Bond' the reader can note for himself as an excellent piece of Hohenzollern thrift, and important in the Brandenburg annals. On the whole, Brandenburg keeps continually growing under these Twelve Hohenzollerns, we perceive; slower or faster, just as the Burggrafdom had done, and by similar methods. A lucky outlay of money (as in the case of Friedrich Ironteeth in the Neumark) brings them one Province, lucky inheritance another: good management is always there, which is the mother of good luck.

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[1] Populations about the same; 16,000 to 17,000 in our time.

[2] Michaelis, i. 345.

And so there goes on again, from Johann George downwards, a new stream of Culmbach Princes called the Younger or New Line,—properly two contemporary Lines, of Baireuthers and Anspachers;—always in close affinity to Brandenburg, and with ultimate reversion to Brandenburg, should both Lines fail; but with mutual inheritance if only one. They had intricate fortunes, service in foreign armies, much wandering about, sometimes considerable scarcity of cash: but, for a hundred-and-fifty years to come, neither Line by any means failed,—rather the contrary, in fact.

Of this latter or New Culmbach Line, or split Line especially of the Baireuth part of it, our little Wilhelmina, little Fritz's Sister, who became Margravine there, has given all the world notice. From the Anspach part of it (at that time in sore scarcity of cash) came Queen Caroline, famed in our George the Second's time.[1] From it too came an unmomentous Margraf, who married a little Sister of Wilhelmina's and Fritz's; of whom we shall hear. There is lastly a still more unmomentous Margraf, only son of said Unmomentous and his said Spouse; who again combined the two Territories, Baireuth having failed of heirs; and who, himself without heirs, and with a frail Lady Craven as Margravine,—died at Hammersmith, close by us, in 1806; and so ended the troublesome affair. He had already, in 1791, sold off to Prussia all temporary claims of his; and let Prussia have the Heritage at once without waiting farther. Prussia, as we noticed, did not keep it long; and it is now part of the Bavarian Dominion;—for the sake of editors and readers, long may it so continue!

Of this Younger Line, intrinsically rather insignificant to mankind, we shall have enough to write in time and place; we must at present direct our attention to the Elder Line.

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[1] See a Synoptic Diagram of these Genealogies, infra, p. 318.

The Elder Line of Culmbach: Friedrich and his Three notable Sons there

Kurfürst Albert Achilles's second son, Friedrich (1460-1536),[1] the founder of the Elder Culmbach Line, ruled his country well for certain years, and was 'a man famed for strength of body and mind'; but claims little notice from us, except for the sons he had. A quiet, commendable, honourable man,—with a certain pathetic dignity, visible even in the eclipsed state he sank into. Poor old gentleman, after grand enough feats in war and peace, he fell melancholy, fell imbecile, blind, soon after middle life; and continued so for twenty years, till he died. During which dark state, say the old Books, it was a pleasure to see with what attention his Sons treated him, and how reverently the eldest always led him out to dinner.[2] They live and dine at that high Castle of Plassenburg, where old Friedrich can behold the Red or White Mayn no more. Alas, alas, Plassenburg is now a Correction-House, where male and female scoundrels do beating of hemp; and pious Friedrich, like eloquent Johann, has become a forgotten object. He was of the German Reichs-Array, who marched to the Netherlands to deliver Max from durance; Max, the King of the Romans, whom, for all his luck, the mutinous Flemings had put under lock-and-key at one time.[3] That is his one feat memorable to me at present.

He was Johann Cicero's *Half*-brother, child by a second wife. Like his Uncle Kurfürst Friedrich II., he had married a Polish Princess; the sharp Achilles having perhaps an eye to crowns in that direction, during that Hungarian-Bohemian-Polish Donnybrook. But if so, there again came nothing of a crown with it; though it was not without its good results for Friedrich's children by and by.

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[1] Rentsch, pp. 593-602.

[2] Rentsch, p. 612.

[3] 1482 (Pauli, ii. 389): his beautiful young Wife, 'thrown from her horse,' had perished in a thrice-tragic way, short while before; and the Seventeen Provinces were unruly under the Guardianship of Max.

He had eight Sons that reached manhood; five or six of whom came to something considerable in the world, and Three are memorable down to this day. One of his daughters he married to the Duke of Liegnitz in Silesia; which is among the first links I notice of a connexion that grew strong with that sovereign Duchy, and is worth remarking by my readers here. Of the Three notable Sons it is necessary that we say something. Casimir, George, Albert are the names of these Three.

Casimir, the eldest,[1] whose share of heritage is Baireuth, was originally intended for the Church; but inclining rather to secular and military things, or his prospects of promotion altering, he early quitted that; and took vigorously to the career of arms and business. A truculent-looking Herr, with thoughtful eyes, and hanging under-lip:—*hat* of enviable softness; loose disk of felt flung carelessly on, almost like a nightcap artificially extended, so admirably soft;—and the look of the man Casimir, between his cataract of black beard and this semi-nightcap, is carelessly truculent. He had much fighting with the Nürnbergers and others; laid it right terribly on, in the way of strokes, when needful. He was especially truculent upon the Revolt of Peasants in their *Bauernkrieg* (1525). Them in their wildest rage he fronted; he, that others might rally to him: 'Unhappy mortals, will you shake the world to pieces, then, because you have much to complain of?' and hanged the ringleaders of them literally by the dozen, when quelled and captured. A severe, rather truculent Herr. His brother George, who had Anspach for heritage, and a right to half those prisoners, admonished and forgave his half; and pleaded hard with Casimir for mercy to the others, in a fine Letter still extant;[2] which produced no effect on Casimir. For the dog's sake, and for all sakes, 'let not the dog learn to eat *leather*' (of which his indispensable leashes and muzzles are made)! That was a proverb often heard on the occasion, in Luther's mouth among the rest.

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[1] 1481-1527.

[2] In Rentsch, p. 627.

Casimir died in 1527, age then towards fifty. For the last dozen years or so, when the Father's malady became hopeless, he had governed Culmbach, both parts of it; the Anspach part, which belonged to his next brother George, going naturally, in almost all things, along with Baireuth; and George, who was commonly absent, not interfering, except on important occasions. Casimir left one little Boy, age then only six, name Albert; to whom George, henceforth practical sovereign of Culmbach, as his Brother had been, was appointed Guardian. This youth, very full of fire, wildfire too much of it, exploded dreadfully on Germany by and by (Albert *Alcibiades* the name they gave him); nay, towards the end of his nonage, he had been rather sputtery upon his Uncle, the excellent Guardian who had charge of him.

Friedrich's Second Son, Margraf George of Anspach

Uncle George of Anspach, Casimir's next Brother, had always been of a peaceabler disposition than Casimir; not indeed without heat of temper, and sufficient vivacity of every kind. As a youth, he had aided Kaiser Max in two of his petty wars; but was always rather given 'to reading Latin,' to Learning, and ingenious pursuits. His Polish Mother, who, we perceive, had given 'Casimir' his name, proved much more important to George. At an early age he went to his Uncle Vladislaus, King of Hungary and Bohemia: for—— Alas, after all, we shall have to cast a glance into that unbeautiful Hungarian-Bohemian scramble, comparable to an 'Irish Donnybrook,' where Albert Achilles long walked as Chief-Constable. It behoves us, after all, to point out some of the tallest heads in it; and whitherward, bludgeon in hand, they seem to be swaying and struggling.—Courage, patient reader!

George, then, at an early age went to his Uncle Vladislaus, King of Hungary and Bohemia: for George's Mother, as we know, was of royal kin; daughter of the Polish King, Casimir IV. (late mauler of the Teutsch Ritters); which circumstance had results for George and us. Daughter of Casimir IV. the Lady was; and therefore of the Jagellon blood by her father, which amounts to little; but by her mother she was Granddaughter of that Kaiser Albert II. who 'got Three Crowns in one year, and died the next'; whose posterity have ever since,—up to the lips in trouble with their confused competitive accompaniments, Hunniades, Corvinus, George Podiebrad and others, not to speak of dragon Turks coiling ever closer round you on the frontier,—been Kings of Hungary and Bohemia; *two* of the crowns (the *heritable* two) which were got by Kaiser Albert in that memorable year. He got them, as the reader may remember, by having the daughter of Kaiser Sigismund to wife,—Sigismund *Super-Grammaticam*, whom we left standing, red as a flamingo, in the marketplace of Constance a hundred years ago. Thus Time rolls on in its many-coloured manner, edacious and feracious.

It is in this way that George's Uncle, Vladislaus, Albert's daughter's son, is now King of Hungary and Bohemia: the last King Vladislaus they had; and the last King but one, of any kind, as we shall see anon. Vladislaus was heir of Poland too, could he have managed to get it; but he gave up that to his brother, to various younger brothers in succession; having his hands full with the Hungarian and Bohemian difficulty. He was very fond of Nephew George; well recognising the ingenuous, wise and loyal nature of the young man. He appointed George tutor of his poor son Ludwig; whom he left at the early age of ten, in an evil world, and evil position there. 'Born without Skin,' they say, that is, born in the seventh month;—called Ludwig *Ohne Haut* (Ludwig *No*-skin), on that account. Born certainly, I can perceive, rather thin of skin; and he would have needed one of a rhinoceros thickness!

George did his function honestly, and with success: Ludwig grew up a gallant, airy, brisk young King, in spite of difficulties, constitutional and other; got a Sister of the great Kaiser Karl V. to wife;—determined (A.D. 1526) to have a stroke at the Turk dragon; which was coiling round his frontier, and spitting fire at an intolerable rate. Ludwig, a fine young man of twenty, marched away with much Hungarian chivalry, right for the Turk (Summer 1526); George meanwhile going busily to Bohemia, and there with all his strength levying troops for reinforcement. Ludwig fought and fenced, for some time, with the Turk outskirts; came at last to a furious general battle with the Turk (29th August 1526), at a place called Mohacz, far east in the flats of the Lower Donau; and was there tragically beaten and ended. Seeing the Battle gone, and his chivalry all in flight, Ludwig too had to fly; galloping for life, he came upon bog which proved bottomless, as good as bottomless; and Ludwig, horse and man, vanished in it straightway from this world. Hapless young man, like a flash of lightning suddenly going down there—and the Hungarian Sovereignty along with him. For Hungary is part of Austria ever since; having, with Bohemia, fallen to Karl V.'s Brother Ferdinand, as now the nearest convenient heir of Albert with his Three Crowns. Up to the lips in difficulties to this day!—

George meanwhile, with finely-appointed reinforcements, was in full march to join Ludwig; but the sad news of Mohacz met him: he withdrew, as soon as might be, to his own territory, and quitted Hungarian politics. This, I think, was George's third and last trial of war. He by no means delighted in that art, or had cultivated it like Casimir and some of his brothers.—

George by this time had considerable property; part of it important to the readers of this History. Anspach we already know; but the Duchy of Jägerndorf,—that and its pleasant valleys, fine hunting-grounds and larch-clad heights, among the Giant Mountains of Silesia,—that is to us the memorable territory. George got it in this manner:

Some ten or fifteen years ago, the late King Vladislaus, our Uncle of blessed memory, loving George, and not having royal moneys at command, permitted him to redeem with his own cash certain Hungarian Domains, pledged at a ruinously cheap rate, but unredeemable by Vladislaus. George did so; years ago, guess ten or fifteen. George did not like the Hungarian Domains, with their Turk and other inconveniences; he proposed to exchange them with King Vladislaus for the Bohemian-Silesian Duchy of Jägerndorf; which had just then, by failure of heirs, lapsed to the King. This also Vladislaus, the beneficent cashless Uncle, liking George more and more, permitted to be done. And done it was; I see not in what year; only that the ultimate investiture (done, this part of the affair, by Ludwig *Ohne Haut*, and duly sanctioned by the Kaiser) dates 1524, two years before the fatal Mohacz business.

From the time of this purchase, and especially till Brother Casimir's death, which happened in 1527, George resided oftener at Jägerndorf than at Anspach. Anspach, by the side of Baireuth, needed no management; and in Jägerndorf much probably required the hand of a good Governor to put it straight again. The Castle of Jägerndorf, which towers up there in a rather grand manner to this day, George built: 'the old Castle of the Schellenbergs' (extinct predecessor Line) now gone to ruins, 'stands on a Hill with larches on it, some miles off.' Margraf George was much esteemed as Duke of Jägerndorf. What his actions in that region were, I know not; but it seems he was so well thought of in Silesia, two smaller neighbouring Potentates, the Duke of Oppeln and the Duke of Ratibor, who had no heirs of their body, bequeathed, with the Kaiser's assent, these towns and territories to George:[1]

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[1] Rentsch, pp. 623, 127-131. Kaiser is Ferdinand, Karl v.'s Brother,—as yet only *King* of Bohemia and Hungary, but supreme in regard to such points. His assent is dated '17th June 1531' in Rentsch.

—in mere love to their subjects (Rentsch intimates), that poor men might be governed by a wise good Duke, in the time coming. The Kaiser would have got the Duchies otherwise.

Nay the Kaiser, in spite of his preliminary assent, proved extortionate to George in this matter; and exacted heavy sums for the actual possession of Oppeln and Ratibor. George, going so zealously ahead in Protestant affairs, grew less and less a favourite with Kaisers. But so, at any rate, on peaceable unquestionable grounds, grounds valid as Imperial Law and ready-money, George is at last Lord of these two little Countries, in the plain of South-Silesia, as of Jägerndorf among the Mountains hard by. George has and holds the Duchy of Jägerndorf, with these appendages (Jägerndorf since 1524, Ratibor and Oppeln since some years later); and lives constantly, or at the due intervals, in his own strong Mountain-Castle of Jägerndorf there,—we have no doubt, to the marked benefit of good men in those parts. Hereby has Jägerndorf joined itself to the Brandenburg Territories: and the reader can note the circumstance, for it will prove memorable one day.

In the business of the Reformation, Margraf George was very noble. A simple-hearted, truth-loving, modestly valiant man; rising unconsciously, in that great element, into the heroic figure. 'George the Pious (*der Fromme*),' 'George the Confessor (*Bekenner*),' were the names he got from his countrymen. Once this business had become practical, George interfered a little more in the Culmbach Government; his brother Casimir, who likewise had Reformation tendencies, rather hanging back in comparison to George.

In 1525 the Town-populations, in the Culmbach region, big Nürnberg in the van, had gone quite ahead in the new Doctrine; and were becoming irrepressibly impatient to clear-out the old mendacities, and have the Gospel preached freely to them. This was a questionable step; feasible perhaps for a great Elector of Saxony;—but for a Margraf of Anspach?

George had come home from Jägerndorf, some three-hundred miles away, to look into it for himself; found it, what with darkness all round, what with precipices menacing on both hands, and zealous, inconsiderate Town-populations threatening to take the bit between their teeth, a frightfully intricate thing. George mounted his horse, one day this year, day not dated farther, and 'with only six attendants' privately rode off, another two-hundred miles, a good three-days ride, to Wittenberg; and alighted at Dr. Martinus Lutherus's door.[1] A notable passage; worth thinking of. But such visits of high Princes, to that poor house of the Doctor's, were not then uncommon. Luther cleared the doubts of George; George returned with a resolution taken; 'Ahead then, ye poor Voigtland Gospel populations! I must lead you, we must on!'—And perils enough there proved to be, and precipices on each hand: *Bauern-Krieg*, that is to say Peasants'-War, Anabaptistry and Red-Republic, on the one hand; *Reichs-Acht*, Ban of Empire, on the other. But George, eagerly, solemnly attentive, with ever new light rising on him, dealt with the perils as they came; and went steadily on, in a simple, highly manful and courageous manner.

He did not live to see the actual Wars that followed on Luther's preaching:—he was of the same age with Luther, born few months later, and died two years before Luther;[2]—but in all the intermediate principal transactions George is conspicuously present; 'George of Brandenburg,' as the Books call him, or simply 'Margraf George.'

At the Diet of Augsburg (1530), and the signing of the Augsburg Confession there, he was sure to be. He rode thither with his Anspach Knightage about him, 'four-hundred cavaliers,'—Seckendorfs, Huttens, Flanses and other known kindreds, recognisable among the lists;[3]—and spoke there, not bursts of parliamentary eloquence, but things that had meaning in them. One speech of his, not in the Diet, but in the Kaiser's Lodging (15th June 1530; no doubt, in Anton Fugger's house, where the Kaiser 'lodged for year and day' this time, but *without* the 'fires of cinnamon' they talk of on other occasions[1]), is still very celebrated. It was the evening of the Kaiser Karl Fifth's arrival at the Diet; which was then already, some time since, assembled there. And great had been the Kaiser's reception that morning; the flower of Germany, all the Princes of the Empire, Protestant and Papal alike, riding out to meet him, in the open country, at the Bridge of the Lech. With highflown speeches and benignities, on both sides;—only that the Kaiser willed all men, Protestant and other, should in the mean while do the Popish litanyings, wax-light processionings and idolatrous stage-performances with him on the morrow, which was *Corpus-Christi* Day; and the Protestants could not nor would. Imperial hints there had already been, from Innspruck; benign hopes, of the nature of commands, That loyal Protestant Princes would in the interim avoid open discrepancies,—perhaps be so loyal as keep their chaplains, peculiar divine-services, private in the interim? These were hints;—and now this of the *Corpus-Christi*, a still more pregnant hint! Loyal Protestants refused it, therefore; flatly declined, though bidden and again bidden. They attended in a body, old Johann of Saxony, young Philip of Hessen, and the rest; Margraf George, as spokesman, with eloquent simplicity stating their reasons,—to somewhat this effect:

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[1] Rentsch, p. 625.

[2] 4th March 1484—27th Dec. 1543, George. 10th November 1483—18th February 1546, Luther.

[3] Rentsch, p. 633.

Invinciblest all-gracious Kaiser, loyal are we to your high Majesty, ready to do your bidding by night and by day. But it is your bidding under God, not against God. Ask us not, O gracious Kaiser! I cannot, and we cannot; and we must not, and dare not. And 'before I would deny my God and his Evangel,' these are George's own words, 'I would rather kneel down here before your Majesty, and have my head struck off,'—hitting his hind-head, or neck, with the edge of his hand, by way of accompaniment; a strange radiance in the eyes of him, voice risen into musical alt: '*Ehe Ich wolte meinen Gott und sein Evangelium verläugnen, ehe wolte Ich hier vor Eurer Majestät niderknien, und mir den Kopf abhauen lassen.*'—*Nit Kop ab, löver Först, nit Kop ab!*' answered Charles in his Flemish-German; 'Not head off, dear Fürst, not head off!' said the Kaiser, a faint smile enlightening those weighty grey eyes of his, and imperceptibly animating the thick Austrian underlip.[1]

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[1] See Carlyle's *Miscellanies* (iii. 199 n.). The House is at present an Inn, '*Gasthaus zu den drei Mohren*'; where tourists lodge, and are still shown the room which the Kaiser occupied on such visits.

Speaker and company attended again on the morrow; Margraf George still more eloquent. Whose Speech flew over Germany, like fire over dry flax; and still exists,—both Speeches now oftenest rolled into one by inaccurate editors.[2] And the Corpus-Christi idolatries were forborne the Margraf and his company this time;—the Kaiser himself, however, walking, nearly roasted in the sun, in heavy purple-velvet cloak, with a big wax-candle, very superfluous, guttering and blubbering in the right hand of him, along the streets of Augsburg. Kur-Brandenburg, Kur-Mainz, high cousins of George, were at this Diet of Augsburg; Kur-Brandenburg (Elector Joachim I., Cicero's son, of whom we have spoken, and shall speak again) being often very loud on the conservative side; and eloquent Kur-Mainz going on the conciliatory tack. Kur-Brandenburg, in his zeal, had ridden on to Innspruck, to meet the Kaiser there, and have a preliminary word with him. Both these high Cousins spoke, and bestirred themselves, a good deal, at this Diet. They had met the Kaiser on the plains of the Lech, this morning; and, no doubt, gloomed unutterable things on George and his Speech. George could not help it.

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[1] Rentsch, p. 637. Marheineke, *Geschichte der Teutschen Reformation* (Berlin, 1831), ii. 487.

[2] As by Rentsch, ubi suprà.

Till his death in 1543, George is to be found always in the front line of this high Movement, in the line where Kur-Sachsen, John the Steadfast (*der Beständige*), and young Philip the Magnanimous of Hessen were, and where danger and difficulty were. Readers of this enlightened gold-nugget generation can form to themselves no conception of the spirit that then possessed the nobler kingly mind. 'The command of God endures through Eternity, *Verbum Dei Manet In Æternum*,' was the Epigraph and Life-motto which John the Steadfast had adopted for himself; 'V.D.M.I.Æ.,' these initials he had engraved on all the furnitures of his existence, on his standards, pictures, plate, on the very sleeves of his lackeys,—and I can perceive, on his own deep heart first of all. V.D.M.I.E.:—or might it not be read withal, as Philip of Hessen sometimes said (Philip, still a young fellow, capable of sport in his magnanimous scorn), '*Verbum Diaboli Manet In Episcopis*, The Devil's Word sticks fast in the Bishops'?

We must now take leave of Margraf George and his fine procedures in that crisis of World-History. He had got Jägerndorf, which became important for his Family and others: but what was that to the Promethean conquests (such we may call them) which he had the honour to assist in making for his Family, and for his Country, and for all men;—very unconscious he of 'bringing fire from Heaven,' good modest simple man! So far as I can gather, there lived, in that day, few truer specimens of the Honest Man. A rugged, rough-hewn, rather blunt-nosed physiognomy: cheekbones high, cheeks somewhat bagged and wrinkly; eyes with a due shade of anxiety and sadness in them; affectionate simplicity, faithfulness, intelligence, veracity looking out of every feature of him. Wears plentiful white beard short-cut, plentiful gold-chains, ruffs, ermines;—a hat not to be approved of, in comparison with brother Casimir's; miserable inverted-colander of a hat; hanging at an angle of forty-five degrees; with band of pearls round the top not the bottom of it; insecure upon the fine head of George, and by no means to its embellishment.

One of his Daughters he married to the Duke of Liegnitz; a new link in that connexion. He left one Boy, George Friedrich; who came under *Alcibiades*, his Cousin of Baireuth's tutelage; and suffered much by that connexion, or indeed chiefly by his own conspicuously Protestant turn, to punish which, the Alcibiades connexion was taken as a pretext. In riper years, George Friedrich got his calamities brought well under; and lived to do good work, Protestant and other, in the world. To which we may perhaps allude again. The Line of Margraf George the Pious ends in this George Friedrich, who had no children; the Line of Margraf George, and the Elder Culmbach Line altogether (1603), Albert Alcibiades, Casimir's one son, having likewise died without posterity.

'Of the younger Brothers,' says my Authority, 'some four were in the Church; two of whom rose to be Prelates;—here are the four:

'1°. One, Wilhelm by name, was Bishop of Riga, in the remote Prussian outskirts, and became Protestant;—among the first great Prelates who took that heretical course; being favoured by circumstances to cast out the "V.D. (*Verbum Diaboli*)," as Philip read it. He is a wise-looking man, with magnificent beard, with something of contemptuous patience in the meditative eyes of him. He had great troubles with his Riga people,—as indeed was a perennial case between their Bishop and them, of whatever creed he might be.

'2°. The other Prelate held fast by the Papal Orthodoxy: he had got upon the ladder of promotion towards Magdeburg; hoping to follow his Cousin *Kur-Mainz*, the eloquent conciliatory Cardinal, in that part of his pluralities. As he did,—little to his comfort, poor man; having suffered a good deal in the sieges and religious troubles of his Magdeburgers; who ended by ordering him away, having openly declared themselves Protestant, at length. He had to go; and occupy himself complaining, soliciting Aulic-Councils and the like, for the rest of his life.

'3°. The *Probst* of Würzburg (*Provost*, kind of Head-Canon there); orthodox Papal he too; and often gave his Brother George trouble.

'4°. A still more orthodox specimen, the youngest member of the family, who is likewise in orders: Gumbrecht ("Gumbertus, a Canonicus of" Something or other, say the Books); who went early to Rome, and became one of his Holiness Leo Tenth's Chamberlains ;—stood the "Sack of Rome" (Constable de Bourbon's), and was captured there and ransomed ;—but died still young (1528). These three were Catholics, he of Würzburg a rather virulent one.'

Catholic also was *Johannes*, a fifth Brother, who followed the soldiering and diplomatic professions, oftenest in Spain ; did Government-messages to Diets, and the like, for Karl v. ; a high man and well seen of his Kaiser ;—he had wedded the young Widow of old King Ferdinand in Spain ; which proved, seemingly, a troublous scene for poor Johannes. What we know is, he was appointed Commandant of Valencia ; and died there, still little turned of thirty,—by poison it is supposed,—and left his young Widow to marry a third time.

These are the Five minor Brothers, four of them Catholic, sons of old blind Friedrich of Plassenburg ; who are not, for their own sake, memorable, but are mentionable for the sake of the three major Brothers. So many orthodox Catholics, while Brother George and others went into the heresies at such a rate ! A family much split by religion :—and blind old Friedrich, dim of intellect, knew nothing of it ; and the excellent Polish Mother said and thought, we know not what. A divided Time !—

Johannes of Valencia, and these Chief Priests, were all men of mark ; conspicuous to the able-editors of their day : but the only Brother now generally known to mankind is Albert, Hochmeister of the Teutsch Ritterdom ; by whom Preussen came into the Family. Of him we must now speak a little.

CHAPTER VI

HOCHMEISTER ALBERT, THIRD NOTABLE SON OF FRIEDRICH

Albert was born in 1490 ; George's junior by six years, Casimir's by nine. He too had been meant for the Church ; but soon quitted that, other prospects and tendencies opening. He had always loved the ingenuous arts ; but the activities too had charms for him. He early shone in his exercises spiritual and bodily; grew tall above his fellows, expert in arts, especially in arms;—rode with his Father to Kaiser Max's Court; was presented by him, as the light of his eyes, to Kaiser Max; who thought him a very likely young fellow; and bore him in mind, when the Mastership of the Teutsch Ritterdom fell vacant.[1]

The Teutsch Ritterdom, ever since it got its back broken in that Battle of Tannenberg in 1410, and was driven out of West-Preussen with such ignominious kicks, has been lying bedrid, eating its remaining revenues, or sprawling about in helpless efforts to rise again, which require no notice from us. Hopeless of ever recovering West-Preussen, it had quietly paid its homage to Poland for the Eastern part of that Country; quietly for some couple of generations. But, in the third or fourth generation after Tannenberg, there began to rise murmurs,—in the Holy Roman Empire first of all. 'Preussen is a piece of the Reich,' said hot, inconsiderate people; 'Preussen could not be alienated without consent of the Reich!' To which discourses the afflicted Ritters listened only too gladly; their dull eyes kindling into new false hopes at sound of them. The point was, To choose as Hochmeister some man of German influence, of power and connexion in the Country, who might help them to their so-called right. With this view, they chose one and then another of such sort;—and did not find it very hopeful, as we shall see.

Albert was chosen Grand-Master of Preussen, in February 1511; age then twenty-one. Made his entry into Königsberg, November next year; in grand cavalcade, 'dreadful storm of rain and wind at the time,'—poor Albert all in black, and full of sorrow, for the loss of his Mother, the good Polish Princess, who had died since he left home. Twenty months of preparation he had held since his Election, before doing anything: for indeed the case was intricate. He, like his predecessor in office, had undertaken to refuse that Homage to Poland; the Reich generally, and Kaiser Max himself, in a loose way of talk, encouraging him: 'A piece of the Reich,' said they all; 'Teutsch Ritters had no power to give it away in that manner.' Which is a thing more easily said, than made good in the way of doing.

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[1] Rentsch, pp. 840-863.

Albert's predecessor, chosen on this principle, was a Saxon Prince, Friedrich of Meissen; cadet of Saxony; potently enough connected, he too; who, in like manner, had undertaken to refuse the Homage. And zealously did refuse it, though to his cost, poor man. From the Reich, for all its big talking, he got no manner of assistance; had to stave-off a Polish War as he could, by fair-speaking, by diplomacies and contrivances; and died at middle age, worn down by the sorrows of that sad position.

An idea prevails, in ill-informed circles, that our new Grand-Master Albert was no better than a kind of cheat; that he took this Grand-Mastership of Preussen; and then, in gaiety of heart, surreptitiously pocketed Preussen for his own behoof. Which is an idle idea; inconsistent with the least inquiry, or real knowledge how the matter stood.[1] By no means in gaiety of heart did Albert pocket Preussen; nor till after as tough a struggle to do other with it as could have been expected of any man.

One thing not suspected by the Teutsch Ritters, and least of all by their young Hochmeister, was, That the Teutsch Ritters had well deserved that terrible downcome at Tannenberg, that ignominious dismissal out of West-Preussen with kicks. Their insolence, luxury, degeneracy had gone to great lengths. Nor did that humiliation mend them at all; the reverse rather. It was deeply hidden from the young Hochmeister as from them, That probably they were now at length got to the end of their capability: and ready to be withdrawn from the scene, as soon as any good way offered!

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[1] Voigt, ix. 740-749; Pauli, iv. 404-407.

—Of course, they were reluctant enough to fulfil their bargain to Poland; very loath they to do Homage now for Preussen, and own themselves sunk to the second degree. For the Ritters had still their old haughtiness of humour, their deep-seated pride of place, gone now into the unhappy *conscious* state. That is usually the last thing that deserts a sinking House: pride of place, gone to the conscious state;—as if, in a reverse manner, the House felt that it deserved to sink.

For the rest, Albert's position among them was what Friedrich of Sachsen's had been; worse, not better; and the main ultimate difference was, he did not die of it, like Friedrich of Sachsen; but found an outlet, not open in Friedrich's time, and lived. To the Ritters, and vague Public which called itself the Reich, Albert had promised he would refuse the Homage to Poland; on which Ritters and Reich had clapt their hands: and that was pretty much all the assistance he got of them. The Reich, as a formal body, had never asserted its right to Preussen, nor indeed spoken definitely on the subject: it was only the vague Public that had spoken, in the name of the Reich. From the Reich, or from any individual of it, Kaiser or Prince, when actually applied to, Albert could get simply nothing. From what Ritters were in Preussen, he might perhaps expect promptitude to fight, if it came to that; which was not much as things stood. But from the great body of the Ritters, scattered over Germany, with their rich territories (*balleys*, bailliwicks), safe resources, and comfortable 'Teutschmeister' over them, he got flat refusal:[1] 'We will not be concerned in the adventure at all; we wish you well through it!' Never was a spirited young fellow placed in more impossible position.

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[1] The titles *Hochmeister* and *Teutschmeister* are defined, in many Books and in all manner of Dictionaries, as meaning the same thing. But that is not quite the case. They were at first synonymous, so far as I can see; and after Albert's time, they again became so; but at the date where we now are, and for a long while back, they represent different entities, and indeed oftenest, since the Prussian *Decline* began, antagonistic ones. Teutschmeister, Sub-president over the *German* affairs and possessions of the Order, resides at Mergentheim in that Country: Hochmeister is Chief President of the whole, but resident at Marien-

His Brother Casimir (George was then in Hungary), his Cousin Joachim Kur-Brandenburg, Friedrich Duke of Liegnitz, a Silesian connexion of the Family,[1] consulted, advised, negotiated to all lengths; Albert's own effort was incessant. 'Agree with King Sigismund,' said they; 'Uncle Sigismund, your good Mother's Brother; a King softly inclined to us all!'—'How agree?' answered Albert: 'He insists on the Homage, which I have promised not to give!' Casimir went and came, to Köningsberg, to Berlin; went once himself to Cracow, to the King, on this errand: but it was a case of 'Yes *and* No'; not to be solved by Casimir.

As to King Sigismund, he was patient with it to a degree; made the friendliest paternal professions;—testifying withal, That the claim was undeniable; and could by him, Sigismund, never be foregone with the least shadow of honour, and of course never would: 'My dear Nephew can consider whether his dissolute, vain-minded, half-heretical Ritterdom, nay whether this Prussian fraction of it, is in a condition to take Poland by the beard in an unjust quarrel; or can hope to do Tannenberg over again in the reverse way, by Beelzebub's help?'—

For seven years, Albert held out in this intermediate state, neither peace nor war; moving Heaven and Earth to raise supplies, that he might be able to defy Poland, and begin war. The Reich answers, 'We have really nothing for you.' Teutschmeister answers again and again, 'I tell you we have nothing!' In the end, Sigismund grew impatient; made (December 1519) some movements of a hostile nature. Albert

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burg in Preussen; and feels there acutely where the shoe pinches,—much too acutely, thinks the Teutschmeister in his soft list-slippers, at Mergentheim in the safe Würzburg region.

[1] 'Duke Friedrich II.': comes by mothers from Kurfürst Friedrich I.; marries Margraf George's Daughter even now, 1519 (Hübner, tt. 179, 100, 101).

did not yield; eager only to procrastinate till he were ready. By superhuman efforts, of borrowing, bargaining, soliciting, and galloping to and fro, Albert did, about the end of next year, get-up some appearance of an Army; '14,000 German mercenaries horse and foot,' so many in theory; who, to the extent of 8,000 in actual result, came marching towards him (October 1520); to serve 'for eight months.' With these he will besiege Dantzig, besiege Thorn; will plunge, suddenly, like a fiery javelin, into the heart of Poland, and make Poland surrender its claim. Whereupon King Sigismund bestirred himself in earnest; came out with vast clouds of Polish chivalry; overset Albert's 8,000;—who took to eating the country, instead of fighting for it; being indeed in want of all things. One of the gladdest days Albert had yet seen, was when he got the 8,000 sent home again.

What then is to be done? 'Armistice for four years,' Sigismund was still kind enough to consent to that: 'Truce for four years: try everywhere, my poor Nephew; after that, your mind will perhaps become pliant.' Albert tried the Reich again: 'Four years, O Princes, and then I must do it, or be eaten!' Reich, busy with Lutheran-Papal, Turk-Christian quarrels, merely shrugged its shoulders upon Albert. Teutschmeister did the like; everybody the like. In Heaven or Earth, then, is there no hope for me? thought Albert. And his stock of ready-money—we will not speak of that!

Meanwhile Dr. Osiander of Anspach had come to him; and the pious young man was getting utterly shaken in his religion. Monkish vows, Pope, Holy Church itself, what is one to think, Herr Doctor? Albert, religious to an eminent degree, was getting deep into Protestantism. In his many journeyings, to Nürnberg, to Brandenburg, and up and down, he had been at Wittenberg too: he saw Luther in person more than once there; corresponded with Luther; in fine believed in the truth of Luther. The Culmbach Brothers were both, at least George ardently was, inclined to Protestantism, as we have seen; but Albert was foremost of the three in this course. Osiander and flights of zealous Culmbach Preachers made many converts in Preussen. In these circumstances the Four Years came to a close.

Albert, we may believe, is greatly at a loss; and deep deliberations, Culmbach, Berlin, Liegnitz, Poland all called in, are held :—a case beyond measure intricate. You have given your word; word must be kept,—and cannot, without plain hurt, or ruin even, to those that took it of you. Withdraw, therefore; fling it up!—Fling it up? A valuable article to fling up; fling it up is the last resource. Nay, in fact, to whom will you fling it up? The Prussian Ritters themselves are getting greatly divided on the point; and at last on all manner of points, Protestantism ever more spreading among them. As for the German Brethren, they and their comfortable Teutschmeister, who refused to partake in the dangerous adventure at all; are they entitled to have much to say in the settlement of it now?—

Among others, or as chief oracle of all, Luther was consulted. 'What would you have me do towards reforming the Teutsch Order?' inquired Albert of his oracle. Luther's answer was, as may be guessed, emphatic. 'Luther,' says one reporter, 'has in his Writings declared the Order to be "a thing serviceable neither to God nor man," and the constitution of it "a monstrous, frightful, hermaphroditish, neither secular nor spiritual constitution."'[1] We do not know what Luther's answer to Albert was;—but can infer the purport of it: That such a Teutsch Ritterdom was not, at any rate, a thing long for this world; that white cloaks with black crosses on them would not, of themselves, profit any Ritterdom; that solemn vows and high supramundane professions, followed by such practice as was notorious, are an afflicting, not to say a damnable, spectacle on God's Earth;—that a young Herr had better marry; better have done with the wretched Babylonian Nightmare of Papistry altogether; better shake oneself awake, in God's name, and see if there are not still monitions in the eternal sky as to what it is wise to do, and wise not to do!—This I imagine to have been, in modern language, the purport of Dr. Luther's advice to Hochmeister Albrecht on the present interesting occasion.

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[1] C. J. Weber, *Das Ritterwesen* (Stuttgart, 1837), iii. 208.

It is certain, Albert, before long, took this course; Uncle Sigismund and the resident Officials of the Ritterdom having made agreement to it as the one practicable course. The manner as follows; 1°. Instead of Elected Hochmeister, let us be Hereditary Duke of Preussen, and pay homage for it to Uncle Sigismund in that character. 2°. Such of the resident Officials of the Ritterdom as are prepared to go along with us, we will in like manner constitute permanent Feudal Proprietors of what they now possess as Liferent, and they shall be Subvassals under us as Hereditary Duke. 3°. In all which Uncle Sigismund and the Republic of Poland engage to maintain us against the world.

That is, in sum, the Transaction entered into, by King Sigismund I. of Poland, on the one part, and Hochmeister Albert and his Ritter Officials, such as went along with him (which of course none could do that were not Protestant), on the other part: done at Cracow, 8th April 1525.[1] Whereby Teutsch Ritterdom, the Prussian part of it, vanished from the world; dissolving itself, and its 'hermaphrodite constitution,' like a kind of Male Nunnery, as so many female ones had done in those years. A Transaction giving rise to endless criticism, then and afterwards. Transaction plainly not reconcilable with the letter of the law; and liable to have logic chopped upon it to any amount, and to all lengths of time. The Teutschmeister and his German Brethren shrieked murder; the whole world, then, and for long afterwards, had much to say and argue.

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[1] Rentsch, p. 850.—Here, certified by Rentsch, Voigt, and others, is a worn-out patch of Paper, which is perhaps worth printing:

1490, May 17, Albert is born.
1511, February 14, Hochmeister.
1519, December, King Sigismund's first hostile movements.
1520, October, German Mercenaries arrive.
1520, November, try Siege of Dantzig.
1520, November 17, give it up.
1521, April 10, Truce for Four Years.
1523, June, Albert consults Luther.
1524, November, sees Luther.
1525, April 8, Peace of Cracow, and Albert to be Duke of Prussia.

To us, now that the logic-chaff is all laid long since, the question is substantial, not formal. If the Teutsch Ritterdom was actually at this time *dead*, actually stumbling about as a mere galvanised Lie beginning to be putrid,—then, sure enough, it behoved that somebody should bury it, to avoid pestilential effects in the neighbourhood. Somebody or other;—first flaying the skin off, as was natural, and taking that for his trouble. All turns, in substance, on this latter question! If, again, the Ritterdom was not dead— ?—

And truly it struggled as hard as Partridge the Almanac-maker to rebut that fatal accusation; complained (Teutschmeister and German-Papist part of it) loudly at the Diets; got Albert and his consorts put to the Ban (*geächtet*), fiercely menaced by the Kaiser Karl v. But nothing came of all that; nothing but noise. Albert maintained his point; Kaiser Karl always found his hands full otherwise, and had nothing but stamped parchments and menaces to fire-off at Albert. Teutsch Ritterdom, the Popish part of it, did enjoy its valuable bailliwicks, and very considerable rents in various quarters of Germany and Europe, having lost only Preussen; and walked about, for three centuries more, with money in its pocket, and a solemn white gown with black cross on its back,—the most opulent Social Club in existence, and an excellent place for bestowing younger sons of sixteen quarters. But it was, and continued through so many centuries, in every essential respect, a solemn Hypocrisy; a functionless merely eating Phantasm, of the nature of goblin, hungry ghost or ghowl (of which kind there are many);—till Napoleon finally ordered it to vanish; its time, even as Phantasm, being come.

Albert, I can conjecture, had his own difficulties as Regent in Preussen.[1] Protestant Theology, to make matters worse for him, had split itself furiously into *'doxies*; and there was an *Osianderism* (Osiander being the Duke's chaplain), much flamed-upon by the more orthodox *ism.* 'Foreigners,' too, German-Anspach and other, were ill seen by the native gentlemen; yet sometimes got encouragement. One Funccius, a shining Nürnberg immigrant there, son-in-law of Osiander, who from Theology got into Politics, had at last (1564) to be beheaded,—old Duke Albert himself 'bitterly weeping' about him; for it was none of Albert's doing. Probably his new allodial Ritter gentlemen were not the most submiss, when made hereditary? We can only hope the Duke was a Hohenzollern, and not quite unequal to his task in this respect. A man with high bald brow; magnificent spade-beard; air much pondering, almost gaunt,—gaunt kind of eyes especially, and a slight cast in them, which adds to his severity of aspect. He kept his possession well, every inch of it; and left all safe at his decease in 1568. His age was then near eighty. It was the tenth year of our Elizabeth as Queen; invincible Armada not yet built; but Alba very busy, cutting-off high heads in Brabant; and stirring-up the Dutch to such fury as was needful for exploding Spain and him.

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[1] 1525-1568.

This Duke Albert was a profoundly religious man, as all thoughtful men then were. Much given to Theology, to Doctors of Divinity; being eager to know God's Laws in this Universe, and wholesomely certain of damnation if he should not follow them. Fond of the profane Sciences too, especially of Astronomy: Erasmus Reinhold and his *Tabulæ Prutenicæ* were once very celebrated; Erasmus Reinhold proclaims gratefully how these his elaborate Tables (done according to the latest discoveries, 1551 and onwards) were executed upon Duke Albert's high bounty; for which reason they are dedicated to Duke Albert, and called '*Prutenicæ*,' meaning *Prussian*.[1] The University of Königsberg was already founded several years before, in 1544.

Albert had not failed to marry, as Luther counselled: by his first Wife he had only daughters; by his second, one son, Albert Friedrich, who, without opposition or difficulty, succeeded his Father. Thus was Preussen acquired to the Hohenzollern family; for, before long, the Electoral branch managed to get *Mitbelehnung* (Co-infeftment), that is to say, Eventual Succession; and Preussen became a Family Heritage, as Anspach and Baireuth were.

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[1] Rentsch, p. 855.

CHAPTER VII

ALBERT ALCIBIADES

ONE word must be spent on poor Albert, Casimir's son,[1] already mentioned. This poor Albert, whom they call *Alcibiades*, made a great noise in that epoch; being what some define as the 'Failure of a Fritz'; who has really features of him we are to call 'Friedrich the Great,' but who burnt away his splendid qualities as a mere temporary shine for the able-editors, and never came to anything.

A high and gallant young fellow, left fatherless in childhood; perhaps he came too early into power:—he came, at any rate, in very volcanic times, when Germany was all in convulsion; the Old Religion and the New having at length broken out into open battle, with huge results to be hoped and feared; and the largest game going on, in sight of an adventurous youth. How Albert staked in it; how he played to immense heights of sudden gain, and finally to utter bankruptcy, I cannot explain here: some German delineator of human destinies, 'Artist' worth the name, if there were any, might find in him a fine subject.

He was ward of his Uncle George; and the probable fact is, no guardian could have been more faithful. Nevertheless, on approaching the years of majority, of majority but not discretion, he saw good to quarrel with his Uncle; claimed this and that, which was not granted: quarrel lasting for years. Nay matters ran so high at last, it was like to come to war between them, had not George been wiser. The young fellow actually sent a cartel to his Uncle; challenged him to mortal combat,—at which George only wagged his old beard, we suppose, and said nothing. Neighbours interposed, the Diet itself interposed; and the matter was got quenched again. Leaving Albert, let us hope, a repentant young man. We said he was full of fire, too much of it wildfire.

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[1] 1522-1557.

His profession was Arms; he shone much in war; went slashing and fighting through those Schmalkaldic broils, and others of his time; a distinguished captain; cutting his way towards something high, he saw not well what. He had great comradeship with Moritz of Saxony in the wars: two sworn brothers they, and comrades in arms:—it is the same dextrous Moritz, who, himself a Protestant, managed to get his too Protestant Cousin's Electorate of Saxony into his hand, by luck of the game; the Moritz, too, from whom Albert by and by got his last defeat, giving Moritz his death in return. That was the finale of their comradeship. All things end, and nothing ceases changing till it end.

He was by position originally on the Kaiser's side; had attained great eminence, and done high feats of arms and generalship in his service. But being a Protestant by creed, he changed after that Schmalkaldic downfall (rout of Mühlberg, 24th April 1547), which brought Moritz an Electorate, and nearly cost Moritz's too Protestant Cousin his life as well as lands.[1] The victorious Kaiser growing now very high in his ways, there arose complaints against him from all sides, very loud from the Protestant side; and Moritz and Albert took to arms, with loud manifestos and the other phenomena.

This was early in 1552, five years after Mühlberg Rout or Battle. The there victorious Kaiser was now suddenly almost ruined; chased like a partridge into the Innspruck

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[1] Account of it in De Wette, *Lebensgeschichte der Herzoge zu Sachsen* (Weimar, 1770), pp. 32-35.

Mountains,—could have been caught, only Moritz would not; 'had no cage to hold so big a bird,' he said. So the Treaty of Passau was made, and the Kaiser came much down from his lofty ways. Famed *Treaty of Passau* (22d August 1552), which was the finale of these broils, and hushed them up for a Fourscore years to come. That was a memorable year in German Reformation History.

Albert, meanwhile, had been busy in the interior of the country; blazing aloft in Frankenland, his native quarter, with a success that astonished all men. For seven months he was virtually King of Germany; ransomed Bamberg, ransomed Würzburg, Nürnberg (places he had a grudge at); ransomed all manner of towns and places,—especially rich Bishops and their towns, with *Verbum Diaboli* sticking in them,—at enormous sums. King of the world for a brief season;—must have had some strange thoughts to himself, had they been recorded for us. A pious man, too; not in the least like 'Alcibiades,' except in the sudden changes of fortune he underwent. His Motto, or old rhymed Prayer, which he would repeat on getting into the saddle for military work,—a rough rhyme of his own composing,—is still preserved. Let us give it, with an English facsimile, or roughest mechanical pencil-tracing,—by way of glimpse into the heart of a vanished Time and its Man-at-arms:[1]

Das walt der Herr Jesus Christ,	Guide it the Lord Jesus Christ,[2]
Mit dem Vater, der über uns ist:	And the Father, who over us is:
Wer stärker ist als dieser Mann,	He that is stronger than that Man,[3]
Der komm und thu' ein Leid mir an.	Let him do me a hurt when he can.

He was at the Siege of Metz (end of that same 1552), and a principal figure there. Readers have heard of the Siege of Metz: How Henry II. of France fished-up those 'Three Bishoprics' (Metz, Toul, Verdun, constituent part of Lorraine, a covetable fraction of Teutschland) from the troubled sea of German things, by aid of Moritz now *Kur-Sachsen*, and of

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[1] Rentsch, p. 644.

[2] Read 'Chris' or 'Chriz,' for the rhyme's sake.

[3] *Sic.*

Albert; and would not throw them in again, according to bargain, when Peace, the *Peace of Passau* came. How Kaiser Karl determined to have them back before the year ended, cost what it might; and Henry II. to keep them, cost what it might. How Guise defended, with all the Chivalry of France; and Kaiser Karl besieged,[1] with an Army of 100,000 men, under Duke Alba for chief captain. Siege protracted into mid-winter; and the 'sound of his cannon heard at Strasburg,' which is eighty miles off, 'in the winter nights.'[2]

It had depended upon Albert, who hung in the distance with an army of his own, whether the Siege could even begin; but he joined the Kaiser, being reconciled again; and the trenches opened. By the valour of Guise and his Chivalry,—still more perhaps by the iron frosts and by the sleety rains of Winter, and the hungers and the hardships of a hundred-thousand men, digging vainly at the ice-bound earth, or trampling it when sleety into seas of mud, and themselves sinking in it, of dysentery, famine, toil and despair, as they cannonaded day and night,—Metz could not be taken. 'Impossible!' said the Generals with one voice, after trying it for a couple of months. 'Try it one other ten days,' said the Kaiser with a gloomy fixity; 'let us all die, or else do it!' They tried, with double desperation, another ten days; cannon booming through the winter midnight far and wide, fourscore miles round: 'Cannot be done, your Majesty! Cannot,—the winter and the mud, and Guise and the walls; man's strength cannot do it in this season. We must march away!' Karl listened in silence; but the tears were seen to run down his proud face, now not so young as it once was: 'Let us march, then!' he said, in a low voice, after some pause.

Alcibiades covered the retreat to Diedenhof (*Thionville* they now call it): outmanœuvred the French, retreated with success; he had already captured a grand Duc d'Aumale, a Prince of the Guises,—valuable ransom to be looked for there. It was thought he should have made his bargain better with the Kaiser, before starting; but he had neglected that. Albert's course was downward thenceforth; Kaiser Karl's too. The French keep these 'Three Bishoprics (*Trois Evêchés*),' and Teutschland laments the loss of them, to this hour. Kaiser Karl, as some write, never smiled again;—abdicated, not long after; retired into the Monastery of St. Just, and there soon died. That is the siege of Metz, where Alcibiades was helpful. His own bargain with the Kaiser should have been better made beforehand.

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[1] 19th October 1552 and onwards.

[2] Köhler, *Reichs-Historie*, p. 453;—and more especially *Münzbelustigungen* (Nürnberg, 1729-1750), ix. 121-129. The Year of this Volume, and of the Number in question, is 1737; the *Münze* or Medal 'recreated upon' is of Henri II.

Dissatisfied with any bargain he could now get; dissatisfied with the Treaty of Passau, with such a finale and hushing up of the Religious Controversy, and in general with himself and with the world, Albert again drew sword; went loose at a high rate upon his Bamberg-Würzburg enemies, and, having raised supplies there, upon Moritz and those Passau-Treatiers. He was beaten at last by Moritz, 'Sunday, 9th July 1553,' at a place called Sievershausen in the Hanover Country, where Moritz himself perished in the action.—Albert fled thereupon to France. No hope in France. No luck in other small and desperate stakings of his: the game is done. Albert returns to a Sister he had, to her Husband's Court in Baden; a broken, bare and bankrupt man;—soon dies there, childless, leaving the shadow of a name.[1]

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[1] Here, chiefly from Köhler (*Münzbelustigungen*, iii. 414-416), is the chronology of Albert's operations:

Seizure of Nürnberg etc., 11th May to 22d June 1552; Innspruck (with Treaty of Passau) follows. Then Siege of Metz, October to December 1552; Bamberg, Wurzburg and Nürnberg ransomed again, April 1553; Battle of Sievershausen, 9th July 1553. Würzburg etc. explode against him; Ban of the Empire, 4th May 1554. To France thereupon; returns, hoping to negotiate, end of 1556; dies at Pforzheim, at his Sister's, 8th January 1557.—See Pauli, iii. 120-138. See also Dr. Kapp, *Erinnerungen an diejenigen Markgrafen,' etc.* (a reprint from the *Archiv für Geschichte und Alterthumskunde in Ober-Franken*, Year 1841).

His death brought huge troubles upon Baireuth and the Family Possessions. So many neighbours, Bamberg, Würzburg and the rest, were eager for retaliation; a new Kaiser greedy for confiscating. Plassenburg Castle was besieged, bombarded, taken by famine and burnt; much was burnt and torn to waste. Nay, had it not been for help from Berlin, the Family had gone to utter ruin in those parts. For this Alcibiades had, in his turn, been Guardian to Uncle George's Son, the George Friedrich we once spoke of, still a minor, but well known afterwards; and it was attempted, by an eager Kaiser Ferdinand, to involve this poor youth in his Cousin's illegalities, as if Ward and Guardian had been one person. Baireuth which had been Alcibiades's, Anspach which was the young man's own, nay, Jägerndorf with its Appendages, were at one time all in the clutches of the hawk,—had not help from Berlin been there. But in the end, the Law had to be allowed its course; George Friedrich got his own Territories back (all but some surreptitious nibblings in the Jägerndorf quarter, to be noticed elsewhere), and also got Baireuth, his poor Cousin's Inheritance; —sole heir, he now, in Culmbach, the Line of Casimir being out.

One owns to a kind of love for poor Albert Alcibiades. In certain sordid times, even a 'Failure of a Fritz' is better than some Successes that are going. A man of some real nobleness, this Albert; though not with wisdom enough, not with good fortune enough. Could he have continued to 'rule the situation' (as our French friends phrase it); to march the fanatical Papistries, and Kaiser Karl, clear out of it, home to Spain and San Justo a little earlier; to wave the coming Jesuitries away, as with a flaming sword; to forbid beforehand the doleful Thirty-Years War, and the still dolefuler spiritual atrophy (the flaccid Pedantry, ever rummaging and rearranging among learned marine-stores, which thinks itself Wisdom and Insight; the vague maunderings, flutings;

indolent, impotent day-dreaming and tobacco-smoking, of poor Modern Germany) which has followed therefrom,—*Ach Gott*, he might have been a '*Success* of a Fritz' three times over! He might have been a German Cromwell; beckoning his People to fly, eagle-like, straight towards the Sun; instead of screwing about it in that sad, uncertain, and far too spiral manner!—But it lay not in him; not in his capabilities or opportunities, after all: and we but waste time in such speculations.

CHAPTER VIII

HISTORICAL MEANING OF THE REFORMATION

THE Culmbach Brothers, we observe, play a more important part in that era than their seniors and chiefs of Brandenburg. These Culmbachers, Margraf George and Albert of Preussen at the head of them, march valiantly forward in the Reformation business; while *Kur-Brandenburg*, Joachim I., their senior Cousin, is talking loud at Diets, galloping to Innspruck and the like, zealous on the Conservative side; and Cardinal Albert, *Kur-Mainz*, his eloquent brother, is eager to make matters smooth and avoid violent methods.

The Reformation was the great Event of that Sixteenth Century; according as a man did something in that, or did nothing and obstructed doing, has he much claim to memory, or no claim, in this age of ours. The more it becomes apparent that the Reformation was the Event then transacting itself, was the thing that Germany and Europe either did or refused to do, the more does the historical significance of men attach itself to the phases of that transaction. Accordingly we notice henceforth that the memorable points of Brandenburg History, what of it sticks naturally to the memory of a reader or student, connect themselves of their own accord, almost all, with the History of the Reformation.

That has proved to be the Law of Nature in regard to them, softly establishing itself; and it is ours to follow that law.

Brandenburg, not at first unanimously, by no means too inconsiderately, but with overwhelming unanimity when the matter became clear, was lucky enough to adopt the Reformation;—and stands by it ever since in its ever-widening scope, amid such difficulties as there might be. Brandenburg had felt somehow, that it could do no other. And ever onwards through the times even of our little Fritz and farther, if we will understand the word 'Reformation,' Brandenburg so feels; being, at this day, to an honourable degree, incapable of believing incredibilities, of adopting solemn shams, or pretending to live on spiritual moonshine. Which has been of uncountable advantage to Brandenburg:—how could it fail? This was what we must call obeying the audible voice of Heaven. To which same 'voice,' at that time, all that did *not* give ear,—what has become of them since; have they not signally had the penalties to pay!

'Penalties'; quarrel not with the old phraseology, good reader; attend rather to the thing it means. The word was heard of old, with a right solemn meaning attached to it, from theological pulpits and such places; and may still be heard there with a half meaning, or with no meaning, though it has rather become obsolete to modern ears. But the *thing* should not have fallen obsolete; the thing is a grand and solemn truth, expressive of a silent Law of Heaven, which continues forever valid. The most untheological of men may still assert the thing; and invite all men to notice it, as a silent monition and prophecy in this Universe; to take it, with more of awe than they are wont, as a correct reading of the Will of the Eternal in respect of such matters; and, in their modern sphere, to bear the same well in mind. For it is perfectly certain, and may be seen with eyes in any quarter of Europe at this day.

Protestant or not Protestant? The question meant everywhere: 'Is there anything of nobleness in you, O Nation, or is there nothing? Are there, in this Nation, enough of heroic men to venture forward, and to battle for God's Truth *versus* the Devil's Falsehood, at the peril of life and more? Men who prefer death, and all else, to living under Falsehood,—who, once for all, will not live under Falsehood; but having drawn the sword against it (the time being come for that rare and important step), throw away the scabbard, and can say, in pious clearness, with their whole soul: Come on, then! Life under Falsehood is not good for me; and we will try it out now. Let it be to the death between us, then!'

Once risen into this divine white-heat of temper, were it only for a season and not again, the Nation is thenceforth considerable through all its remaining history. What immensities of *dross* and crypto-poisonous matter will it not burn-out of itself in that high temperature, in the course of a few years! Witness Cromwell and his Puritans,—making England habitable even under the Charles-Second terms for a couple of centuries more. Nations are benefited, I believe, for ages, by being thrown once into divine white-heat in this manner. And no Nation that has not had such divine paroxysms at any time is apt to come to much.

That was now, in this epoch, the English of 'adopting Protestantism'; and we need not wonder at the results which it has had, and which the want of it has had. For the want of it is literally the want of loyalty to the Maker of this Universe. He who wants that, what else has he, or can he have? If you do not, you Man or you Nation, love the Truth enough, but try to make a chapman-bargain with Truth, instead of giving yourself wholly soul and body and life to her, Truth will not live with you, Truth will depart from you; and only Logic, 'Wit' (for example, 'London Wit'), Sophistry, Virtù, the Æsthetic Arts, and perhaps (for a short while) Book-keeping by Double Entry, will abide with you. You will follow falsity, and think it truth, you unfortunate man or nation. You will right surely, you for one, stumble to the Devil; and are every day and hour, little as you imagine it, making progress thither.

Austria, Spain, Italy, France, Poland,—the offer of the Reformation was made everywhere; and it is curious to see what has become of the nations that would not hear it. In all countries were some that accepted; but in many there were not enough, and the rest, slowly or swiftly, with fatal difficult industry, contrived to burn them out. Austria was once full of Protestants; but the hide-bound Flemish-Spanish Kaiser-element presiding over it, obstinately, for two centuries, kept saying, 'No; we, with our dull, obstinate Cimburgis underlip and lazy eyes, with our ponderous Austrian depth of Habituality and indolence of Intellect, we prefer steady Darkness to uncertain new Light!'—and all men may see where Austria now is. Spain still more; poor Spain, going about, at this time, making its '*pronunciamientos*'; all the factious attorneys in its little towns assembling to *pronounce* virtually this, 'The Old *is* a lie, then;—good Heavens, after we so long tried hard, harder than any nation, to think it a truth!—and if it be not Rights of Man, Red Republic and Progress of the Species, we know not what now to believe or to do; and are as a people stumbling on steep places, in the darkness of midnight!'—They refused Truth when she came; and now Truth knows nothing of them. All stars, and heavenly lights, have become veiled to such men; they must now follow terrestrial *ignes fatui*, and think them stars. That is the doom passed upon them.

Italy too had its Protestants; but Italy killed them; managed to extinguish Protestantism. Italy put up silently with Practical Lies of all kinds; and, shrugging its shoulders, preferred going into Dilettantism and the Fine Arts. The Italians, instead of the sacred service of Fact and Performance, did Music, Painting, and the like:—till even that has become impossible for them; and no noble Nation, sunk from virtue to *virtù*, ever offered such a spectacle before. He that will prefer Dilettantism in this world for his outfit, shall have it; but all the gods will depart from him; and manful veracity, earnestness of purpose, devout depth of soul, shall no more be his. He can if he like make himself a soprano, and sing for hire;—and probably that is the real goal for him.

But the sharpest-cut example is France; to which we constantly return for illustration. France, with its keen intellect, saw the truth and saw the falsity, in those Protestant times; and, with its ardour of generous impulse, was prone enough to adopt the former. France was within a hairsbreadth of becoming actually Protestant. But France saw good to massacre Protestantism, and end it in the night of St. Bartholomew 1572. The celestial Apparitor of Heaven's Chancery, so we may speak, the Genius of Fact and Veracity, had left his Writ of Summons; Writ was read;—and replied to in this manner. The Genius of Fact and Veracity accordingly withdrew;—was staved-off, got kept away, for two-hundred years. But the writ of Summons had been served; Heaven's Messenger could not stay away for ever. No; he returned duly; with accounts run up, on compound interest, to the actual hour, in 1792;—and then, at last, there had to be a 'Protestantism'; and we know of what kind that was!—

Nations did not so understand it, nor did Brandenburg more than the others; but the question of questions for them at that time, decisive of their history for half a thousand years to come, was, Will you obey the heavenly voice, or will you not?

CHAPTER IX

KURFURST JOACHIM I

BRANDENBURG, in the matter of the Reformation, was at first,—with Albert of Mainz, Tetzel's friend, on the one side, and Pious George of Anspach, '*Nit Kob ab*,' on the other,—certainly a divided house. But, after the first act, it conspicuously ceased to be divided; nay, Kur-Brandenburg and Kur-Mainz themselves had known tendencies to the Reformation, and were well aware that the Church could not stand as it was. Nor did the cause want partisans in Berlin, in Brandenburg,—hardly to be repressed from breaking into flame, while Kurfürst Joachim was so prudent and conservative. Of this loud Kurfürst Joachim I., here and there mentioned already, let us now say a more express word.[1]

Joachim I., Big John's son, hesitated hither and thither for some time, trying if it would not do to follow the Kaiser Karl V.'s lead; and at length, crossed in his temper perhaps by the speed his friends were going at, declared formally against any farther Reformation; and in his own family and country was strict upon the point. He is a man, as I judge, by no means without a temper of his own; very loud occasionally in the Diets and elsewhere;—reminds me a little of a certain King Friedrich Wilhelm, whom my readers shall know by and by. A big, surly, rather bottle-nosed man, with thick lips, abstruse wearied eyes, and no eyebrows to speak of: not a beautiful man, when you cross him overmuch.

Of Joachim's Wife and Brother-in-law

His wife was a Danish Princess, Sister of poor Christian II., King of that Country: dissolute Christian, who took up with a huxter-woman's daughter,—'mother sold gingerbread,' it would appear, 'at Bergen in Norway,' where Christian was Viceroy; Christian made acceptable love to the daughter, '*Divike* (Dovekin, *Columbina*),' as he called her. Nay he made the gingerbread mother a kind of prime-minister, said the angry public, justly scandalised at this of the 'Dovekin.' He was married, meanwhile, to Karl V.'s own Sister; but continued that other connexion.[1] He had rash notions, now for the Reformation, now against it, when he got to be King; a very rash, unwise, explosive man. He made a 'Stockholm *Blutbad*' still famed in History (kind of open, ordered or permitted, Massacre of eighty or a hundred of his chief enemies there), 'Bloodbath,' so they name it; in Stockholm, where indeed he was lawful King, and not without unlawful enemies, had a bloodbath been the way to deal with them. Gustavus Vasa was a young fellow there, who dextrously escaped this Bloodbath, and afterwards came to something.

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[1] 1484, 1499, 1535; birth, accession, death of Joachim.

In Denmark and Sweden, rash Christian made ever more enemies; at length he was forced to run, and they chose another King or successive pair of Kings. Christian fled to Kaiser Karl at Brussels; complained to Kaiser Karl, his Brother-in-law,—whose Sister he had not used well. Kaiser Karl listened to his complaints, with hanging underlip, with heavy, deep, undecipherable eyes; evidently no help from Karl.

Christian, after that, wandered about with inexecutable speculations, and projects to recover his crown or crowns; sheltering often with Kurfürst Joachim, who took a great deal of trouble about him, first and last; or with the Elector of Saxony, Friedrich the Wise, or after him, with Johann the Steadfast ('V.D.M.I.Æ.' whom we saw at Augsburg), who were his Mother's Brothers, and beneficent men. He was in Saxony, on such terms, coming and going, when a certain other Flight thither took place, soon to be spoken of, which is the cause of our mentioning him here.—In the end (A.D. 1532) he did get some force together, and made sail to Norway; but could do no execution whatever there;—on the contrary, was frozen-in on the coast during winter; seized, carried to Copenhagen, and packed into the 'Castle of Sonderburg,' a grim sea-lodging on the shore of Schleswig,—

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[1] Here are the dates of this poor Christian, in a lump. Born, 1481; King, 1513 (Dovekin before); married, 1515; turned off, 1523; invades, taken prisoner, 1532; dies 1559. Cousin, and then Cousin's Son, succeeded.

prisoner for the rest of his life, which lasted long enough. Six-and-twenty years of prison; the first seventeen years of it strict and hard, almost of the dungeon sort; the remainder, on his fairly abdicating, was in another Castle, that of Callundborg in the Island of Zealand, 'with fine apartments and conveniences,' and even 'a good bouse of liquor now and then,' at discretion of the old soul. That was the end of headlong Christian II.; he lasted in this manner to the age of seventy-eight.[1]

His Sister Elizabeth at Brandenburg is perhaps, in regard to natural character, recognisably of the same kin as Christian; but her behaviour is far different from his. She too is zealous for the Reformation; but she has a right to be so, and her notions that way are steady; and she has hitherto, though in a difficult position, done honour to her creed. Surely Joachim is difficult to deal with; is very positive now that he has declared himself: 'In my house at least shall be nothing farther of that unblessed stuff.' Poor Lady, I see domestic difficulties very thick upon her; nothing but division, the very children ranging themselves in parties. She can pray to Heaven; she must do her wisest.

She partook once, by some secret opportunity, of the 'communion under both kinds'; one of her Daughters noticed and knew; told Father of it. Father knits-up his thick lips; rolls his abstruse dissatisfied eyes, in an ominous manner: the poor Lady, probably possessed of an excitable imagination too, trembles for herself. 'It is thought, His *Durchlaucht* will wall you up for life, my Serene Lady; dark prison for life, which probably may not be long!' These surmises were of no credibility: but there and then the poor Lady, in a shiver of terror, decides that she must run; goes off actually, one night ('Monday after the *Lætare*,' which we find is 24th

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[1] Köhler, *Münzbelustigungen*, xi. 47, 48; Holberg, *Dänemarckische Staats- und Reichs-Historie* (Copenhagen, 1731, *not* the big Book by Holberg), p. 241; Buddäus, *Allgemeines Historisches Lexicon* (Leipzig, 1709), § Christianus II.

March) in the year 1528,[1] in a mean vehicle under cloud of darkness, with only one maid and groom,—driving for life. That is very certain: she too is on flight towards Saxony, to shelter with her uncle Kurfürst Johann,—unless for reasons of state he scruple? On the dark road her vehicle broke down; a spoke given way,—'Not a bit of rope to splice it,' said the improvident groom. 'Take my lace-veil here,' said the poor Princess; and in this guise she got to Torgau (I could guess, her poor Brother's lodging),—and thence, in short time, to the fine Schloss of Lichtenberg hard by; Uncle Johann, to whom she had zealously left an option of refusal, having as zealously permitted and invited her to continue there. Which she did for many years.

Nor did she get the least molestation from Husband Joachim; who I conjecture had intended, though a man of a certain temper, and strict in his own house, something short of walling-up for life:—poor Joachim withal! 'However, since you are gone, Madam, go!' Nor did he concern himself with Christian II. farther, but let him lie in prison at his leisure. As for the Lady, he even let his children visit her at Lichtenberg; Crypto-Protestants all; and, among them, the repentant Daughter who had peached upon her.

Poor Joachim, he makes a pious speech on his death-bed, solemnly warning his Son against these newfangled heresies; the Son being already possessed of them in his heart.[2] What could Father do more? Both Father and Son, I suppose, were weeping. This was in 1535, this last scene; things looking now more ominous than ever. Of Kurfürst Joachim I will remember nothing farther, except that once, twenty-three years before, he 'held a Tourney in Neu-Ruppin,' year 1512; Tourney on the most magnificent scale, and in New-Ruppin,[1] a place we shall know by and by.

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[1] Pauli (ii. 584); who cites Seckendorf, and this fraction of a Letter of Luther's, to one '*Linckus*' or Lincke, written on the Friday following (28th March 1528):

'The Electress' (*Margravine* he calls her) 'has fled from Berlin, by help of her Brother the King of Denmark' (poor Christian II.) 'to our Prince' (Johann the Steadfast), 'because her Elector had determined to wall her up, as is reported, on account of the Eucharist under both species. Pray for our Prince; *the pious man and affectionate soul gets a great deal of trouble with his kindred.*' Or thus in the Original:

'*Marchionissa aufugit a Berlin, auxilio fratris, Regis Daniæ, ad nostrum Principem, quod Marchio statuerat eam immurare* (*ut dicitur*) *propter Eucharistiam utriusque speciei. Ora pro nostro Principe;* der fromme Mann und herzliche Mensch ist doch ja wohl geplaget' (Seckendorf, *Historia Lutheranismi*, ii. § 62, No. 8, p. 122).

[2] Speech given in Rentsch, pp. 434-439.

As to the Lady, she lived eighteen years in that fine Schloss of Lichtenberg; saw her children as we said; and, silently or otherwise, rejoiced in the creed they were getting. She saw Luther's self sometimes; 'had him several times to dinner'; he would call at her Mansion, when his journeys lay that way. She corresponded with him diligently; nay, once, for a three months, she herself went across and lodged with Dr. Luther and his Kate; as a royal Lady might with a heroic Sage,—though the Sage's income was only Twenty-four pounds sterling annually. There is no doubt about that visit of three months; one thinks of it, as of something human, something homely, ingenuous and pretty. Nothing in surly Joachim's history is half so memorable to me, or indeed memorable at all in the stage we are now come to.

The Lady survived Joachim twenty years; of these she spent eleven still at Lichtenberg, in no over-haste to return. However, her Son, the new Elector, declaring for Protestantism, she at length yielded to his invitations: came back (1546), and ended her days at Berlin in a peaceable and venerable manner. Luckless Brother Christian is lying under lock-and-key all this while; smuggling out messages, and so on;—like a voice from the land of Dreams or of Nightmares, painful, impracticable, coming now and then.

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[1] Pauli, ii. 466.

CHAPTER X

KURFURST JOACHIM II

Joachim II., Sixth Elector, no doubt after painful study, and intricate silent consideration ever since his twelfth year when Luther was first heard of over the world, came gradually, and before his Father's death had already come, to the conclusion of adopting the Confession of Augsburg, as the true Interpretation of this Universe, so far as we had yet got; and did so, publicly, in the year 1539.[1] To the great joy of Berlin and the Brandenburg populations generally, who had been of a Protestant humour, hardly restrainable by Law, for some years past. By this decision Joachim held fast, with a stout, weighty grasp; nothing spasmodic in his way of handling the matter, and yet a heartiness which is agreeable to see. He could not join in the Schmalkaldic War; seeing, it is probable, small chance for such a War, of many chiefs and little counsel; nor was he willing yet to part from the Kaiser Karl v., who was otherwise very good to him.

He had fought personally for this Kaiser, twice over, against the Turks; first as Brandenburg Captain, learning his art; and afterwards as Kaiser's Generalissimo, in 1542. He did no good upon the Turks, on that latter occasion; as indeed what good was to be done, in such a quagmire of futilities as Joachim's element there was? 'Too sumptuous in his dinners, too much wine withal!' hint some calumniously.[2] 'Hector of Germany!' say others. He tried some small prefatory Siege or scalade of Pesth; could not do it; and came his ways home again, as the best course. Pedant Chroniclers give him the name *Hector*, 'Joachim Hector,'—to match that of *Cicero* and that of *Achilles*. A man of solid structure, this our Hector, in body and mind: extensive cheeks, very large heavy-laden face; capable of terrible bursts of anger, as his kind generally were.

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[1] Rentsch, p. 452.

[2] Paulus Jovius, etc. See Pauli, iii. 70-73.

The Schmalkaldic War went to water, as the Germans phrase it: Kur-Sachsen,—that is, Johann Friedrich the Magnanimous, Son of Johann 'V.D.M.I.Æ.,' and Nephew of Friedrich the Wise,—had his sorrowfully valid reasons for the War; large force too, plenty of zealous copartners, Philip of Hessen and others; but no generalship, or not enough, for such a business. Big Army, as is apt enough to happen, fell short of food; Kaiser Karl hung on the outskirts, waiting confidently till it came to famine. Johann Friedrich would attempt nothing decisive while provender lasted;—and having in the end, strangely enough, and somewhat deaf to advice, divided his big army into three separate parts,—Johann Friedrich was himself, with one of those parts, surprised at Mühlberg, on a Sunday when at church (24th April 1547); and was there beaten to sudden ruin, and even taken captive, like to have his head cut off, by the triumphant angry Kaiser. Philip of Hessen, somewhat wiser, was home to Marburg, safe with *his* part, in the interim.—Elector Joachim II. of Brandenburg had good reason to rejoice in his own cautious reluctances on this occasion. However, he did now come valiantly up, hearing what severities were in the wind.

He pleaded earnestly, passionately, he and Cousin or already 'Elector' Moritz,[1]—who was just getting Johann Friedrich's Electorship fished-away from him out of these troubles,[2]—for Johann Friedrich of Saxony's life, first of all. For Johann's life *first*; this is a thing not to be dispensed with, your Majesty, on any terms whatever; a *sine quâ non*, this life to Protestant Germany at large. To which the Kaiser indicated, 'He would see; not immediate death at any rate; we will see.' A life that could not and must not be taken in this manner: this was the *first* point. Then, *secondly*, that Philip of Hessen, now home again at Marburg,—not a bad or disloyal man, though headlong, and with two wives,—might not be forfeited; but that peace and pardon might be granted him, on his entire submission. To which second point the Kaiser

[1] Pauli, iii. 102.

[2] Kurfürst, 4th June 1547.

answered, 'Yes, then, on his submission.' These were the two points. These pleadings went on at Halle, where the Kaiser now lies, in triumphantly victorious humour, in the early days of June, Year 1547. Johann Friedrich of Saxony had been, by some Imperial Court-Council or other,—Spanish merely, I suppose,—doomed to die. Sentence was signified to him while he sat at chess: 'Can wait till we end the game,' thought Johann;—'*Pergamus*,' said he to his comrade, 'Let us go on, then!' Sentence not to be executed till one see.

With Philip of Hessen things had a more conclusive aspect. Philip had accepted the terms procured for him; which had been laboriously negotiated, brought to paper, and now wanted only the sign-manual to them: '*Ohne einigen Gefängniss* (without any imprisonment),' one of the chief clauses. And so Philip now came over to Halle; was met and welcomed by his two friends, Joachim and Moritz, at Naumburg, a stage before Halle;—clear now to make his submission, and beg pardon of the Kaiser, according to bargain. On the morrow, 19th June 1547, the Papers were got signed. And next day, 20th June, Philip did, according to bargain, openly beg pardon of the Kaiser, in his Majesty's Hall of Audience (Town House of Halle, I suppose); 'knelt at the Kaiser's feet publicly on both knees, while his Kanzler read the submission and entreaty, as agreed upon'; and, alas, then the Kaiser said nothing at all to him! Kaiser looked haughtily, with impenetrable eyes and shelf-lip, over the head of him; gave him no hand to kiss; and left poor Philip kneeling there. An awkward position indeed;—which any German Painter that there were, might make a Picture of, I have sometimes thought. Picture of some real meaning, more or less,—if for symbolic Towers of Babel, mediæval mythologies, and extensive smearings of that kind, he could find leisure!— —Philip having knelt a reasonable time, and finding there was no help for it, rose in the dread silence (some say, with too sturdy an expression of countenance); and retired from the affair, having at least done his part of it.

The next practical thing was now supper, or as we of this age should call it, dinner. Uncommonly select and high supper: host the Duke of Alba; where Joachim, Elector Moritz, and another high Official, the Bishop of Arras, were to welcome poor Philip after his troubles. How the grand supper went, I do not hear: possibly a little constrained; the Kaiser's strange silence sitting on all men's thoughts; not to be spoken of in the present company. At length the guests rose to go away. Philip's lodging is with Moritz (who is his son-in-law, as learned readers know): 'You Philip, your lodging is mine; my lodging is yours,—I should say! Cannot we ride together?'—'Philip is not permitted to go,' said Imperial Officiality; 'Philip is to continue here, and we fear go to prison.'—'Prison?' cried they all: '*Ohne* EINIGEN *Gefängniss* (without *any* imprisonment)!'—'As we read the words, it is "*Ohne* EWIGEN *Gefängniss* (without *eternal* imprisonment),"' answer the others. And so, according to popular tradition, which has little or no credibility, though printed in many Books, their false Secretary had actually modified it.

'No intention of imprisoning his *Durchlaucht* of Hessen *forever*; not forever!' answered they. And Kurfürst Joachim, in astonished indignation, after some remonstrating and arguing, louder and louder, which profited nothing, blazed out into a very whirlwind of rage; drew his sword, it is whispered with a shudder,—drew his sword, or was for drawing it, upon the Duke of Alba; and would have done, God knows what, had not friends flung themselves between, and got the Duke away, or him away.[1] Other accounts bear, that it was upon the Bishop of Arras he drew his sword; which is a somewhat different matter. Perhaps he drew it on both; or on men and things in general;—for his indignation knew no bounds. The heavy solid man; yet with a human heart in him after all, and a Hohenzollern abhorrence of chicanery, capable of rising to the transcendent pitch! His wars against the Turks, and his other Hectorships, I will forget; but this, of a face so extensive kindled all into divine fire for poor Philip's sake, shall be memorable to me.

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[1] Pauli, iii. 103.

Philip got out by and by, though with difficulty; the Kaiser proving very stiff in the matter; and only yielding to obstinate pressures, and the force of time and events. Philip got away; and then how Johann Friedrich of Sachsen, after being led about for five years, in the Kaiser's train, a condemned man, liable to be executed any day, did likewise at last get away, with his head safe and Electorate gone: these are known Historical events, which we glanced at already, on another score.

For, by and by, the Kaiser found tougher solicitation than this of Joachim's. The Kaiser, by his high carriage in this and other such matters, had at length kindled a new War round him; and he then soon found himself reduced to extremities again; chased to the Tyrol Mountains, and obliged to comply with many things. New War, of quite other emphasis and management than the Schmalkaldic one; managed by Elector Moritz and our poor friend Albert Alcibiades as principals. A Kaiser chased into the mountains, capable of being seized by a little spurring;—'Capture him?' said Albert. 'I have no cage big enough for such a bird!' answered Moritz; and the Kaiser was let run. How he ran then towards Treaty of Passau (1552), towards Siege of Metz and other sad conclusions, 'Abdication' the finale of them: these also are known phases in the Reformation History, as hinted at above.

Here at Halle, in the year 1547, the great Kaiser, with Protestantism manacled at his feet, and many things going prosperous, was at his culminating point. He published his *Interim* (1548), What you troublesome Protestants are to do, in the mean time, while the Council of Trent is sitting, and till it and I decide for you); and in short, drove and reined-in the Reich with a high hand and a sharp whip, for the time being. Troublesome Protestants mostly rejected the Interim; Moritz and Alcibiades, with France in the rear of them, took to arms in that way; took to ransoming fat Bishoprics (‘*Verbum Diaboli Manet*,’ we know where!);—took to chasing Kaisers into the mountains;—and times came soon round again. In all these latter broils Kurfürst Joachim II., deeply interested, as we may fancy, strove to keep quiet; and to prevail, by weight of influence and wise counsel, rather than by fighting with his Kaiser.

One sad little anecdote I recollect of Joachim: an Accident, which happened in those Passau-Interim days, a year or two after that drawing of the sword on Alba. Kurfürst Joachim unfortunately once fell through a staircase, in that time; being, as I guess, a heavy man. It was in the Castle of Grimnitz, one of his many Castles, a spacious enough old Hunting-seat, the repairs of which had not been well attended to. The good Herr, weighty of foot, was leading down his Electress to dinner one day in this Schloss of Grimnitz; broad stair climbs round a grand Hall, hung with stag-trophies, groups of weapons, and the like hall-furniture. An unlucky timber yielded; yawning chasm in the staircase; Joachim and his good Princess sank by gravitation; Joachim to the floor with little hurt; his poor Princess (horrible to think of), being next the wall, came upon the stag-horns and boar-spears down below![1] The poor Lady's hurt was indescribable: she walked lame all the rest of her days; and Joachim, I hope (hope, but not with confidence),[2] loved her all the better for it. This unfortunate old Schloss of Grimnitz, some thirty miles northward of Berlin, was,—by the Eighth Kurfürst, Joachim Friedrich, Grandson of this one, with great renown to himself and to it,—converted into an Endowed High School: the famed *Joachimsthal Gymnasium*, still famed, though now under some change of circumstances, and removed to Berlin itself.[3]

Joachim's first Wife, from whom descend the following Kurfürsts, was a daughter of that Duke George of Saxony,

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[1] Pauli, iii. 112.

[2] *Ib.* iii. 194.

[3] Nicolai, p. 725.

Luther's celebrated friend, 'If it rained Duke-Georges nine days running.'

Joachim gets Co-infeftment in Preussen

This second Wife, she of the accident at Grimnitz, was Hedwig, King Sigismund of Poland's daughter; which connexion, it is thought, helped Joachim well in getting what they call the *Mitbelehnung* of Preussen (for it was he that achieved this point) from King Sigismund.

Mitbelehnung (Co-infeftment) in Preussen;—whereby is solemnly acknowledged the right of Joachim and his Posterity to the reversion of Preussen, should the Culmbach Line of Duke Albert happen to fail. It was a thing Joachim long strove for; till at length his Father-in-law did, some twenty years hence, concede it him.[1] Should Albert's Line fail, then, the other Culmbachers get Preussen; should the Culmbachers all fail, the Berlin Brandenburgers get it. The Culmbachers are at this time rather scarce of heirs: poor Alcibiades died childless, as we know, and Casimir's Line is extinct; Duke Albert himself has left only one Son, who now succeeds in Preussen; still young, and not of the best omens. Margraf George the Pious, he left only George Friedrich; an excellent man, who is now prosperous in the world, and wedded long since, but has no children. So that between Joachim's Line and Preussen there are only two intermediate heirs;—and it was a thing eminently worth looking after. Nor has it wanted that. And so Kurfürst Joachim, almost at the end of his course, has now made sure of it.

Joachim makes 'Heritage-Brotherhood' with the Duke of Liegnitz

Another feat of like nature Joachim II. had long ago achieved; which likewise in the long-run proved important in his Family, and in the History of the world: an '*Erbver-*

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[1] Date, Lublin, 19th July 1568: Pauli, iii. 177-179, 193; Rentsch, p. 457; Stenzel, i. 341, 342.

brüderung,' so they term it, with the Duke of Liegnitz,—date 1537. *Erbverbrüderung* ('Heritage-Brotherhood,' meaning Covenant to succeed reciprocally on Failure of Heirs to either) had in all times been a common paction among German Princes well affected to each other. Friedrich II., the then Duke of Liegnitz, we have transiently seen, was related to the Family; he had been extremely helpful in bringing his young friend Albert of Preussen's affairs to a good issue,—whose Niece, withal, he had wedded:—in fact, he was a close friend of this our Joachim's; and there had long been a growing connexion between the two Houses, by intermarriages and good offices.

The Dukes of Liegnitz were Sovereign-Princes, come of the old Piasts of Poland; and had perfect right to enter into this transaction of an *Erbverbrüderung* with whom they liked. True, they had, above two-hundred years before, in the days of King Johann *Ich-dien* (A.D. 1329), voluntarily constituted themselves Vassals of the Crown of Bohemia:[1] but the right to dispose of their Lands as they pleased had, all along, been carefully acknowledged, and saved entire. And, so late as 1521, just sixteen years ago, the Bohemian King Vladislaus the Last, our good Margraf George's friend, had expressly, in a Deed still extant, confirmed to them, with all the emphasis and amplitude that Law-Phraseology could bring to bear upon it, the right to dispose of said Lands in any manner of way: 'by written testament, or by verbal on their deathbed, they can, as they see wisest, give away, sell, pawn, dispose of, and exchange (*vergeben*, *verkaufen*, *versetzen*, *verschaffen*, *verwechseln*) these said lands,' to all lengths, and with all manner of freedom. Which privilege had likewise been confirmed, twice over (1522, 1524), by Ludwig the next King, Ludwig *Ohne-Haut*, who perished in the bogs of Mohacz, and ended the native Line of Bohemian-Hungarian Kings. Nay, Ferdinand, King of the Romans, Karl V.'s Brother, afterwards Kaiser, who absorbed that Bohemian

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[1] Pauli, iii. 22.

Crown among the others, had himself, by implication, sanctioned or admitted the privilege, in 1529, only eight years ago.[1] The right to make the *Erbverbrüderung* could not seem doubtful to anybody.

And made accordingly it was; signed, sealed, drawn-out on the proper parchments, 18th October 1537; to the following clear effect: 'That if Duke Friedrich's Line should die out, all his Liegnitz countries, Liegnitz, Brieg, Wohlau, should fall to the Hohenzollern Brandenburgers; and that, if the Line of Hohenzollern Brandenburg should first fail, then all and singular the Bohemian Fiefs of Brandenburg (as Crossen, Züllichau, and seven others there enumerated) should fall to the House of Liegnitz.'[2] It seemed a clear Paction, questionable by no mortal. Double-marriage between the two Houses (eldest Son, on each side, to suitable Princess on the other) was to follow; and did follow, after some delays, 17th February 1545. So that the matter seemed now complete; secure on all points, and a matter of quiet satisfaction to both the Houses and to their friends.

But Ferdinand, King of the Romans, King of Bohemia and Hungary, and coming to be Emperor one day, was not of that sentiment. Ferdinand had once implicitly recognised the privilege, but Ferdinand, now when he saw the privilege turned to use, and such a territory as Liegnitz exposed to the possibility of falling into inconvenient hands, explicitly took other thoughts; and gradually determined to prohibit this *Erbverbrüderung*. The States of Bohemia, accordingly, in 1544 (it is not doubtful, by Ferdinand's suggestion), were moved to make inquiries as to this Heritage-Fraternity of Liegnitz.[3] On which hint King Ferdinand straightway informed the Duke of Liegnitz that the act was not justifiable, and must be revoked. The Duke of Liegnitz, grieved to the heart, had no means of resisting. Ferdinand, King of the Romans, backed by Kaiser Karl, with the States of Bohemia barking at his wink, were too strong for poor Duke Friedrich of Liegnitz. Great corresponding between Berlin, Liegnitz, Prag ensued on this matter: but the end was a summons to Duke Friedrich,—summons from King Ferdinand in March 1546, 'To appear in the Imperial Hall (*Kaiserhof*) at Breslau,' and to submit that Deed of *Erbverbrüderung* to the examination of the States there. The States, already up to the affair, soon finished their examination of it (8th May 1546). The deed was annihilated; and Friedrich was ordered, furthermore, to produce proofs within six months that his subjects too were absolved of all oaths or the like regarding it, and that in fact the Transaction was entirely abolished and reduced to zero. Friedrich complied, had to comply; very much chagrined, he returned home; and died next year,—it is supposed, of heartbreak from this business. He had yielded outwardly; but to force only. In a Codicil appended to his last Will, some months afterwards (which Will, written years ago, had treated the *Erbverbrüderung* as a Fact settled), he indicates, as with his last breath, that he considered the thing still valid, though overruled by the hand of power. Let the reader mark this matter; for it will assuredly become memorable, one day.

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[1] Stenzel, i. 323.

[2] *Ib.* i. 320.

[3] *Ib.* i. 322.

The hand of power, namely, Ferdinand, King of the Romans, had applied in like manner to Joachim of Brandenburg to surrender his portion of the Deed, and annihilate on his side too this *Erbverbrüderung*. But Joachim refused steadily, and all his successors steadily, to give up this Bit of Written Parchment; kept the same, among their precious documents, against some day that might come (and I suppose it lies in the Archives of Berlin even now); silently, or in words, asserting that the Deed of Heritage-Brothership was good, and that though some hands might have the power, no hand could have the right to abolish it on those terms.

How King Ferdinand permitted himself such a procedure? Ferdinand, says one of his latest apologists in this matter, 'considered the privileges granted by his Predecessors, in respect to rights of Sovereignty, as fallen extinct on their death.'[1] Which,—if Reality and Fact would but likewise be so kind as 'consider' it so,—was no doubt convenient for Ferdinand!

Joachim was not so great with Ferdinand as he had been with Charles the Imperial Brother. Joachim and Ferdinand had many debates of this kind, some of them rather stiff. Jägerndorf, for instance, and the Baireuth-Anspach confiscations, in George Friedrich's minority. Ferdinand, now Kaiser, had snatched Jägerndorf from poor young George Friedrich, son of excellent Margraf George whom we knew; 'Part of the spoils of Albert Alcibiades,' thought Ferdinand, 'and a good windfall,'—though young George Friedrich had merely been the Ward of Cousin Alcibiades, and totally without concern in those political explosions. 'Excellent windfall,' thought Ferdinand; and held his grip. But Joachim, in his weighty steady way, intervened; Joachim, emphatic in the Diets and elsewhere, made Ferdinand quit grip, and produce Jägerndorf again. Jägerndorf and the rest had all to be restored; and, except some filchings in the Jägerndorf Appendages (Ratibor and Oppeln, 'restored' only in semblance, and at length juggled away altogether),[2] everything came to its right owner again. Nor would Joachim rest till Alcibiades's Territories too were all punctually given back, to this same George Friedrich; to whom, by law and justice, they belonged. In these points Joachim prevailed against a strong-handed Kaiser, apt to 'consider one's rights fallen extinct' now and then. In this of Liegnitz all he could do was to keep the Deed, in steady protest silent or vocal.

But enough now of Joachim Hector, Sixth Kurfürst, and of his workings and his strugglings. He walked through this world, treading as softly as might be, yet with a strong weighty step; rending the jungle steadily asunder; well seeing whither he was bound. Rather an expensive Herr; built a good deal, completion of the Schloss at Berlin one example;[1] and was not otherwise afraid of outlay, in the Reich's Politics, or in what seemed needful: If there is a harvest ahead, even a distant one, it is poor thrift to be stingy of your seed-corn!

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[1] Stenzel, i. 323.

[2] Rentsch, pp. 129, 130.

Joachim was always a conspicuous Public Man, a busy Politician in the Reich; stanch to his kindred, and by no means blind to himself or his own interests. Stanch also, we must grant, and ever active, though generally in a cautious, weighty, never in a rash swift way, to the great Cause of Protestantism, and to all good causes. He was himself a solemnly devout man; deep awe-stricken reverence dwelling in his view of this Universe. Most serious, though with a jocose dialect commonly, having a cheerful wit in speaking to men. Luther's Books he called his *Seelenschatz* (Soul's-treasure); Luther and the Bible were his chief reading. Fond of profane learning too, and of the useful or ornamental Arts; given to music, and 'would himself sing aloud' when he had a melodious leisure-hour. Excellent old gentleman: he died, rather suddenly, but with much nobleness, 3d January 1571; age sixty-six. Old Rentsch's account of this event is still worth reading:[2] Joachim's death-scene has a mild pious beauty which does not depend on creed.

He had a Brother, too, not a little occupied with Politics, and always on the good side; a wise pious man, whose fame was in all the churches: 'Johann of Cüstrin,' called also 'Johann *the Wise*,' who busied himself zealously in Protestant matters, second only in piety and zeal to his Cousin, Margraf George the Pious; and was not so held back by official considerations as his Brother the Elector now and then. Johann of Cüstrin is a very famous man in the old Books: Johann was the first that fortified Cüstrin; built himself an illustrious Schloss, and 'roofed it with copper,' in Cüstrin (which is a place we shall be well acquainted with by and by); and lived there, with the Neumark for apanage, a true man's life;—

[1] Nicolai, p. 82.

[2] Rentsch, p. 458.

mostly with a good deal of business, warlike and other, on his hands; with good Books, good Deeds, and occasionally good Men, coming to enliven it,—according to the terms then given.

CHAPTER XI

SEVENTH KURFURST, JOHANN GEORGE

Kaiser Karl, we said, was very good to Joachim; who always strove, sometimes with a stretch upon his very conscience, to keep well with the Kaiser. The Kaiser took Joachim's young Prince along with him to those Schmalkaldic Wars (not the comfortable side for Joachim's conscience, but the safe side for an anxious Father); Kaiser made a Knight of this young Prince, on one occasion of distinction; he wrote often to Papa about him, what a promising young hero he was,—seems really to have liked the young man. It was Johann George, Elector afterwards, Seventh Elector.—This little incident is known to me on evidence.[1] A small thing that certainly befell, at the siege of Wittenberg (A.D. 1547), during those Philip-of-Hessen Negotiations, three-hundred and odd years ago.

The Schmalkaldic War having come all to nothing, the Saxon Elector sitting captive with sword overhead in the way we saw, Saxon Wittenberg was besieged, and the Kaiser was in great hurry to get it. Kaiser in person, and young Johann George for sole attendant, rode round the place one day, to take a view of the works, and judge how soon, or whether ever, it could be compelled to give in. Gunners noticed them from the battlements; gunners Saxon-Protestant most likely, and in just gloom at the perils and indignities now lying on their pious Kurfürst Johann Friedrich the Magnanimous. 'Lo, you! Kaiser's self riding yonder, and one of his silk *Junkers*. Suppose we gave the Kaiser's self a shot, then?'

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[1] Rentsch, p. 465.

said the gunner, or thought: 'It might help a better man from his life-perils, if such shot did —!' — In fact the gun flashed off, with due outburst, and almost with due effect. The ball struck the ground among the very horses' feet of the two riders; so that they were thrown, or nearly so, and covered from sight with a cloud of earth and sand;—and the gunners thought, for some instants, an unjust, obstinate Kaiser's life was gone; and a pious Elector's saved. But it proved not so. Kaiser Karl and Johann George both emerged, in a minute or two, little the worse;—Kaiser Karl perhaps blushing somewhat, and flurried this time, I think, in the impenetrable eyes; and his Cimburgis lip closed for the moment;—and galloped out of shot-range. 'I never forget this little incident,' exclaims Smelfungus: 'It is one of the few times I can get, after all my reading about that surprising Karl v., I do not say the least understanding or practical conception of him and his character and his affairs, but the least ocular view or imagination of him, as a fact among facts!' Which is unlucky for Smelfungus.—Johann George, still more emphatically, never to the end of *his* life forgot this incident. And indeed it must be owned, had the shot taken effect as intended, the whole course of human things would have been surprisingly altered;—and for one thing, neither *Friedrich the Great*, nor the present *History of Friedrich*, had ever risen above ground, or troubled an enlightened public or me!

Of Johann George, this Seventh Elector,[1] who proved a good Governor, and carried on the Family Affairs in the old style of slow steady success, I will remember nothing more, except that he had the surprising number of Three-and-Twenty children; one of them posthumous, though he died at the age of seventy-three.—

He is Founder of the New Culmbach Line: two sons of these twenty-three children he settled, one in Baireuth, the other in Anspach; from whom come all the subsequent Heads of that Principality, till the last of them died in Hammersmith in 1806, as above said.[1] He was a prudent, thrifty Herr; no mistresses, no luxuries allowed; at the sight of a new-fashioned coat, he would fly out on an unhappy youth, and pack him from his presence. Very strict in point of justice. a peasant once appealing to him, in one of his inspection-journeys through the country, 'Grant me justice, Durchlaucht, against So-and-so; I am your highness's born subject!'—'Thou shouldst have it, man, wert thou a born Turk!' answered Johann George.—There is something anxious, grave and, as it were, surprised in the look of this good Herr. He made the *Gera Bond* above spoken of;—founded the Younger Culmbach Line, with that important Law of Primogeniture strictly superadded. A conspicuous thrift, veracity, modest solidity, looks through the conduct of this Herr;—a determined Protestant he too, as indeed all the following were and are.[2]

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[1] 1525; 1571-1598.

Of Joachim Friedrich, his eldest Son, who at one time was Archbishop of Magdeburg,—called home from the wars to fill that valuable Heirloom, which had suddenly fallen vacant by an Uncle's death, and keep it warm;—and who afterwards, in due course, carried on a *löbliche Regierung* of the old style and physiognomy, as Eighth Kurfürst, from his fiftieth to his sixtieth year (1598-1608):[3] of him we already noticed the fine '*Joachims*-thal Gymnasium,' or Foundation for learned purposes, in the old Schloss of Grimnitz, where his serene Grandmother got lamed; and will notice nothing farther, in this place, except his very great anxiety to profit by the Prussian *Mitbelehnung*,—that Co-infeftment in Preussen, achieved by his Grandfather Joachim II., which was now about coming to its full maturity. Joachim Friedrich had already married his eldest Prince to the daughter of Albert Friedrich, Second Duke of Preussen, who it was by this time evident would be the last Duke there of his Line. Joachim Friedrich, having himself fallen a widower, did next year, though now counting fifty-six—— —But it will be better if we explain first, a little, how matters now stood with Preussen.

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[1] Rentsch, p. 475 (*Christian* to Baireuth; *Joachim Ernst* to Anspach);—see Genealogical Diagram, infrà, p. 318.

[2] *Ib.* pp. 470, 471.

[3] Born, 1547; Magdeburg, 1566-98 (when his Third Son got it,—very unlucky in the Thirty-Years War afterwards.)

CHAPTER XII

OF ALBERT FRIEDRICH, THE SECOND DUKE OF PREUSSEN

Duke Albert died in 1568, laden with years, and in his latter time greatly broken-down by other troubles. His Prussian *Raths* (Councillors) were disobedient, his Osianders and Lutheran-Calvinist Theologians were all in fire and flame against each other: the poor old man, with the best dispositions, but without power to realise them, had much to do and to suffer. Pious, just and honourable, intending the best; but losing his memory, and incapable of business, as he now complained. In his sixtieth year he had married a second time, a young Brunswick Princess, with whose foolish Brother, Eric, he had much trouble; and who at last herself took so ill with the insolence and violence of these intrusive Councillors and Theologians, that the household life she led beside her old Husband and them became intolerable to her; and she withdrew to another residence,—a little Hunting-seat at Neuhausen, half a dozen miles from Königsberg;—and there, or at Labiau still farther off, lived mostly, in a separate condition, for the rest of her life. Separate for life:—nevertheless they happened to die on the same day; 20th March 1568, they were simultaneously delivered from their troubles in this world.[1]

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[1] Hübner, tab. 181; Stenzel, i. 342.

Albert left one Son; the second child of this last Wife: his one child by the former Wife, a daughter now of good years, was married to the Duke of Mecklenburg. Son's name was Albert Friedrich; age, at his Father's death, fifteen. A promising young Prince, but of sensitive abstruse temper;—held under heavy tutelage by his Raths and Theologians; and spurting-up against them, in explosive rebellion, from time to time. He now (1568) was to be sovereign Duke of Preussen, and the one representative of the Culmbach Line in that fine Territory; Margraf George Friedrich of Anspach, the only other Culmbacher, being childless, though wedded.

We need not doubt, the Brandenburg House,—old Kurfürst Joachim II. still alive, and thrifty Johann George the Heir-Apparent,—kept a watchful eye on those emergencies. But it was difficult to interfere directly; the native Prussian Raths were very jealous, and Poland itself was a ticklish Sovereignty to deal with. Albert Friedrich being still a Minor, the Polish King, Sigismund, proposed to undertake the guardianship of him, as became a superior lord to a subject vassal on such an occasion. But the Prussian Raths assured his Majesty, 'Their young Prince was of such a lively intellect, he was perfectly fit to conduct the affairs of the Government' (especially with such a Body of expert Councillors to help him), 'and might be at once declared of age.' Which was accordingly the course followed; Poland caring little for it; Brandenburg digesting the arrangement as it could. And thus it continued for some years, even under new difficulties that arose; the official Clique of Raths being the real Government of the Country; and poor young Albert Friedrich bursting out occasionally into tears against them, occasionally into futile humours of a fiery nature. Osiander-Theology, and the battle of the '*doxies*, ran very high; nor was Prussian Officiality a beautiful thing.

These Prussian Raths, and the Prussian *Ritterschaft* generally (Knightage, Land-Aristocracy), which had its *Stände* (States, or meetings of Parliament after a sort), were all along of a mutinous, contumacious humour. The idea had got into their minds, That they were by birth what the ancient Ritters by election had been; entitled, fit or not fit, to share the Government promotions among them: 'The Duke is hereditary in his office; why not we? All Offices, are they not, by nature, ours to share among us?' The Duke's notion, again, was to have the work of his Offices effectually done; small matter by whom: the Ritters looked less to that side of the question;—regarded any 'Foreigner' (German-Anspacher, or other Non-Prussian), whatever his merit, as an intruder, usurper, or kind of thief, when seen in office. Their contentions, contumacies and pretensions were accordingly manifold. They had dreams of an 'Aristocratic Republic, with the Sovereign reduced to zero,' like what their Polish neighbours grew to. They had various dreams; and individuals among them broke out, from time to time, into high acts of insolence and mutiny. It took a hundred-and-fifty years of Brandenburg horse-breaking, sometimes with sharp manipulation and a potent curb-bit, to dispossess them of that notion, and make them go steadily in harness. Which also, however, was at last got done by the Hohenzollerns.

Of Duke Albert Friedrich's Marriage: who his Wife was, and what her possible Dowry

In a year or two, there came to be question of the marrying of young Duke Albert Friedrich. After due consultation, the Princess fixed upon was Maria Eleonora, eldest Daughter of the then Duke of Cleve: to him a proper Embassy was sent with that object; and came back with Yes for answer. Duke of Cleve, at that time, was Wilhelm, called 'the Rich' in History-Books; a Sovereign of some extent in those lower Rhine countries. Whom I can connect with the English reader's memory in no readier way than by the fact, That he was younger brother, one year younger, of a certain 'Anne of Cleves';—a large fat Lady, who was rather scurvily used in this country; being called by Henry VIII. and us, a 'great Flanders mare,' unsuitable for espousal with a King of delicate feelings! This Anne of Cleves, who took matters quietly and lived on her pension, when rejected by King Henry, was Aunt of the young Lady now in question for Preussen. She was still alive here in England, pleasantly quiet, 'at Burley on the Hill,' till Maria Eleonora was seven years old;—who possibly enough still reads in her memory some fading vestige of new black frocks or trimmings, and brief court-mourning, on the death of poor Aunt Anne over seas.—Another Aunt is more honourably distinguished; Sibylla, Wife of our noble Saxon Elector, Johann Friedrich the Magnanimous, who lost his Electorate and almost his Life for religion's sake, as we have seen; by whom, in his perils and distresses, Sibylla stood always, like a very true and noble Wife.

Duke Wilhelm himself was a man of considerable mark in his day. His Duchy of Cleve included not only Cleve-Proper, but Jülich (*Juliers*), Berg, which latter pair of Duchies were a better thing than Cleve-Proper:—Jülich, Berg and various other small Principalities, which, gradually agglomerating by marriage, heritage and the chance of events in successive centuries, had at length come all into Wilhelm's hands; so that he got the name of Wilhelm the Rich among his contemporaries. He seems to have been of a headlong, blustery, uncertain disposition; much tossed about in the controversies of his day. At one time he was a Protestant declared; not without reasons of various kinds. The Duchy of Geldern (what we call *Guelders*) had fallen to him, by express bequest of the last Owner, whose Line was out; and Wilhelm took possession. But the Kaiser Karl v. quite refused to let him keep possession. Whereupon Wilhelm had joined with the French (it was in the Moritz-Alcibiades time); had declared war, and taken other high measures: but it came to nothing, or to less. The end was, Wilhelm had to 'come upon his knees' before the Kaiser, and beg forgiveness; quite renouncing Geldern, which accordingly has gone its own different road ever since. Wilhelm was zealously Protestant in those days; as his people are, and as he still is, at the period we treat of. But he went into Papistry, not long after; and made other sudden turns and misventures: to all appearance, rather an abrupt, blustery, uncertain Herr. It is to him that Albert Friedrich, the young Duke of Preussen, guided by his Council, now (Year 1572) sends an Embassy, demanding his eldest Daughter, Maria Eleonora, to wife.

Duke Wilhelm answered Yea; 'sent a Counter-Embassy,' with whatever else was necessary; and in due time the young Bride, with her Father, set out towards Preussen, such being the arrangement, there to complete the matter. They had got as far as Berlin, warmly welcomed by the Kurfürst Johann George; when, from Königsberg, a sad message reached them: namely, that the young Duke had suddenly been seized with an invincible depression and overclouding of mind, not quite to be characterised by the name of madness, but still less by that of perfect sanity. His eagerness to see his Bride was the same as formerly; but his spiritual health was in the questionable state described. The young Lady paused for a little, in such mood as we may fancy. She had already lost two offers, Bridegrooms snatched away by death, says Pauli;[1] and thought it might be ominous to refuse the third. So she decided to go on; dashed aside her father's doubts; sent her unhealthy Bridegroom 'a flower-garland as love-token,' who duly responded; and Father Wilhelm and she proceeded, as if nothing were wrong. The spiritual state of the Prince, she found, had not been exaggerated to her. His humours and ways were strange, questionable; other than one could have wished. Such as he was, however, she wedded him on the appointed terms;—hoping probably for a recovery, which never came.

The case of Albert's malady is to this day dim; and strange tales are current as to the origin of it, which the curious in Physiology may consult; they are not fit for reporting here.[1] It seems to have consisted in an overclouding, rather than a total ruin of the mind. Incurable depression there was; gloomy torpor alternating with fits of vehement activity or suffering; great discontinuity at all times:—evident unfitness for business. It was long hoped he might recover. And Doctors in Divinity and in Medicine undertook him: Theologians, Exorcists, Physicians, Quacks; but no cure came of it, nothing but mutual condemnations, violences and even execrations, from the said Doctors and their respective Official patrons, lay and clerical. Must have been such a scene for a young Wife as has seldom occurred, in romance or reality! Children continued to be born; daughter after daughter; but no son that lived.

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[1] Pauli, iv. 512.

Margraf George Friedrich comes to Preussen to administer

After five-years space, in 1578,[2] cure being now hopeless, and the very Council admitting that the Duke was incapable of business,—George Friedrich of Anspach-Baireuth came into the country to take charge of him; having already, he and the other Brandenburgers, negotiated the matter with the King of Poland, in whose power it mostly lay.

George Friedrich was by no means welcome to the Prussian Council, nor to the Wife, nor to the Landed Aristocracy;—other than welcome, for reasons we can guess. But he proved, in the judgment of all fair witnesses, an excellent Governor; and, for six-and-twenty years, administered the country with great and lasting advantage to it. His Portraits represent to us a large ponderous figure of a man, very fat in his latter years; with an air of honest sense, dignity, composed solidity;—very fit for the task now on hand.

He resolutely, though in mild form, smoothed-down the flaming fires of his Clergy; commanding now this controversy and then that other controversy ('*de concreto et de inconcreto*,' or whatever they were) to fall strictly silent; to carry themselves on by thought and meditation merely, and without words. He tamed the mutinous Aristocracy, the mutinous Bürgermeisters, Town-Council of Königsberg, whatever mutiny there was. He drained bogs, says old Rentsch; he felled woods, made roads, established inns. Prussia was well governed till George's death, which happened in the year 1603.[1] Anspach, in the mean while, Anspach, Baireuth and Jägerndorf, which were latterly all his, he had governed by deputy; no need of visiting those quiet countries, except for purposes of kindly recreation, or for a swift general supervision, now and then. By all accounts, an excellent, stedfast, wise and just man, this fat George Friedrich; worthy of the Father that produced him ('*Nit Kop ab, löver Först, nit Kop ab!*'),—and that is saying much.

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[1] Pauli, iv. 476.

[2] *Ib.* iv. 476, 481, 482.

By his death without children much territory fell home to the Elder House; to be disposed of as was settled in the *Gera Bond* five years before. Anspach and Baireuth went to two Brothers of the now Elector, Kürfurst Joachim Friedrich, sons of Johann George of blessed memory: founders, they, of the 'New Line,' of whom we know. Jägerndorf the Elector himself got; and he, not long after, settled it on one of his own sons, a new Johann George, who at that time was fallen rather landless and out of a career: 'Johann George of Jägerndorf,' so called thenceforth; whose history will concern us by and by. Preussen was to be incorporated with the Electorate,—were possession of it once had. But that is a ticklish point; still ticklish in spite of rights, and liable to perverse accidents that may arise.

Joachim Friedrich, as we intimated once, was not wanting to himself on this occasion. But the affair was full of intricacies; a very wasps'-nest of angry humours; and required to be handled with delicacy, though with force and decision. Joachim Friedrich's eldest Son, Johann Sigismund, Electoral

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[1] Rentsch, pp. 666-688.

Prince of Brandenburg, had already, in 1594, married one of Albert Friedrich the hypochondriac Duke of Preussen's daughters; and there was a promising family of children; no lack of children. Nevertheless prudent Joachim Friedrich himself, now a widower, age towards sixty, did farther, in the present emergency, marry another of these Princesses, a younger Sister of his Son's Wife,—seven months after George Friedrich's death,—to make assurance doubly sure. A man not to be balked, if he can help it. By virtue of excellent management,—Duchess, Prussian *Stände* (States), and Polish Crown, needing all to be contented,—Joachim Friedrich, with gentle strong pressure, did furthermore squeeze his way into the actual Guardianship of Preussen and the imbecile Duke, which was his by right. This latter feat he achieved in the course of another year (11th March 1605);[1] and thereby fairly got hold of Preussen; which he grasped, 'knuckles-white,' as we may say; and which his descendants have never quitted since.

Good management was very necessary. The thing was difficult;—and also was of more importance than we yet altogether see. Not Preussen only, but a still better country, the Duchy of Cleve, Cleve-Jülich, Duke Wilhelm's Heritage down in the Rhineland,—Heritage turning out now to be of right his eldest Daughter's here, and likely now to drop soon, —is involved in the thing. This first crisis, of getting into the Prussian Administratorship, fallen vacant, our vigilant Kürfurst Joachim Friedrich has successfully managed; and he holds his grip, knuckles-white. Before long, a second crisis comes; where also he will have to grasp decisively in,—he, or those that stand for him, and whose knuckles *can* still hold. But that may go to a new Chapter.

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[1] Stenzel, i. 358.

CHAPTER XIII

NINTH KURFURST, JOHANN SIGISMUND

In the summer of 1608 (23d May 1608) Johann Sigismund's (and his Father's) Mother-in-law, the poor Wife of the poor imbecile Duke of Preussen, died.[1] Upon which Johann Sigismund, Heir-Apparent of Brandenburg and its expectancies, was instantly dispatched from Berlin, to gather-up the threads cut loose by that event, and see that the matter took no damage. On the road thither news reached him that his own Father, old Joachim Friedrich, was dead (18th July 1608); that he himself was now Kurfürst;[2] and that numerous threads were loose at both ends of his affairs.

The 'young man,'—not now so young, being full thirty-five and of fair experience,—was in difficulty, under these overwhelming tidings; and puzzled, for a little, whether to advance or to return. He decided to advance, and settle Prussian matters, where the peril and the risk were; Brandenburg business he could do by rescripts.

His difficulties in Preussen, and at the Polish Court, were in fact immense. But after a space of eight or nine months, he did, by excellent management, not sparing money judiciously laid-out on individuals, arrive at some adjustment, better or worse, and got Preussen in hand;[3] legal Administrator of the imbecile Duke, as his Father had been. After which he had to run for Brandenburg, without loss of time: great matters being there in the wind. Nothing wrong in Brandenburg, indeed; but the great Cleve Heritage is dropping, has dropped; over in Cleve, an immense expectancy is now come to the point of deciding itself.

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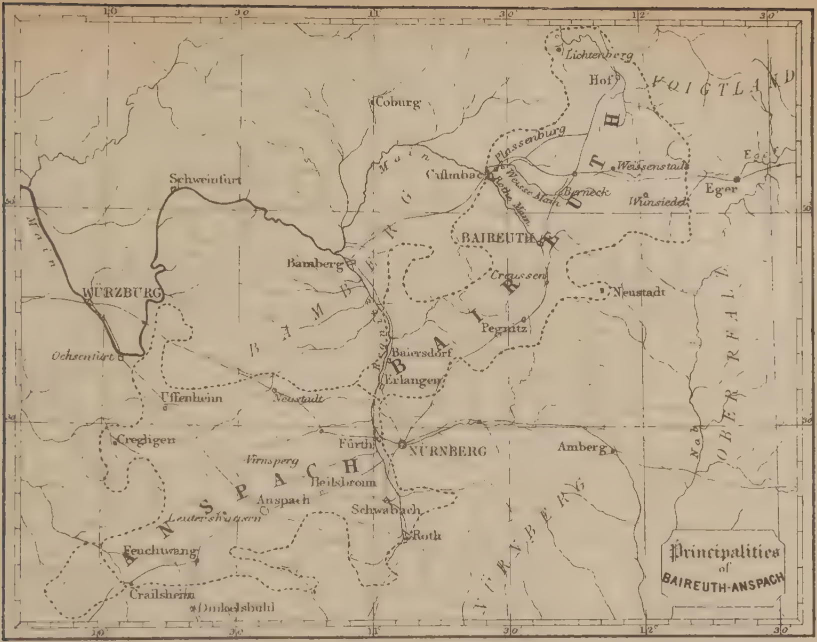
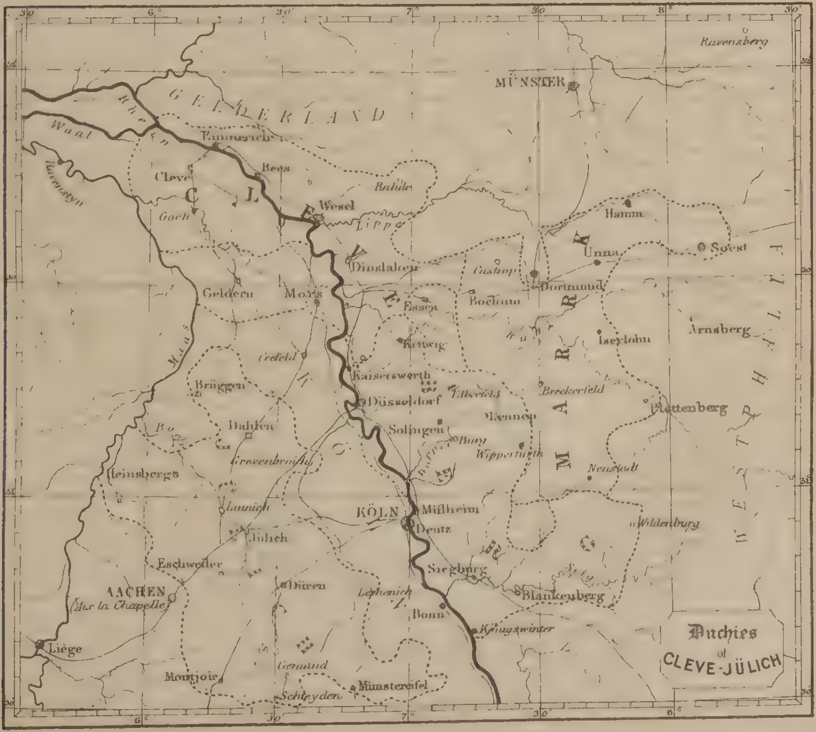
[1] Maria Eleonora, Duke Wilhelm of Cleve's eldest Daughter: 1550, 1573, 1608 (Hübner, t. 286).

[2] 1572, 1608-1619.

[3] 29th April 1609. Stenzel, i. 370.



Principalities of BAIREUTH-ANSPACH



Duchies of CLEVE-JÜLICH

How the Cleve Heritage dropped, and many sprang to pick it up

Wilhelm of Cleve, the explosive Duke, whom we saw at Berlin and Königsberg at the wedding of this poor Lady now deceased, had in the marriage-contract, as he did in all subsequent contracts and deeds of like nature, announced a Settlement of his Estates, which was now become of the highest moment for Johann Sigismund. The Country at that time called Duchy of Cleve, consisted, as we said above, not only of Cleve-Proper, but of two other still better Duchies, Jülich and Berg; then of the *Grafschaft* (County) of Ravensberg, County of Mark, Lordship of —— In fact, it was a multifarious agglomerate of many little countries, gathered by marriage, heritage and luck, in the course of centuries, and now united in the hand of this Duke Wilhelm. It amounted perhaps to two Yorkshires in extent.[1] A naturally opulent Country, of fertile meadows, shipping capabilities, metalliferous hills; and, at this time, in consequence of the Dutch-Spanish War, and the multitude of Protestant refugees, it was getting filled with ingenious industries; and rising to be, what it still is, the busiest quarter of Germany. A Country lowing with kine; the hum of the flax-spindle heard in its cottages, in those old days,—'much of the linen called Hollands is made in Jülich, and only bleached, stamped and sold, by the Dutch,' says Büsching. A Country, in our days, which is shrouded at short intervals with the due canopy of coal-smoke, and loud with sounds of the anvil and the loom.

This Duchy of Cleve, all this fine agglomerate of Duchies, Duke Wilhelm settled, were to be inherited in a piece, by his eldest (or indeed, as it soon proved, his only) Son and the heirs of that Son, if there were any. Failing heirs of that only Son, then the entire Duchy of Cleve was to go to Maria

[1] See Büsching, *Erdbeschreibung*, v. 642-734.

Eleonora as eldest Daughter, now marrying to Friedrich Albert, Duke of Prussia, and to their heirs lawfully begotten: heirs female, if there happened to be no male. The other Sisters, of whom there were three, were none of them to have the least pretence to inherit Cleve or any part of it. On the contrary, they were, in such event, of the eldest Daughter or her heirs coming to inherit Cleve, to have each of them a sum of ready-money paid[1] by the said inheritrix of Cleve or her heirs; and on receiving that, were to consider their claims entirely fulfilled, and to cease thinking of Cleve for the future.

This Settlement, by express privilege of Kaiser Karl v., nay of Kaiser Maximilian before him, and the Laws of the Reich, Duke Wilhelm doubted not he was entitled to make; and this Settlement he made; his Lawyers writing down the terms, in their wearisome way, perhaps six times over; and struggling by all methods to guard against the least misunderstanding. Cleve with all its appurtenances, Jülich, Berg and the rest, goes to the eldest Sister and her heirs, male or female. If she have no heirs, male or female, then, but not till then, the next Sister steps into her shoes in that matter: but if she have, then, we repeat for the sixth and last time, no Sister or Sister's Representative has the least word to say to it, but takes her 100,000*l.*, and ceases thinking of Cleve.

The other three Sisters were all gradually married;—one of them to Pfalz-Neuburg, an eminent Prince, in the Bavarian region called the *Ober-Pfalz* (Upper Palatinate), who, or at least whose eldest Son, is much worth mentioning and remembering by us here;—and, in all these marriage-contracts, Wilhelm and his Lawyers expressed themselves to the like effect, and in the like elaborate sixfold manner: so that Wilhelm and they thought there could nowhere in the world be any doubt about it.

Shortly after signing the last of these marriage-contracts, or perhaps it was in the course of signing them, Duke Wilhelm had a stroke of palsy. He had, before that, gone into Papistry again, poor man. The truth is, he had repeated strokes; and being an abrupt, explosive Herr, he at last quite yielded to palsy; and sank slowly out of the world, in a cloud of semi-insanity, which lasted almost twenty years.[1] Duke Wilhelm did leave a Son, Johann Wilhelm, who succeeded him as Duke. But this Son also proved explosive; went half and at length wholly insane. Jesuit Priests, and their intrigues to bring back a Protestant country to the bosom of the Church, wrapped the poor man, all his days, as in a burning Nessus'-Shirt; and he did little but mischief in the world. He married, had no children; he accused his innocent Wife, the Jesuits and he, of infidelity. Got her judged, not properly sentenced; and then strangled her, he and they, in her bed:—'Jacobea of Baden (1597)'; a thrice-tragic history. Then he married again; Jesuits being extremely anxious for an Orthodox heir: but again there came no heir; there came only new blazings of the Nessus'-Shirt. In fine, the poor man died (Spring 1609), and made the world rid of him. Died 25th March 1609; that is the precise date;—about a month before our new Elector, Johann Sigismund got his affairs winded-up at the Polish Court, and came galloping home in such haste. There was pressing need of him in the Cleve regions.

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[1] '200,000 *goldgulden*,' about 100,000*l.*: Pauli, vi. 542, iii. 504.

For the painful exactitude of Duke Wilhelm and his Lawyers has profited little; and there are claimants on claimants rising for that valuable Cleve Country. As indeed Johann Sigismund had anticipated, and been warned from all quarters to expect. For months past, he has had his faculties bent, with lynx-eyed attention, on that scene of things; doubly and trebly impatient to get Preussen soldered-up, ever since this other matter came to the bursting point. What could be done by the utmost vigilance of his Deputies, he had done. It was the 25th of March when the mad Duke died: on the 4th of April, Johann Sigismund's Deputy, attended by a Notary to record the act, 'fixed-up the Brandenburg Arms on the Government-House of Cleve';[1] on the 5th, they did the same at Düsseldorf; on the following days, at Jülich and the other Towns. But already on the 5th, they had hardly got done at Düsseldorf, when there appeared—young Wolfgang Wilhelm, Heir-Apparent of that eminent Pfalz-Neuburg, he in person, to put up the Pfalz-Neuburg Arms! Pfalz-Neuburg, who married the Second Daughter, he is actually claiming, then;—the whole, or part? Both are sensible that possession is nine points in law.

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[1] Died 25th January 1592, age 76.

Pfalz-Neuburg's claim was for the whole Duchy. 'All my serene Mother's!' cried the young Heir of Pfalz-Neuburg: 'Properly all mine!' cried he. 'Is not she *nearest* of kin? Second Daughter, true; but the Daughter; not Daughter *of* a Daughter, as you are (as your serene Electress is), O, Durchlaucht of Brandenburg:—consider, besides, you are female, I am male!' That was Pfalz-Neuburg's logic: none of the best, I think, in forensic genealogy. His tenth point was perhaps rather weak; but he had possession, co-possession, and the nine points good. The other Two Sisters, by their Sons or Husbands, claimed likewise; but not the whole: 'Divide it,' said they: 'that surely is the real meaning of Karl v.'s Deed of Privilege to make such a Testament. Divide it among the Four Daughters or their representatives, and let us all have shares!'

Nor were these four claimants by any means all. The Saxon Princes next claimed; two sets of Saxon Princes. First the minor set, Gotha-Weimar and the rest, the Ernestine Line so-called; representatives of Johann Friedrich the Magnanimous, who lost the Electorate for religion's sake at Mühlberg in the past century, and from *major* became *minor* in Saxon Genealogy. 'Magnanimous Johann Friedrich,' said they, 'had to wife an Aunt of the now deceased Duke of Cleve; Wife Sibylla (sister of the Flanders Mare), of famous memory, our lineal Ancestress. In favour of whom *her* Father, the then reigning Duke of Cleve, made a marriage-contract of precisely similar import to this your Prussian one: he, and barred all his descendants, if contracts are to be valid.' This is the claim of the Ernestine Line of Saxon Princes; not like to go for much, in their present disintegrated condition.

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[1] Pauli, vi. 566.

But the Albertine Line, the present Elector of Saxony, also claims: 'Here is a Deed,' said he, 'executed by Kaiser Friedrich III. in the year 1483,[1] generations before your Kaiser Karl; Deed solemnly granting to Albert, junior of Sachsen, and to his heirs, the reversion of those same Duchies, should the Male Line happen to fail, as it was then likely to do. How could Kaiser Max revoke his Father's deed, or Kaiser Karl his Great-grandfather's? Little Albert, the Albert of the *Prinzenraub*, he who grew big, and fought lion-like for his Kaiser in the Netherlands and Western Countries; he and his have clearly the heirship of Cleve by right; and we, now grown Electors, and Seniors of Saxony, demand it of a grateful House of Hapsburg,—and will study to make ourselves convenient in return.'—

'Nay, if that is your rule, that old Laws and Deeds are to come in bar of new, we,' cry a multitude of persons,—French Dukes of Nevers, and all manner of remote, exotic figures among them,—'we are the real heirs! Ravensberg, Mark, Berg, Ravenstein, this patch and the other of that large Duchy of yours, were they not from primeval time expressly limited to heirs-male? Heirs-male; and we now are the nearest heirs-male of said patches and portions; and will prove it!'—In short, there never was such a Lawsuit, —so fat an affair for the attorney species, if that had been the way of managing it,—as this of Cleve was likely to prove.

The Kaiser's Thoughts about it, and the World's

What greatly complicated the affair, too, was the interest the Kaiser took in it. The Kaiser could not well brook a powerful Protestant in that country; still less could his

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[1] Pauli, ubi suprà; Hübner, t. 286.

Cousin the Spaniard. Spaniards, worn to the ground, coercing that world-famous Dutch Revolt, and astonished to find that they could not coerce it at all, had resolved at this time to take breath before trying farther. Spaniards and Dutch, after Fifty years of such fighting as we know, have made a Twelve-years Truce (1609): but the baffled Spaniard, panting, pale in his futile rage and sweat, has not given-up the matter; he is only taking breath, and will try it again. Now Cleve is his road into Holland, in such adventure; no success possible if Cleve be not in good hands. Brandenburg is Protestant, powerful; Brandenburg will not do for a neighbour there.

Nor will Pfalz-Neuburg. A Protestant of Protestants, this Palatine Neuburg too,—junior branch, possible heir in time coming, of *Kur-Pfalz* (Elector Palatine) himself, in the Rhine Countries; of Kur-Pfalz, who is acknowledged Chief Protestant: official 'President' of the 'Evangelical Union' they have lately made among them in these menacing times;—Pfalz-Neuburg too, this young Wolfgang Wilhelm, if he do not break-off kind, might be very awkward to the Kaiser in Cleve-Jülich. Nay, Saxony itself; for they are all Protestants:—unless perhaps Saxony might become pliant, and try to make itself useful to a munificent Imperial House?

Evidently what would best suit the Kaiser and Spaniards, were this, That no strong Power whatever got footing in Cleve, to grow stronger by the possession of such a country:—*better* than best it would suit, if he, the Kaiser, could himself get it smuggled into his hands, and there hold it fast! Which privately was the course resolved upon at head-quarters.—In this way the 'Succession Controversy of the Cleve Duchies' is coming to be a very high matter; mixing itself up with the grand Protestant-Papal Controversy, the general armed-lawsuit of mankind in that generation. Kaiser, Spaniard, Dutch, English, French Henri IV. and all mortals, are getting concerned in the decision of it.

CHAPTER XIV

SYMPTOMS OF A GREAT WAR COMING

MEANWHILE Brandenburg and Neuburg both hold grip of Cleve in that manner, with a mutually menacing inquiring expression of countenance; each grasps it (so to speak) convulsively with the one hand, and has with the other hand his sword by the hilt, ready to fly out. But to understand this Brandenburg-Neuburg phenomenon and the then significance of the Cleve-Jülich Controversy, we must take the following bits of Chronology along with us. For the German Empire, with Protestant complaints, and Papist usurpations and severities, was at this time all a continent of sour thick smoke, already breaking out into dull-red flashes here and there,—symptoms of the universal conflagration of a Thirty-Years War, which followed. *Symptom First* is that of Donauwörth, and dates above a year back.

First Symptom; Donauwörth, 1608

Donauwörth, a Protestant Imperial Free-town, in the Bavarian regions, had been, for some fault on the part of the populace against a flaring Mass-procession which had no business to be there, put under Ban of the Empire; had been seized accordingly (December 1607), and much cuffed, and shaken about, by Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, as executor of the said Ban;[1]—who, what was still worse, would by no means give-up the Town when he had done with it; Town being handy to him, and the man being stout and violently Papist. Hence the 'Evangelical Union' which we saw,—which has not taken Donauwörth yet. Nor ever will! Donauwörth never was retaken; but is Bavarian at this hour. A Town nameable in History ever since. Not to say withal, that it is where Marlborough did 'the Lines of Schellenberg' long after: Schellenberg ('Jingle-Hill,' so to render it) looks down across the Danube or Donau River, upon Donauwörth, —its 'Lines,' and other histories, now much abolished, and quiet under grass.

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[1] Michaelis, ii. 216; Buddæi *Lexicon*, i. 853.

But now all Protestantism sounding everywhere, in angry mournful tone, 'Donauwörth! Give up Donauwörth!'—and an 'Evangelical Union,' with moneys, with theoretic contingents of force, being on foot for that and the like objects; —we can fancy what a scramble this of Cleve-Jülich was like to be; and especially what effect this duelling attitude of Brandenburg and Neuburg had on the Protestant mind. Protestant neighbours, Landgraf Moritz of Hessen-Cassel at their head, intervene in tremulous haste, in the Cleve-Jülich affair: 'Peace, O friends! Some bargain; peaceable joint-possession; any temporary bargain, till we see! Can two Protestants fall to slashing one another, in such an aspect of the Reich and its Jesuitries?'—And they did agree (Dortmund, 10th May 1609), the first of their innumerable 'agreements,' to some temporary joint-possession;—the thrice-thankful Country doing homage to both, 'with oath to the one that *shall* be found genuine.' And they did endeavour to govern jointly, and to keep the peace on those terms, though it was not easy.

For the Kaiser had already said (or his Aulic Council and Spanish Cousin, poor Kaiser Rodolf caring too little about these things,[1] had already said), Cleve must absolutely not go into wrong hands. For which what safe method is there, but that the Kaiser himself become proprietor? A Letter is yet extant, from the Aulic Council to their Vice-Chancellor, who had been sent to negotiate this matter with the parties; Letter to the effect, That such result was the only good one; that it must be achieved; 'that he must devise all manner of quirks (*alle Spitzfindigkeiten auffordern sollte*),' and achieve it.[1] This curious Letter of a sublime Aulic Council, or Imperial *Hof-Rath*, to its *Vice-Kanzler*, still exists.

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[1] Rodolf II. (Kepler's too insolvent 'Patron'), 1576-1612; then Matthias, Rodolf's Brother, 1612-1619, rather tolerant to Protestants;—then Ferdinand II. his Uncle's Son, 1619-1637, much the reverse of tolerant, by whom mainly came the Thirty-Years War,—were the Kaisers of this period.

Ferdinand III., Son of II. (1637-1657), who finished out the Thirty-Years War, partly by fighting of his own in young days (Battle of Nördlingen his grandest feat), was Father of

Kaiser Leopold (1658-1705),—whose Two Sons were

Kaiser Joseph (1705-1711), and Kaiser Karl VI. (1711-1740), Maria Theresa's Father.

And accordingly quirks did not prove undevisable on behalf of the Kaiser. 'Since you cannot agree,' said the Kaiser, 'and there are so many of you who claim (we having privately stirred-up several of you to the feat), there will be nothing for it, but the Kaiser must put the Country under sequestration, and take possession of it with his own troops, till a decision be arrived at,—which probably will not be soon!'

Second Symptom; Seizure of Jülich by the Kaiser, and Siege and Recapture of it by the Protestant Parties, 1610. *Whereupon 'Catholic League,' to balance 'Evangelical Union'*

And the Kaiser forthwith did as he had said; sent Archduke Leopold with troops, who forcibly took the Castle of Jülich; commanding all other castles and places to surrender and sequestrate themselves, in like fashion; threatening Brandenburg and Neuburg, in a dreadful manner, with *Reichs-Acht* (Ban of the Empire), if they presumed to show contumacy. Upon which Brandenburg and Neuburg, ranking themselves together, showed decided contumacy; 'tore-down the Kaiser's Proclamation,'[2] having good help at their back.

And accordingly, 'on the 4th of September 1610,' after a two-months siege, they, or the Dutch, French, and Evangelical-

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[1] Pauli, iii. 505.

[2] *Ibid.* iii. 524. Emperor's Proclamation, in Düsseldorf, 23d July 1609,—taken down solemnly, 1st August 1609.

Union Troops bombarding along with them, and 'many English volunteers' to help, retook Jülich, and packed Leopold away again.[1] The Dutch and the French were especially anxious about this Cleve business,—poor Henri IV. was just putting those French troops in motion towards Jülich, when Ravaillac, the distracted Devil's-Jesuit, did his stroke upon him; so that another than Henri had to lead in that expedition. The actual Captain at the Siege was Prince Christian of Anhalt, by repute the first soldier of Germany at that period: he had a horse shot under him, the business being very hot and furious;—he had still worse fortune in the course of years. There were 'many English volunteers' at this Siege; English nation hugely interested in it, though their King would not act except diplomatically. It was the talk of all the then world,—the evening song and the morning prayer of Protestants especially,—till it was got ended in this manner. It deserves to rank as *Symptom Second* in this business; far bigger flare of dull-red in the universal smoke-continent, than that of Donauwörth had been. Are there no memorials left of those 'English volunteers,' then?[2] Alas, they might get edited as Bromley's *Royal Letters* are;—and had better lie quiet!

'Evangelical Union,' formed some two years before, with what cause we saw, has Kur-Pfalz[3] at the head of it: but its troops or operations were never of a very forcible character. Kur-Brandenburg now joined it formally, as did many more; Kur-Sachsen, anxious to make himself convenient in other quarters, never would. Add to these phenomena, the now decisive appearance of a 'Catholic *Liga*' (League of Catholic Princes), which, by way of counterpoise to the 'Union,' had been got-up by Duke Maximilian of Bavaria several months ago; and which now, under the same guidance, in these bad circumstances, took a great expansion of figure. Duke Maximilian, '*Donauwörth* Max,' finding the Evangelical Union go so very high, and his own Kaiser like to be good for little in such business (poor hypochondriac Kaiser Rudolf II., more taken-up with turning-looms and blow-pipes than with matters political, who accordingly is swept-out of Jülich in such summary way),—Donauwörth Max has seen this a necessary institution in the present aspect. Both 'Union' and 'League' rapidly waxed under the sound of the Jülich cannon, as was natural.

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[1] Pauli, iii. 527.

[2] In Carlyle's *Miscellanies* (vii. § 'Two Hundred and Fifty Years ago: a Fragment about Duels') is one small scene belonging to them.

[3] Winter-King's Father; died 9th September 1610, few days after this recapture of Jülich.

Kur-Sachsen, for standing so well aloof from the Union, got from the thankful Kaiser written Titles for these Duchies of Cleve and Jülich; Imperial parchments and infeftments of due extent; but never any Territory in those parts. He never offered fight for his pretensions; and Brandenburg and Neuburg,—Neuburg especially,—always answered him, 'No!' with sword half-drawn. So Kur-Sachsen faded out again, and took only parchments by the adventure. Practically there was no private Competitor of moment to Brandenburg, except this Wolfgang Wilhelm of Pfalz-Neuburg; he alone having clutched hold.—But we hasten to *Symptom Third*, which particularly concerns us, and will be intelligible now at last.

Symptom Third; a Dinner-scene at Düsseldorf, 1613: *Spaniards and Dutch shoulder-arms in Cleve*

Brandenburg and Neuburg stood together against third parties; but their joint-government was apt to fall in two, when left to itself, and the pressure of danger withdrawn. 'They governed by the *Raths* and *Stände* of the Country;' old methods and old official men: each of the two had his own Vice-Regent (*Statthalter*) present on the ground, who jointly presided as they could. Jarrings were unavoidable; but how mend it? Settle the litigated Territory itself, and end their big lawsuit, they could not; often as they tried it, with the whole world encouraging and urging them.[1] The meetings they had, and the treaties and temporary bargains they made, and kept, and could not keep, in these and in the following years and generations, pass our power of recording.[2]

In 1613 the Brandenburg *Statthalter* was Ernst, the Elector's younger Brother; Wolfgang Wilhelm in person, for his Father, or rather for himself as heir of his Mother, represented Pfalz-Neuburg. Ernst of Brandenburg had adopted Calvinism as his creed; a thing hateful and horrible to the Lutheran mind (of which sort was Wolfgang Wilhelm), to a degree now altogether inconceivable. Discord arose in consequence between the Statthalters, as to official appointments, sacred and secular: 'You are for promoting Calvinists!' —'And you, I see, are for promoting Lutherans!'—Johann Sigismund himself had to intervene: Wolfgang Wilhelm and he had their meetings, friendly colloquies;—the final colloquy of which is still memorable; and issues in *Symptom Third*.

We said, a strong flame of choler burnt in all these Hohenzollerns, though they held it well down. Johann Sigismund, an excellent man of business, knew how essential a mild tone is: nevertheless he found, as this colloquy went on, that human patience might at length get too much. The scene, after some examination, is conceivable in this wise: Place Düsseldorf, Elector's apartment in the Schloss there; time late in the Year 1613, Day not discoverable by me. The two sat at dinner, after much colloquy all morning: Johann Sigismund, a middle-aged, big-headed, stern-faced, honest-looking man; hair cropped, I observe; and eyelids slightly contracted, as if for sharper vision into matters: Wolfgang Wilhelm, of features fallen dim to me; an airy gentleman, well out of his teens, but, I doubt, not of wisdom sufficient; evidently very high and stiff in his ways.

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[1] Old Sir Henry Wotton, Provost of Eton in his old days, remembers how he went Ambassador on this errand,—as on many others equally bootless;—and writes himself 'Legatus,' not only 'thrice to Venice, twice to,' etc., etc., but also 'once to Holland in the Juliers matter (*semel in Juliacensi negotio*)': see *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ* (London, 1672), Preface. It was 'in 1614,' say the Biographies vaguely. His Despatches, are they in the Paper-Office still? His good old Book deserves new editing, his good old genially pious life a proper elucidation, by some faithful man.

[2] Map of Cleve-Jülich, at p. 252.

His proposal, by way of final settlement, and end to all these brabbles, was this, and he insisted on it: 'Give me your eldest Princess to wife; let her dowry be your whole claim on Cleve-Jülich; I will marry her on that condition, and we shall be friends!' Here evidently is a gentleman that does not want for conceit in himself:—consider too, in Johann Sigismund's opinion, he had no right to a square inch of these Territories, though for peace's sake a joint share had been allowed him for the time! 'On that condition, jackanapes?' thought Johann Sigismund: 'My girl is not a monster; nor at a loss for husbands fully better than you, I should hope!' This he thought, and could not help thinking; but endeavoured to say nothing of it. The young jackanapes went on, insisting. Nature at last prevailed; Johann Sigismund lifted his hand (princely etiquettes melting all into smoke on the sudden), and gave the young jackanapes a slap over the face. Veritable slap; which opened in a dreadful manner the eyes of young Pfalz-Neuburg to his real situation; and sent him off high-flaming, vowing never-imagined vengeance. A remarkable slap; well testified to,—though the old Histories, struck blank with terror, reverence and astonishment, can for most part only symbol it in dumb-show;[1]—a slap that had important consequences in this world.

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[1] Pufendorf (*Rer. Brandenb.* lib. iv. § 16, p. 213), and many others, are in this case. Tobias Pfanner (*Historia Pacis Westphalicæ*, lib. i. § 9, p. 26) is explicit: '*Neque, ut infida regnandi societas est, Brandenburgio et Neoburgio diu conveniebat; eorumque jurgia, cùm matrimonii fœdere pacari posse propinqui ipsorum credidissent, acrius exarsere; inter epulas, quibus futurum generum Septemvir* (the 'Sevensman,' or Elector, 'One of The Seven') *excipiebat, hujus enim filia Wolfgango sperabatur, ob nescio quos sermones eò inter utrumque altercatione provectâ, ut Elector iræ impotentior, nullâ dignitatis, hospitii, cogna-*

For now Wolfgang Wilhelm, flaming-off in never-imagined vengeance, posted straight to München, to Max of Bavaria there; declared himself convinced, or nearly so, of the Roman-Catholic Religion; wooed, and in a few weeks (10th November 1613) wedded Max's younger Sister; and soon after, at Düsseldorf, pompously professed such his blessed change of Belief,—with immense flourish of trumpeting, and jubilant pamphleteering, from Holy Church.[1] His poor old Father, the devoutest of Protestants, wailed aloud his 'Ichabod! the glory is departed!'—holding 'weekly fast and humiliation' ever after,—and died in few months of a broken heart. The Catholic League has now a new Member on those terms.

And on the other hand, Johann Sigismund, nearly with the like haste (25th December 1613), declared himself convinced of Calvinism, his younger Brother's creed;[2]—which continues ever since the Brandenburg Court-creed, that of the People being mostly Lutheran. Men said, it was to please the Dutch, to please the Jülichers, most of whom are Calvinist. Apologetic Pauli is elaborate, but inconclusive. It was very ill taken at Berlin, where even popular riot arose on the matter. In Prussia too it had its drawbacks.[3]

And now, all being full of mutation, rearrangement and infinite rumour, there marched next year (1614), on slight pretext, resting on great suspicions, Spanish troops into the Jülich-Cleve country, and, countenanced by Neuburg, began seizing garrisons there. Whereupon Dutch troops likewise marched, countenanced by Brandenburg, and occupied other fortresses and garrisons: and so, in every strong-place, there were either Papist-Spaniards or Calvinist-Dutch; who stood there, fronting one another, and could not by treatying be got

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tionis, affinitatisve verecundiâ cohibitus, intenderit Neoburgio manus, et contrà tendentis os verberaverit. Ita, quæ apud concordes vincula caritatis, incitamenta irarum apud infensos erant.' (Cited in Köhler, *Münzbelustigungen*, xxi. 341; who refers also to Levassor, *Histoire de Louis XIII.*)—Pauli (iii. 542) becomes quite vaporous.

[1] Köhler, *ubi suprà.*

[2] Pauli, iii. 546.

[3] *Ib.* iii. 544; Michaelis, i. 349.

out again;—like clouds positively electric *versus* clouds negatively. As indeed was getting to be the case of Germany in general; case fatally visible in every Province, Principality and Parish there: till a thunderstorm, and succession of thunderstorms, of Thirty-Years continuance, broke out. Of which these huge rumours and mutations, and menacings of war, springing out of that final colloquy and slap in the face, are to be taken as the *Third* premonitory Symptom. Spaniards and Dutch stand electrically fronting one another in Cleve for seven years, till their Truce is out, before they clash together; Germany does not wait so long by a couple of years.

Symptom Fourth, and Catastrophe upon the heels of it

Five years more (1618), and there will have come a *Fourth* Symptom, biggest of all, rapidly consummating the process;—Symptom still famed, of the following external figure: Three Official Gentlemen descending from a window in the Castle of Prag: hurled out by impatient Bohemian Protestantism, a depth of seventy feet,—happily only into dung, and without loss of life. From which follows a 'King of Bohemia' elected there, King not unknown to us;—'thunderclouds' all in one huge clash, and the 'continent of sour smoke' blazing all into a continent of thunderous fire: THIRTY-YEARS WAR, as they now call it! Such a conflagration as poor Germany never saw before or since.

These were the *Four* preliminary *Symptoms* of that dismal business. 'As to the primary *causes* of it,' says one of my Authorities, 'these lie deep, deep almost as those of Original Sin. But the proximate causes seem to me to have been these two: *First*, that the Jesuit-Priests and Principalities had vowed and resolved to have, by God's help *and* by the Devil's (this was the peculiarity of it), Europe made Orthodox again: and then *Secondly*, The fact that a Max of Bavaria existed at that time, whose fiery character, cunning but rash head, and fanatically Papist heart disposed him to attempt that enterprise, him with such resources and capacities, under their bad guidance.'

Johann Sigismund did many swift decisive strokes of business in his time, businesses of extensive and important nature; but this of the slap to Neuburg has stuck best in the idle memory of mankind. Düsseldorf, Year 1613: it was precisely in the time when that same Friedrich, not yet by any means 'King of Bohemia,' but already Kur-Pfalz (Cousin of this Neuburg, and head man of the Protestants), was over here in England, on a fine errand;—namely, had married the fair Elizabeth (14th February 1613), James the First's Princess; 'Goody Palsgrave,' as her Mother floutingly called her, not liking the connexion. What kind of a 'King of Bohemia' this Friedrich made, five or six years after, and what sea of troubles he and his entered into, we know; the '*Winter-König*' (Winter-King, fallen in times of *frost*, or built of mere frost, a *snow*-king altogether soluble again) is the name he gets in German Histories. But here is another hook to hang Chronology upon.

This brief Bohemian Kingship had not yet exploded on the Weissenberg of Prag,[1] when old Sir Henry Wotton being sent as Ambassador 'to *lie* abroad' (as he wittily called it, to his cost) in that Business, saw, in the City of Lintz, in the picturesque green country by the shores of the Donau there, an ingenious person, who is now recognisable as one of the remarkablest of mankind, Mr. John Kepler, namely: Kepl*a*r as Wotton writes him; addressing the great Lord Bacon (unhappily without strict date of any kind) on that among other subjects. Mr. John's now ever-memorable watching of those *Motions of the Star Mars*,[2] with 'calculations repeated seventy times,' and also with Discovery of the Planetary Laws of this Universe, some ten years ago, appears to be unknown to Wotton and Bacon; but there is something else of Mr. John's devising[1] which deserves attention from an Instaurator of Philosophy:

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[1] Battle there, Sunday 8th November 1620.

[2] *De Motibus Stellæ Martis*; Prag, 1609.

> 'He hath a little black Tent (of what stuff is not much importing), says the Ambassador, 'which he can suddenly set up where he will in a Field; and it is convertible (like a windmill) to all quarters at pleasure; capable of not much more than one man, as I conceive, and perhaps at no great ease; exactly close and dark,—save at one hole, about an inch and a half in the diameter, to which he applies a long perspective Trunk, with the convex glass fitted to the said hole, and the concave taken out at the other end, which extendeth to about the middle of this erected Tent: through which the visible radiations of all the Objects without are intromitted, falling upon a Paper, which is accommodated to receive them; and so he traceth them with his pen in their natural appearance; turning his little Tent round by degrees, till he hath designed the whole Aspect of the Field.' [2]—In fact he hath a *Camera Obscura,* and is exhibiting the same for the delectation of Imperial gentlemen lounging that way. Mr. John invents such toys, writes almanacks, practises medicine, for good reasons; his encouragement from the Holy Roman Empire and mankind being only a pension of 18*l.* a year, and that hardly ever paid. An ingenious person, truly, if there ever was one among Adam's Posterity. Just turned of fifty, and ill-off for cash. This glimpse of him, in his little black tent with perspective glasses, while the Thirty-Years War blazes out, is welcome as a date.

What became of the Cleve-Jülich Heritage, and of the Preussen one

In the Cleve Duchies joint government had now become more difficult than ever: but it had to be persisted in,—under mutual offences, suspicions and outbreaks hardly repressed;—no final Bargain of Settlement proving by any method possible. Treaties enough, and conferences, and pleadings, manifestoings:—Could not some painful German collector of Statistics try to give us the approximate quantity of impracticable treaties, futile conferences, manifestos, correspondences; in brief, some authentical cipher (say in round millions) of idle Words spoken by official human creatures, and approximately (in square miles) the extent of Law-Stationery and other Paper written, first and last, about this Controversy of the Cleve Duchies? In that form it might have a momentary interest.

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[1] It seems, Baptista Porta (of Naples, dead some years before) must have given him the essential hint,—of whom, or whose hint, Mr. John does not happen to inform his Excellency at present.

[2] *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ* (London, 1672), p. 300.

When the Winter-King's explosion took place,[1] and his own unfortunate Pfalz (Palatinate) became the theatre of war (Tilly, Spinola *versus* Pfalzers, English, Dutch), involving all the neighbouring regions, Cleve-Jülich did not escape its fate. The Spaniards and the Dutch, who had long sat in gloomy armed-truce, occupying with obstinate precaution the main Fortresses of these Jülich-Cleve countries, did now straightway, their Twelve-Years truce being out (1621),[2] fall to fighting and besieging one another there; the huge War, which proved of Thirty Years, being now all a-blaze. What the country suffered in the interim may be imagined.

In 1624, in pity to all parties, some attempt at practical Division of the Territory was again made: Neuburg to have Berg and Jülich, Brandenburg to have Cleve, Mark, Ravensberg and the minor appurtenances: and Treaty to that effect was got signed (11th May 1624). But it was not well kept, nor could be; and the statistic cipher of new treaties, manifestos, conferences, and approximate written area of Law-Paper goes on increasing.

It was not till forty-two years after, in 1666, as will be more minutely noticeable by and by, that an effective partition could be practically brought about. Nor in this state was the Lawsuit by any means ended,—as we shall wearisomely see, in times long following that. In fact there never was, in the German Chanceries or out of them, such a Lawsuit, Armed or Wigged, as this of the Cleve Duchies first and last. And the sentence was not practically given, till the Congress of Vienna (1815) in our own day gave it; and the thing Johann Sigismund had claimed legally in 1609 was actually handed-over to Johann Sigismund's Descendant in the seventh generation, after two-hundred and six years. Handed-over to him then,—and a liberal rate of interest allowed. These litigated Duchies are now the Prussian Province Jülich-Berg-Cleve, and the nucleus of Prussia's possessions in the Rhine country.

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[1] Crowned at Prag, 4th November n.s. 1619; beaten to ruin there, and obliged to gallop (almost before dinner done), Sunday 8th November 1620.

[2] Pauli, vi. 578-580.

A year before Johann Sigismund's death, Albert Friedrich, the poor eclipsed Duke of Prussia, died (8th August 1618): upon which our swift Kurfürst, not without need of his dexterities there too, got peaceable possession of Prussia;—nor has his Family lost hold of that, up to the present time. Next year (23d December 1619), he himself closed a swift busy life (labour enough in it for him perhaps, though only an age of forty-nine); and sank to his long rest, his works following him,—unalterable thenceforth, not unfruitful some of them.

CHAPTER XV

TENTH KURFURST, GEORGE WILHELM

By far the unluckiest of these Electors, whether the most unworthy of them or not, was George Wilhelm, Tenth Elector, who now succeeded Johann Sigismund his Father. The Father's eyes had closed when this great flame was breaking out; and the Son's days were all spent amid the hot ashes and fierce blazings of it.

The position of Brandenburg during this sad Thirty-Years War was passive rather than active; distinguished only in the former way, and as far as possible from being glorious or victorious. Never since the Hohenzollerns came to that Country had Brandenburg such a time. Difficult to have mended it; impossible to have quite avoided it;—and Kurfürst George Wilhelm was not a man so superior to all his neighbours, that he could clearly see his way in such an element. The perfect or ideal course was clear: To have frankly drawn sword for his Religion and his Rights, so soon as the battle fairly opened; and to have fought for these same, till he got either them or died. Alas, that is easily said and written; but it is, for a George Wilhelm especially, difficult to do! His capability in all kinds was limited; his connexions, with this side and that, were very intricate. Gustavus and the Winter-King were his Brothers-in-law; Gustavus wedded to his Sister, he to Winter-King's. His relations to Poland, feudal superior of Preussen, were delicate; and Gustavus was in deadly quarrel with Poland. And then Gustavus's sudden laying-hold of Pommern, which had just escaped from Wallenstein and the Kaiser? It must be granted, poor George Wilhelm's case demanded circumspectness.

One can forgive him for declining the Bohemian-King speculation, though his Uncle of Jägerndorf and his Cousins of Liegnitz were so hearty and forward in it. Pardonable in him to decline the Bohemian speculation;—though surely it is very sad that he found himself so short of 'butter and firewood' when the poor ex-King, and his young Wife, then in a specially-interesting state, came to take shelter with him![1] But when Gustavus landed, and flung-out upon the winds such a banner as that of his,—truly it was required of a Protestant Governor of men to be able to read said banner in a certain degree. A Governor not too *im*perfect, would have recognised this Gustavus, what his purposes and likelihoods were; the feeling would have been, checked by due circumspectness: 'Up, my men, let us follow this man; let us live and die in the Cause this man goes for! Live otherwise with honour, or die otherwise with honour, we cannot, in the pass things have come to!' And thus, at the very worst,

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[1] Sölltl (*Geschichte des Dreissigjährigen Krieges*,—a trivial modern Book) gives a notable memorial from the Brandenburg *Raths*, concerning these their difficulties of housekeeping. Their real object, we perceive, was to get rid of a Guest so dangerous as the ex-King, under Ban of the Empire, had now become.

Brandenburg would have had only one class of enemies to ravage it; and might have escaped with, arithmetically speaking, *half* the harrying it got in that long Business.

But Protestant Germany,—sad shame to it, which proved lasting sorrow as well,—was all alike torpid; Brandenburg not an exceptional case. No Prince stood up as beseemed: or only one, and he not a great one; Landgraf Wilhelm of Hessen, who, and his brave Widow after him, seemed always to know what hour it was. Wilhelm of Hessen all along;—and a few wild hands, Christian of Brunswick, Christian of Anhalt, Johann George of Jägerndorf, who stormed-out tumultuously at first, but were soon blown away by the Tilly-Wallenstein *trade-winds* and regulated armaments:—the rest sat still, and tried all they could to keep out of harm's way. The 'Evangelical Union' did a great deal of manifestoing, pathetic, indignant and other; held solemn Meetings at Heilbronn, old Sir Henry Wotton going as Ambassador to them; but never got any redress. Had the Evangelical Union shut-up its ink-horns sooner; girt-on its fighting-tools when the time came, and done some little execution with them then, instead of none at all,—we may fancy the Evangelical Union would have better discharged its function. It might have saved immense wretchedness to Germany. But its course went not that way.

In fact, had there been no better Protestantism than that of Germany, all was over with Protestantism; and Max of Bavaria, with fanatical Ferdinand II. as Kaiser over him, and Father Lämmerlein at his right hand and Father Hyacinth at his left, had got their own sweet way in this world. But Protestant Germany was not Protestant Europe, after all. Over seas there dwelt and reigned a certain King in Sweden; there farmed, and walked musing by the shores of the Ouse in Huntingdonshire, a certain man;—there was a Gustav Adolf over seas, an Oliver Cromwell over seas; and a 'company of poor men' were found capable of taking Lucifer by the beard,—who accordingly, with his Lämmerleins, Hyacinths, Habernfeldts and others, was forced to withdraw, after a tough struggle !—

CHAPTER XVI

THIRTY-YEARS WAR

The enormous Thirty-Years War, most intricate of modern Occurrences in the domain of Dryasdust, divides itself, after some unravelling, into Three principal Acts or Epochs ; in all of which, one after the other, our Kurfürst had an interest mounting progressively, but continuing to be a passive interest.

Act *First* goes from 1620 to 1624 ; and might be entitled 'The Bohemian King Made and Demolished.' Personally the Bohemian King was soon demolished. His Kingship may be said to have gone-off by explosion ; by one Fight, namely, done on the Weissenberg near Prag (Sunday 8th November 1620), while he sat at dinner in the City, the boom of the cannon coming in with interest upon his high guests and him. He had to run, in hot haste, that night, leaving many of his important papers,—and becomes a Winter-King. Winter-King's account was soon settled. But the extirpating of his Adherents, and capturing of his Hereditary Lands, Palatinate and Upper-Palatinate, took three years more. Hard fighting for the Palatinate ; Tilly and Company against the 'Evangelical Union Troops, and the English under Sir Horace Vere.' Evangelical-Union Troops, though marching about there, under an Uncle of our Kurfürst (Margraf Joachim Ernst, that lucky Anspach Uncle, founder of 'the Line'), who professed some skill in soldiering, were a mere Picture of an Army ; would only 'observe,' and would not fight at all. So that the whole fighting fell to Sir Horace and his poor handful of English ; of whose grim posture 'in Frankendale'[1] and other Strongholds, for months long, there is talk enough in the old English History-Books.

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[1] Frankenthal, a little Town in the Palatinate, N.W. from Mannheim a short way.

Then there were certain stern War-Captains, who rallied from the Weissenberg Defeat :—Christian of Brunswick, the chief of them, titular Bishop of Halberstadt, a high-flown, fiery young fellow, of terrible fighting gifts; he flamed-up considerably, with 'the Queen of Bohemia's glove stuck in his Hat': 'Bright Lady, it shall stick there, till I get you your own again, or die!'[1] Christian of Brunswick, George of Jägerndorf (our Kurfürst's Uncle), Count Mansfeldt and others, made stormy fight once and again, hanging upon this central 'Frankendale' Business, till they and it became hopeless. For the Kaiser and his Jesuits were not in doubt; a Kaiser very proud, unscrupulous; now clearly superior in force,—and all along of great superiority in fraud.

Christian of Brunswick, Johann George and Mansfeldt were got rid of: Christian by poison; Johann George and Mansfeldt by other methods,—chiefly by playing upon poor King James of England, and leading him by the long nose he was found to have. The Palatinate became the Kaiser's for the time being; Upper Palatinate (*Ober-Pfalz*) Duke Max of Bavaria, lying contiguous to it, had easily taken. 'Incorporate the Ober-Pfalz with your Bavaria,' said the Kaiser, 'you, illustrious, thrice-serviceable Max! And let Lämmerlein and Hyacinth, with their Gospel of Ignatius, loose upon it. Nay, as a still richer reward, be yours the forfeited *Kur* (Electorship) of this mad Kur-Pfalz, or Winter-King. I will hold his Rhine-Lands, his *Unter-Pfalz*: his Electorship and *Ober-Pfalz*, I say, are yours, Duke, henceforth *Kurfürst* Maximilian!'[2] Which was a hard saying in the ears of Brandenburg, Saxony and the other Five, and of the Reich in general;

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[1] 1621-1623, age not yet twenty-five; died (by poison), 1626, having again become supremely important just then. '*Gottes Freund, der Pfaffen Feind* (God's Friend, Priests' Foe)'; '*Alles für Ruhm und Ihr* (All for Glory and Her,'—the bright Elizabeth, become Ex-Queen), were mottoes of his.—Buddäus *in voce* (i. 649); Michaelis, i. 110.

[2] Köhler, *Reichs-Historie*, p. 520.

but they had all to comply, after wincing. For the Kaiser proceeded with a high hand. He had put the Ex-King under Ban of the Empire (never asking 'the Empire' about it); put his Three principal Adherents, Johann George of Jägerndorf one of them, Prince Christian of Anhalt (once captain at the Siege of Juliers) another, likewise under Ban of the Empire;[1] and in short had flung about, and was flinging, his thunderbolts in a very Olympian manner. Under all which, what could Brandenburg and the others do; but whimper some trembling protest, 'Clear against Law'!—and sit obedient? The Evangelical Union did not now any more than formerly draw out its fighting-tools. In fact, the Evangelical Union now fairly dissolved itself; melted into a deliquium of terror under these thunderbolts that were flying, and was no more heard of in the world.—

Second Act, or Epoch, 1624-1629. *A second Uncle put to the Ban, and Pommern snatched away*

Except in the '*Nether-Saxon Circle*' (distant North-west region, with its Hanover, Mecklenburg, with its rich Hamburgs, Lübecks, Magdeburgs, all Protestant, and abutting on the Protestant North), trembling Germany lay ridden over as the Kaiser willed. Foreign League got up by France, King James, Christian IV. of Denmark (James's Brother-in-law, with whom he had such 'drinking' in Somerset House, long ago, on Christian's visit hither[2]), went to water, or worse. Only the 'Nether-Saxon Circle' showed some life; was levying an army; and had appointed Christian of Brunswick its Captain, till he was got poisoned;—upon which the drinking King of Denmark took the command.

Act *Second* goes from 1624 to 1627 or even '29; and contains drunken Christian's Exploits. Which were unfortunate, almost to the ruin of Denmark itself, as well as of the

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[1] 22d Jan. 1621 (Köhler, *Reichs-Historie*, p. 518).

[2] Old Histories of James I. (Wilson, etc.).

Nether-Saxon Circle;—till in the latter of these years he slightly rallied, and got a supportable Peace granted him (Peace of Lübeck, 1629); after which he sits quiet, contemplative, with an evil eye upon Sweden now and then. The beatings he got, in quite regular succession, from Tilly and Consorts, are not worth mentioning: the only thing one now remembers of him is his alarming accident on the ramparts of Hameln, just at the opening of these Campaigns. At Hameln, which was to be a strong post, drunken Christian rode out once, on a summer afternoon (1624), to see that the ramparts were all right, or getting all right;—and tumbled, horse and self (self in liquor, it is thought), in an ominous alarming manner. Taken up for dead;—nay some of the vague Histories seem to think he was really dead:—but he lived to be often beaten after that, and had many moist years more.

Our Kurfürst had another Uncle put to the Ban in this Second Act,—Christian Wilhelm Archbishop of Magdeburg, 'for assisting the Danish King'; nor was Ban all the ruin that fell on this poor Archbishop. What could an unfortunate Kurfürst do, but tremble and obey? There was still a worse smart got by our poor Kurfürst out of Act Second: the glaring injustice done him in Pommern.

Does the reader remember that scene in the High Church of Stettin a hundred-and-fifty years ago? How the Bürgermeister threw sword and helmet into the grave of the last Duke of Pommern-Stettin there; and a forward Citizen picked them out again in favour of a Collateral Branch? Never since, any more than then, could Brandenburg get Pommern according to claim. Collateral Branch, in spite of Friedrich Ironteeth, in spite even of Albert Achilles and some fighting of his, contrived, by pleading at the Diets and stirring-up noise, to maintain its pretensions: and Treaties without end ensued, as usual; Treaties refreshed and new-signed by every Successor of Albert, to a wearisome degree.

The sum of which always was: 'Pommern does actual homage to Brandenburg; vassal of Brandenburg;—and falls home to it, if the now Extant Line go extinct.' Nay there is an *Erbverbrüderung* (Heritage-Fraternity) over and above, established this long time, and wearisomely renewed at every new Accession. Hundreds of Treaties, oppressive to think of:—and now the last Duke, old Bogislaus, is here, without hope of children; and the fruit of all that haggling, actual Pommern to wit, will at last fall home? Alas, no; far otherwise.

For the Kaiser having so triumphantly swept-off the Winter-King, and Christian IV. in the rear of him, and got Germany ready for converting to Orthodoxy,—wished now to have some hold of the Seaboard, thereby to punish Denmark; nay thereby, as is hoped, to extend the blessings of Orthodoxy into England, Sweden, Holland, and the other Heretic States, in due time. For our plans go far! This is the Kaiser's fixed wish, rising to the rank of hope now and then: all Europe shall become Papist again by the help of God *and* the Devil. So the Kaiser, on hardly any pretext, seized Mecklenburg from the Proprietors,—'Traitors, how durst you join Danish Christian?'—and made Wallenstein Duke of it. Duke of Mecklenburg, 'Admiral of the *East Sea* (Baltic)'; and set to 'building ships of war in Rostock,'—his plans going far.[1] This done, he seized Pommern, which also is a fine Sea-country,—stirring-up Max of Bavaria to make some idle pretence to Pommern, that so the Kaiser might seize it 'in sequestration till decided on.' Under which hard treatment, George Wilhelm had to sit sad and silent,—though the Stralsunders would not. Hence the world-famous Siege of Stralsund (1628); fierce Wallenstein declaring, 'I will have the Town, if it hung by a chain from Heaven'; but finding he could not get it; owing to the Swedish succour, to the stubborn temper prevalent among the Townsfolk, and also greatly to the rains and peat-bogs.

A second Uncle of George Wilhelm's, that unlucky Archbishop of Magdeburg above-mentioned, the Kaiser, once more by his own arbitrary will, put under Ban of the Empire, in this Second Act: 'Traitor, how durst you join with the Danes?' The result of which was Tilly's Sack of Magdeburg (10-12th May 1631), a transaction never forgettable by mankind.—As for Pommern, Gustav Adolf, on his intervening in these matters, landed there: Pommern was now seized by Gustav Adolf, as a landing-place and place-of-arms, indispensable for Sweden in the present emergency; and was so held thenceforth. Pommern will not fall to George Wilhelm at this time.

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[1] Köhler, *Reichs-Historie*, pp. 524, 525.

Third Act, and what the Kurfürst suffered in it

And now we are at Act *Third*:—Landing of Gustav Adolf 'in the Isle of Usedom, 24th June 1630,' and onward for Eighteen Years till the Peace of Westphalia, in 1648;—on which, as probably better known to the reader, we will not here go into details. In this Third Act too, George Wilhelm followed his old scheme, peace at any price;—as shy of Gustav as he had been of other Champions of the Cause; and expect complaining, petitioning and manifestoing, studiously did nothing.

Poor man, it was his fate to stand in the range of these huge collisions,—Bridge of Dessau, Siege of Stralsund, Sack of Magdeburg, Battle of Leipzig,—where the Titans were bowling rocks at one another; and he hoped, by dextrous skipping, to escape share of the game. To keep well with his Kaiser,—and such a Kaiser to Germany and to him,—this, for George Wilhelm, was always the first commandment. If the Kaiser confiscate your Uncles, against law; seize your Pommern; rob you on the public highways,—George Wilhelm, even in such case, is full of dubitations. Nay his Prime-Minister, one Schwartzenberg, a Catholic, an Austrian Official at one time,—Progenitor of the Austrian Schwartzenbergs that now are,—was secretly in the Kaiser's interest, and is even thought to have been in the Kaiser's pay, all along.

Gustav, at his first landing, had seized Pommern, and swept it clear of Austrians, for himself and for his own wants; not too regardful of George Wilhelm's claims on it. He cleared-out Frankfurt-on-Oder, Cüstrin and other Brandenburg Towns, in a similar manner,—by cannon and storm, when needful;—drove the Imperialists and Tilly forth of these countries. Advancing, next year, to save Magdeburg, now shrieking under Tilly's bombardment, Gustav insisted on having, if not some bond of union from his Brother-in-law of Brandenburg, at least the temporary cession of two Places of War for himself, Spandau and Cüstrin, indispensable in any farther operation. Which cession Kurfürst George Wilhelm, though giving all his prayers to the Good Cause, could by no means grant. Gustav had to insist, with more and more emphasis; advancing at last, with military menace, upon Berlin itself. He was met by George Wilhelm and his Council, 'in the woods of Cöpenick,' short way to the east of that City · there George Wilhelm and his Council wandered about, sending messages, hopelessly consulting; saying among each other, '*Que faire? ils ont des canons*, What can one do; they have got cannon?'[1] For many hours so; round the inflexible Gustav,—who was there like a fixed milestone, and to all questions and comers had only one answer!—'*Que faire? ils ont des canons!*' This was the 3d May 1631. This probably is about the nadir-point of the Brandenburg-Hohenzollern History. The little Friedrich, who became Frederick the Great, in writing of it, has a certain grim banter in his tone; and looks rather with mockery on the perplexities of his poor Ancestor, so fatally ignorant of the time of day it had now become.

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric le Grand* (Berlin, 1846-1856 et seqq.: *Mémoires de Brandebourg*), i. 38. For the rest, Friedrich's Account of the Transaction is very loose and scanty: see Pauli (iv. 568) and his minute details.

On the whole, George Wilhelm did what is to be called nothing, in the Thirty-Years War; his function was only that of suffering. He followed always the bad lead of Johann George, Elector of Saxony; a man of no strength, devoutness or adequate human worth; who proved, on these negative grounds, and without flagrancy of positive badness, an unspeakable curse to Germany. Not till the Kaiser fulminated forth his Restitution-Edict, and showed he was in earnest about it (1629-1631), 'Restore to our Holy Church what you have taken from her since the Peace of Passau!'—could this Johann George prevail upon himself to join Sweden, or even to do other than hate it for reasons he saw. Seized by the throat in this manner, and ordered to *deliver*, Kur-Sachsen did, and Brandenburg along with him, make Treaty with the Swede.[1] In consequence of which they two, some months after, by way of coöperating with Gustav on his great march Vienna-ward, sent an invading force into Bohemia, Brandenburg contributing some poor 3,000 to it; who took Prag, and some other open Towns; but 'did almost nothing there,' say the Histories, 'except dine and drink.' It is clear enough they were instantly scattered home[2] at the first glimpse of Wallenstein dawning on the horizon again in those parts.

Gustav having vanished (Field of Lützen, 6th November 1632[3]), Oxenstiern, with his high attitude, and 'Presidency' of the 'Union of Heilbronn,' was rather an offence to Kur-Sachsen, who used to be foremost man on such occasions. Kur-Sachsen broke away again; made his Peace of Prag,[4] whom Brandenburg again followed; Brandenburg and gradually all the others, except the noble Wilhelm of Hessen-Cassel alone. Miserable Peace; bit of Chaos clouted up, and done over with Official varnish;—which proved to be the signal for continuing the War beyond visible limits, and rendering peace impossible.

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[1] 8th February 1631 (Köhler, *Reichs-Historie*, pp. 526-531).

[2] October 1633 (Stenzel, i. 503).

[3] Pauli, iv. 576.

[4] 1635, 20th May (Stenzel, i. 513).

After this, George Wilhelm retires from the scene; lives in Cüstrin mainly; mere miserable days, which shall be invisible to us. He died in 1640; and, except producing an active brave Son very unlike himself, did nothing considerable in the world. '*Que faire? ils ont des canons!*'

Among the innumerable sanguinary tussellings of this War are counted Three great Battles, Leipzig, Lützen, Nördlingen. Under one great Captain, Swedish Gustav, and the two or three other considerable Captains, who appeared in it, high passages of furious valour, of fine strategy and tactic, are on record. But on the whole, the grand weapon in it, and towards the latter times the exclusive one, was Hunger. The opposing Armies tried to starve one another; at lowest, tried each not to starve. Each trying to eat the country, or at any rate to leave nothing eatable in it: what that will mean for the country, we may consider. As the Armies too frequently, and the Kaiser's Armies habitually, lived without commissariat, often enough without pay, all horrors of war and of being a seat of war, that have been since heard of, are poor to those then practised. The detail of which is still horrible to read. Germany, in all eatable quarters of it, had to undergo the process;—tortured, torn to pieces, wrecked, and brayed as in a mortar under the iron mace of war.[1] Brandenburg saw its towns sieged and sacked, its country populations driven to despair, by the one party and the other. Three times,—first in the Wallenstein Mecklenburg period, while fire and sword were the weapons, and again, twice over, in the ultimate stages of the struggle, when starvation had become the method, —Brandenburg fell to be the principal theatre of conflict, where all forms of the dismal were at their height. In 1638, three years after that precious 'Peace of Prag,' the Swedes

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[1] Curious incidental details of the state it was reduced to, in the Rhine and Danube Countries, turn-up in the Earl of Arundel and Surrey's *Travels* ('Arundel of the Marbles') *as Ambassador Extraordinary to the Emperor Ferdinando II. in* 1636 (a small Volume, or Pamphlet, London, 1637).

(Banier *versus* Gallas) starving-out the Imperialists in those North-Western parts, the ravages of the starving Gallas and his Imperialists excelled all precedent; and the 'famine about Tangermünde had risen so high that men ate human flesh, nay, human creatures ate their own children.'[1] '*Que faire? ils ont des canons!*'

CHAPTER XVII

DUCHY OF JAGERNDORF

This unfortunate George Wilhelm failed in getting Pommern when due; Pommern, firmly held by the Swedes, was far from him. But that was not the only loss of territory he had. Jägerndorf,—we have heard of Johann George of Jägerndorf, Uncle of this George Wilhelm, how old Joachim Friedrich put him into Jägerndorf, long since, when it fell home to the Electoral House. Jägerndorf is now lost; Johann George is under *Reichs-Acht* (Ban of Empire), ever since the Winter-King's explosion, and the thunderbolts that followed; and wanders landless;—nay he is long since dead, and has six-feet of earth for a territory, far away in Transylvania, or the *Riesen-Gebirge* (Giant-Mountains) somewhere. Concerning whom a word now.

Duke of Jägerndorf, Elector's Uncle, is put under Ban

Johann George, a frank-hearted valiant man, concerning whom only good actions, and no bad one, are on record, had notable troubles in the world; bad troubles to begin with, and worse to end in. He was second Son of Kurfürst Joachim Friedrich, who had meant him for the Church.[2] The young fellow was Coadjutor of Strasburg, almost from the time of getting into short-clothes. He was then, still very young, elected Bishop there (1592); Bishop of Strasburg,—but only by the Protestant part of the Canons; the Catholic part, unable to submit longer, and thinking it a good time for revolt against a Protestant population and obstinately heterodox majority, elected another Bishop,—one 'Karl of the House of Lorraine'; and there came to be dispute, and came even to be fighting needed. Fighting; which prudent Papa would not enter into, except faintly at second-hand, through the Anspach Cousins, or others that were in the humour. Troublesome times for the young man; which lasted a dozen years or more. At last a Bargain was made (1604); Protestant and Catholic Canons splitting the difference in some way; and the House of Lorraine paying Johann George a great deal of money to go home again.[1] Poor Johann George came out of it in that way; *not* second-best, think several.

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[1] 1638: Pauli, iv. 604.

[2] 1577-1624: Rentsch, p. 486.

He was then (1606) put into Jägerndorf, which had just fallen vacant; our excellent fat friend, George Friedrich of Anspach, Administrator of Preussen, having lately died, and left it vacant, as we saw. George Friedrich's death yielded fine apanages, three of them in all: *first* Anspach, *second* Baireuth, and this *third* of Jägerndorf for a still younger Brother. There was still a fourth younger Brother, Uncle of George Wilhelm; Archbishop of Magdeburg this one; who also, as we have seen, got into *Reichs-Acht*, into deep trouble in the Thirty-Years War. He was in Tilly's thrice-murderous Storm of Magdeburg (10th May 1631); was captured, tumbled about by the wild soldiery, and nearly killed there. Poor man, with his mitre and rochets left in such a state! In the end he even became *Catholic*,—from conviction, as was evident, and bewilderment of mind;—and lived in Austria on a pension; occasionally publishing polemical pamphlets.[2]—

As to Johann George, he much repaired and beautified the

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[1] *Œuvres complètes de Voltaire* 97 vols. (Paris, 1825-32), xxxiii. 284.—Köhler, (*Reichs-Historie*, p. 487) gives the authentic particulars.

[2] 1587; 1628; 1665 (Rentsch, pp. 905-910).

Castle of Jägerndorf, says Rentsch: but he unfortunately went ahead into the Winter-King's adventure; which, in that sad battle of the Weissenberg, made total shipwreck of itself, drawing Johann George and much else along with it. Johann George was straightway tyrannously put to the Ban, forfeited of life and lands:[1] Johann George disowned the said Ban; stood out fiercely for self and Winter-King; and did good fighting in the Silesian strongholds and mountain-passes: but was forced to seek temporary shelter in *Siebenbürgen* (Transylvania); and died far away, in a year or two (1624), while returning to try it again. Sleeps, I think, in the 'Jablunka Pass'; the dumb Giant-Mountains (*Riesen-Gebirge*) shrouding-up his sad shipwreck and him.

Jägerndorf was thus seized by Ferdinand II. of the House of Hapsburg; and though it was contrary to all law that the Kaiser should keep it,—poor Johann George having left Sons very innocent of treason, and Brothers, and an Electoral Nephew, very innocent; to whom, by old compacts and new, the Heritage in defect of him was to fall,—neither Kaiser Ferdinand II. nor Kaiser Ferdinand III. nor any Kaiser would let-go the hold; but kept Jägerndorf fast clenched, deaf to all pleadings, and monitions of gods or men. Till at length, in the fourth generation afterwards, one 'Friedrich the Second,' not unknown to us,—a sharp little man, little in stature, but large in faculty and renown, who is now called 'Frederick the Great,'—clutched hold of the Imperial fist (so to speak), seizing his opportunity in 1740; and so wrenched and twisted said close fist, that not only Jägerndorf dropped out of it, but the whole of Silesia along with Jägerndorf, there being other claims withal. And the account *was* at last settled, with compound interest,—as in fact such accounts are sure to be, one way or other. And so we leave Johann George among the dumb Giant-Mountains again.

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[1] 22d January 1621 (Köhler, *Reichs-Historie*, p. 518; and rectify Hübner, tab. 128).

CHAPTER XVIII

FRIEDRICH WILHELM, THE GREAT KURFURST, ELEVENTH OF THE SERIES

Brandenburg had again sunk very low under the Tentn Elector, in the unutterable troubles of the times. But it was gloriously raised up again by his Son Friedrich Wilhelm, who succeeded in 1640. This is he whom they call the 'Great Elector (*Grosser Kurfürst*)'; of whom there is much writing and celebrating in Prussian Books. As for the epithet, it is not uncommon among petty German populations, and many times does not mean too much: thus Max of Bavaria, with his Jesuit Lambkins and Hyacinths, is, by Bavarians, called 'Maximilian the Great.' Friedrich Wilhelm, both by his intrinsic qualities and the success he met with, deserves it better than most. His success, if we look where he started and where he ended, was beyond that of any other man in his day. He found Brandenburg annihilated, and he left Brandenburg sound and flourishing; a great country, or already on the way towards greatness. Undoubtedly a most rapid, clear-eyed, active man. There was a stroke in him swift as lightning, well-aimed mostly, and of a respectable weight withal; which shattered asunder a whole world of impediments for him, by assiduous repetition of it for fifty years.[1]

There hardly ever came to sovereign power a young man of twenty under more distressing, hopeless-looking circumstances. Political significance Brandenburg had none; a mere Protestant appendage dragged about by a Papist Kaiser. His Father's Prime-Minister, as we have seen, was in the interest of his enemies; not Brandenburg's servant, but Austria's. The very Commandants of his Fortresses, Commandant of Spandau more especially, refused to obey Friedrich Wilhelm, on his accession; 'were bound to obey the Kaiser in the first place.' He had to proceed softly as well as swiftly; with the most delicate hand to get him of Spandau by the collar, and put him under lock-and-key, him as a warning to others.

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[1] 1620; 1640; 1688.

For twenty years past, Brandenburg had been scoured by hostile armies, which, especially the Kaiser's part of which, committed outrages new in human history. In a year or two hence, Brandenburg became again the theatre of business; Austrian Gallas advancing thither again (1644), with intent 'to shut-up Torstenson and his Swedes in Jutland,' where they had been chastising old Christian IV., now meddlesome again, for the last time, and never a good neighbour to Sweden. Gallas could by no means do what he intended; on the contrary, he had to run from Torstenson, what feet could do; was hunted, he and his *Merode-Brüder* (beautiful inventors of the 'Marauding' Art), 'till they pretty much all died (*crepirten*),' says Köhler.[1] No great loss to society, the death of these Artists; but we can fancy what their life, and especially what the process of their dying, may have cost poor Brandenburg again!—

Friedrich Wilhelm's aim, in this as in other emergencies, was sun-clear to himself, but for most part dim to everybody else. He had to walk very warily, Sweden on one hand of him, suspicious Kaiser on the other; he had to wear semblances, to be ready with evasive words; and advance noiselessly by many circuits. More delicate operation could not be imagined. But advance he did; advance and arrive. With extraordinary talent, diligence and felicity the young man wound himself out of this first fatal position; got those foreign Armies pushed out of his country, and kept them out. His first concern had been to find some vestige of revenue, to put that upon a clear footing; and by loans or otherwise to scrape a little ready-money together. On the strength of which a small body of soldiers could be collected about him, and drilled into real ability to fight and obey. This as a basis; on this followed all manner of things; freedom from Swedish-Austrian invasions, as the first thing.

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[1] *Reichs-Historie*, p. 556; Pauli, v. 24.

He was himself, as appeared by and by, a fighter of the first quality, when it came to that; but never was willing to fight if he could help it. Preferred rather to shift, manœuvre and negotiate; which he did in a most vigilant, adroit and masterly manner. But by degrees he had grown to have, and could maintain it, an Army of 24,000 men; among the best troops then in being. With or without his will, he was in all the great Wars of his time,—the time of Louis XIV., who kindled Europe four times over, thrice in our Kurfürst's day. The Kurfürst's Dominions, a long straggling country, reaching from Memel to Wesel, could hardly keep out of the way of any war that might rise. He made himself available, never against the good cause of Protestantism and German Freedom, yet always in the place and way where his own best advantage was to be had. Louis XIV. had often much need of him; still oftener, and more pressingly, had Kaiser Leopold, the little Gentleman 'in scarlet stockings, with a red feather in his hat,' whom Mr. Savage used to see majestically walking about, with Austrian lip that said nothing at all.[1] His 24,000 excellent fighting-men, thrown in at the right time, were often a thing that could turn the balance in great questions. They required to be allowed for at a high rate, —which he well knew how to adjust himself for exacting and securing always.

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[1] *A Compleat History of Germany*, by Mr. Savage (8vo, London, 1702), p. 553. Who this Mr. Savage was, we have no trace. Prefixed to the volume is the Portrait of a solid Gentleman of forty; gloomily polite, with ample wig and cravat,—in all likelihood some studious subaltern Diplomatist in the Succession War. His little Book is very lean and barren; but faithfully compiled,—and might have some illumination in it, where utter darkness is so prevalent. Most likely, Addison picked his story of the *Siege of Weinsberg* ('Women carrying out their Husbands on their back,'—one of his best *Spectators*), out of this poor Book.

What became of Pommern at the Peace; final Glance into Cleve-Jülich

When the Peace of Westphalia (1648) concluded that Thirty-Years Conflagration, and swept the ashes of it into order again, Friedrich Wilhelm's right to Pommern was admitted by everybody; and well insisted on by himself: but right had to yield to reason of state, and he could not get it. The Swedes insisted on their expenses; the Swedes held Pommern, had all along held it,—in pawn, they said, for their expenses. Nothing for it but to give the Swedes the better half of Pommern. *Fore*-Pommern (so they call it, 'Swedish Pomerania' thenceforth), which lies next the Sea; this, with some Towns and cuttings over and above, was Sweden's share: Friedrich Wilhelm had to put up with *Hinder*-Pommern, docked furthermore of the Town of Stettin, and of other valuable cuttings, in favour of Sweden. Much to Friedrich Wilhelm's grief and just anger, could he have helped it.

They gave him Three secularised Bishoprics, Magdeburg, Halberstadt, Minden, with other small remnants, for compensation; and he had to be content with these for the present. But he never gave-up the idea of Pommern; much of the effort of his life was spent upon recovering Fore-Pommern; thrice-eager upon that, whenever lawful opportunity offered. To no purpose then; he never could recover Swedish Pommern; only his late descendants, and that by slowish degrees, could recover it all. Readers remember that Bürgermeister of Stettin, with the helmet and sword flung into the grave and picked out again;—and can judge whether Brandenburg got its good-luck quite by lying in bed!—

Once, and once only, he had a voluntary purpose towards War, and it remained a purpose only. Soon after the Peace of Westphalia, old Pfalz-Neuburg, the same who got the slap on the face, went into tyrannous proceedings against the

Protestant part of his subjects in Jülich-Cleve; who called to Friedrich Wilhelm for help. Friedrich Wilhelm, a zealous Protestant, made remonstrances, retaliations: ere long the thought struck him, 'Suppose, backed by the Dutch, we threw-out this fantastic old gentleman, his Papistries, and pretended claims and self, clear out of it?' This was Friedrich Wilhelm's thought; and he suddenly marched troops into the Territory, with that view. But Europe was in alarm, the Dutch grew faint: Friedrich Wilhelm saw it would not do. He had a conference with old Pfalz-Neuburg: 'Young gentleman, we remember how your Grandfather made free with us and our august countenance! Nevertheless we—' In fine, the 'statistic of Treaties' was increased by One; and there the matter rested till calmer times.

In 1666, as already said, an effective Partition of these litigated Territories was accomplished: Prussia to have the Duchy of Cleve-Proper, the Counties of Mark and Ravensberg, with other Patches and Pertinents; Neuburg, what was the better share, to have Jülich Duchy and Berg Duchy.[1] Furthermore, if either of the Lines failed, in no sort was a collateral to be admitted; but Brandenburg was to inherit Neuburg, or Neuburg Brandenburg, as the case might be.[2] A clear Bargain this at last; and in the times that had come, it proved executable so far. But if the reader fancies the Lawsuit was at last out in this way, he will be a simple reader! In the days of our little Fritz, the Line of Pfalz-Neuburg was evidently ending; but that Brandenburg and not a collateral should succeed it, there lay the quarrel, —open still, as if it had never been shut; and we shall hear enough about it!—

The Great Kurfürst's Wars: what he achieved in War and Peace

Friedrich Wilhelm's first actual appearance in War, Polish-Swedish War (1655-1660), was involuntary in the highest degree; forced upon him for the sake of his Preussen, which bade fair to be lost or ruined, without blame of his or its. Nevertheless, here too he made his benefit of the affair. The big King of Sweden had a standing quarrel with his big Cousin of Poland, which broke-out into hot War; little Preussen lay between them, and was like to be crushed in the collision. Swedish King was Karl Gustav, Christina's Cousin, Charles Twelfth's Grandfather; a great and mighty man, lion of the North in his time: Polish King was one John Casimir; chivalrous enough, and with clouds of forward Polish chivalry about him, glittering with barbaric gold. Frederick III., Danish King for the time being, he also was much involved in the thing. Fain would Friedrich Wilhelm have kept out of it, but he could not. Karl Gustav as good as forced him to join: he joined; fought along with Karl Gustav an illustrious Battle; 'Battle of Warsaw,' three days long (28-30th July 1656), on the skirts of Warsaw,—crowds 'looking from the upper windows' there; Polish chivalry, broken at last, going like chaff upon the winds, and John Casimir nearly ruined.

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[1] See Map at p. 252.

[2] Pauli, v. 120-129.

Shortly after which, Friedrich Wilhelm, who had shone much in the Battle, changed sides. An inconsistent, treacherous man? Perhaps not, O reader; perhaps a man advancing 'in circuits,' the only way he has; spirally, face now to east, now to west, with his own reasonable private aim sun-clear to him all the while?

John Casimir agreed to give-up the 'Homage of Preussen' for this service; a grand prize for Friedrich Wilhelm.[1] What the Teutsch Ritters strove for in vain, and lost their existence in striving for, the shifty Kurfürst has now got: Ducal Prussia, which is also called East Prussia, is now a free sovereignty,—and will become as 'Royal' as the other Polish part. Or perhaps even more so, in the course of time!—Karl Gustav, in a high frame of mind, informs the Kurfürst, that he has him on his books, and will pay the debt one day!

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[1] Treaty of Labiau, 10th November 1656 (Pauli, v. 73-75); 20th November (Stenzel, iv. 128,—who always uses *New Style*).

A dangerous debtor in such matters, this Karl Gustav. In these same months, busy with the Danish part of the Controversy, he was doing a feat of war, which set all Europe in astonishment. In January 1658, Karl Gustav marches his Army, horse, foot and artillery, to the extent of twenty-thousand, across the Baltic ice, and takes an Island without shipping,—Island of Fünen, across the Little Belt; three miles of ice; and a part of the sea *open*, which has to be crossed on planks. Nay, forward from Fünen, when once there, he achieves ten whole miles more of ice; and takes Zealand itself,[1]—to the wonder of all mankind. An imperious, stern-browed, swift-striking man; who had dreamed of a new Goth Empire: The mean Hypocrites and Fribbles of the South to be coerced again by noble Norse valour, and taught a new lesson. Has been known to lay his hand on his sword while apprising an Ambassador (Dutch High-Mightiness) what his royal intentions were: 'Not the sale or purchase of groceries, observe you, Sir! My aims go higher!'—Charles Twelfth's Grandfather, and somewhat the same type of man.

But Karl Gustav died, short while after;[2] left his big wide-raging Northern Controversy to collapse in what way it could. Sweden and the fighting-parties made their 'Peace of Oliva' (Abbey of Oliva, near Dantzig, 1st May 1660); and this of Preussen was ratified, in all form, among the other points. No homage more; nothing now above Ducal Prussia but the Heavens; and great times coming for it. This was one of the successfulest strokes of business ever done by Friedrich Wilhelm; who had been forced, by sheer compulsion, to embark in that big game.—'Royal Prussia,' the Western or *Polish* Prussia: this too, as all Newspapers know, has, in our times, gone the same road as the other. Which probably, after all, it may have had, in Nature, some tendency to do? Cut away, for reasons, by the Polish sword, in that Battle of Tannenberg, long since; and then, also for reasons, cut back again! That is the fact;—not unexampled in human History.

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[1] Holberg's *Dänemarkische Reichs-Historie*, pp. 406-409.

[2] 13th February 1660, age 38.

Old Johann Casimir, not long after that Peace of Oliva, getting tired of his unruly Polish chivalry and their ways, abdicated;—retired to Paris; and 'lived much with Ninon de l'Enclos and her circle,' for the rest of his life. He used to complain of his Polish chivalry, that there was no solidity in them; nothing but outside glitter, with tumult and anarchic noise; fatal want of one essential talent, the talent of Obeying; and has been heard to prophesy that a glorious Republic, persisting in such courses, would arrive at results which would surprise it.

Onward from this time, Friedrich Wilhelm figures in the world; public men watching his procedure; Kings anxious to secure him,—Dutch printsellers sticking-up his Portraits for a hero-worshipping Public. Fighting hero, had the Public known it, was not his essential character, though he had to fight a great deal. He was essentially an Industrial man; great in organising, regulating, in constraining chaotic heaps to become cosmic for him. He drains bogs, settles colonies in the waste-places of his Dominions, cuts canals; unweariedly encourages trade and work. The *Friedrich-Wilhelm's Canal*, which still carries tonnage from the Oder to the Spree,[1] is a monument of his zeal in this way; creditable, with the means he had. To the poor French Protestants, in the Edict-of-Nantes Affair, he was like an express Benefit of Heaven: one Helper appointed, to whom the help itself was profitable. He munificently welcomed them to Brandenburg; showed really a noble piety and human pity, as well as judgment; nor did Brandenburg and he want their reward. Some 20,000 nimble French souls, evidently of the best French quality, found a home there;—made 'waste sands about Berlin into potherb gardens'; and in the spiritual Brandenburg, too, did something of horticulture, which is still noticeable.[1]

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[1] Executed, 1662-68; fifteen English miles long (Büsching, *Erdbeschreibung*, vi. 2193).

Certainly this Elector was one of the shiftiest of men. Not an unjust man either. A pious, god-fearing man rather, staunch to his Protestantism and his Bible; not unjust by any means,—nor, on the other hand, by any means thick-skinned in his interpretings of justice: Fairplay to myself always; or occasionally even the Height of Fairplay! On the whole, by constant energy, vigilance, adroit activity, by an ever-ready insight and audacity to seize the passing fact by its right handle, he fought his way well in the world; left Brandenburg a flourishing and greatly-increased Country, and his own name famous enough.

A thickset stalwart figure; with brisk eyes, and high strong irregularly-Roman nose. Good bronze Statue of him, by Schlüter, once a famed man, still rides on the *Lange-Brücke* (Long-Bridge) at Berlin; and his Portrait, in huge frizzled Louis-Quatorze wig, is frequently met with in German Galleries. Collectors of Dutch Prints, too, know him: here a gallant, eagle-featured little gentleman, brisk in the smiles of youth, with plumes, with truncheon, caprioling on his war-charger, view of tents in the distance;—there a sedate, ponderous, wrinkly old man, eyes slightly puckered (eyes *busier* than mouth); a face well-ploughed by Time, and not found unfruitful; one of the largest, most laborious, potent faces (in an ocean of circumambient periwig) to be met with in that Century.[2] There are many Histories about him, too; but they are not comfortable to read.[3] He also has wanted a sacred Poet; and found only a bewildering Dryasdust.

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[1] Erman (weak Biographer of Queen Sophie-Charlotte, already cited), *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire des Réfugiés Français dans les Etats du Roi de Prusse* (Berlin, 1782-94), 8 tt. 8vo.

[2] Both Prints are Dutch; the Younger, my copy of the Younger, has lost the Engraver's Name (Kurfürst's age is twenty-seven); the Elder is by *Masson*, 1683, when Friedrich Wilhelm was sixty-three.

[3] G. D. Geyler, *Leben und Thaten Friedrich Wilhelm des Grossen* (Frankfort

His Two grand Feats that dwell in the Prussian memory are perhaps none of his greatest, but were of a kind to strike the imagination. They both relate to what was the central problem of his life,—the recovery of Pommern from the Swedes. Exploit First is the famed 'Battle of *Fehrbellin* (Ferry of Bell*een*),' fought on the 18th June 1675. Fehrbellin is an inconsiderable Town still standing in those peaty regions, some five-and-thirty miles north-west of Berlin; and had for ages plied its poor Ferry over the oily-looking, brown, sluggish stream called Rhin, or Rhein in those parts, without the least notice from mankind, till this fell out. It is a place of pilgrimage to patriotic Prussians, ever since Friedrich Wilhelm's exploit there. The matter went thus:

Friedrich Wilhelm was fighting, far south of Alsace, on Kaiser Leopold's side, in the Louis-Fourteenth War; that second one, which ended in the treaty of Nimwegen. Doing his best there,—when the Swedes, egged-on by Louis XIV., made war upon him; crossed the Pomeranian marches, troop after troop, and invaded his Brandenburg Territory with a force which at length amounted to some 16,000 men. No help for the moment: Friedrich Wilhelm could not be spared from his post. The Swedes, who had at first professed well, gradually went into plunder, roving, harrying, at their own will; and a melancholy time they made of it for Friedrich Wilhelm and his People. Lucky if temporary harm were all the ill they were likely to do; lucky if—! He stood steady, however; in his solid manner, finishing the thing in hand first, since that was feasible. He then even retired into winter-quarters, to rest his men; and seemed to have left the Swedish 16,000 autocrats of the situation; who accordingly went storming about at a great rate.

Not so, however; very far indeed from so. Having rested

and Leipzig, 1703) folio. Franz Horn, *Das Leben Friedrich Wilhelms des Grossen* (Berlin, 1814). Pauli, *Staats-Geschichte*, Band v. (Halle, 1764). Pufendorf, *De rebus gestis Friderici Wilhelmi Magni Electoris Brandenburgensis Commentaria* (Lips. et Berol. 1733, fol.).

his men for certain months, Friedrich Wilhelm silently in the first days of June (1675) gets them under march again; marches, his Cavalry and he as first instalment, with best speed from Schweinfurt,[1] which is on the river Mayn, to Magdeburg; a distance of two-hundred miles. At Magdeburg, where he rests three days, waiting for the first handful of foot and a field-piece or two, he learns that the Swedes are in three parties wide asunder; the middle party of them within forty miles of him. Probably stronger, even this middle one, than his small body (of 'Six-thousand Horse, Twelve-hundred Foot and three guns');—stronger, but capable perhaps of being surprised, of being cut in pieces, before the others can come up? Rathenau is the nearest skirt of this middle party: thither goes the Kurfürst, softly, swiftly, in the June night (16th-17th June 1675); gets into Rathenau, by brisk stratagem; tumbles-out the Swedish Horse-regiment there, drives it back towards Fehrbellin.

He himself follows hard;—swift riding enough, in the summer-night, through those damp Havel lands, in the old Hohenzollern fashion: and indeed old Freisack Castle, as it chances,—Freisack, scene of Dietrich von Quitzow and *Lazy Peg* long since,—is close by! Follows hard, we say: strikes-in upon this midmost party (nearly twice his number, but Infantry for the most part); and after fierce fight, done with good talent on both sides, cuts it into utter ruin, as proposed. Thereby he has left the Swedish Army as a mere head and tail *without* body; has entirely demolished the Swedish Army.[2] Same feat intrinsically as that done by Cromwell, on Hamilton and the Scots, in 1648. It was, so to speak, the last visit Sweden paid to Brandenburg, or the last of any consequence; and ended the domination of the Swedes in those quarters. A thing justly to be forever remembered by Brandenburg;—on a smallish modern scale, the Bannockburn, Sempach, Marathon, of Brandenburg.[3]

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[1] Stenzel, ii. 347.

[2] *Ib.* ii. 350-357.

[3] See Pauli, v. 161-169; Stenzel, ii. 335, 340-347, 354; Kausler, *Atlas des*

Exploit Second was four years later; in some sort a corollary to this; and a winding-up of the Swedish business. The Swedes, in farther prosecution of their Louis-Fourteenth speculation, had invaded Preussen this time, and were doing sad havoc there. It was in the dead of winter, Christmas 1678, more than four-hundred miles off; and the Swedes, to say nothing of their other havoc, were in a case to take Königsberg, and ruin Prussia altogether, if not prevented. Friedrich Wilhelm starts from Berlin, with the opening Year, on his long march; the Horse-troops first, Foot to follow at their swiftest; he himself (his Wife, his ever-true 'Louisa,' accompanying, as her wont was) travels, towards the end, at the rate of 'sixty miles a day.' He gets in still in time, finds Königsberg unscathed. Nay it is even said, the Swedes are extensively falling sick; having, after a long famine, found infinite 'pigs, near Insterburg,' in those remote regions, and indulged in the fresh pork over-much.

I will not describe the subsequent manœuvres, which would interest nobody: enough if I say that on the 16th of January 1679, it had become of the highest moment for Friedrich Wilhelm to get from Carwe (village near Elbing) on the shore of the *Frische Haf*, where he was, through Königsberg, to Gilge on the *Curische Haf*, where the Swedes are,— in a minimum of time. Distance, as the crow flies, is about a hundred miles; road, which skirts the two *Hafs*[1] (wide shallow *Washes*, as we should name them), is of rough quality, and naturally circuitous. It is ringing frost today, and for days back:—Friedrich Wilhelm hastily gathers all the sledges, all the horses of the district; mounts some Four-thousand men in sledges; starts, with the speed of light, in that fashion. Scours along all day, and after the intervening bit of land, again along; awakening the ice-bound silences.

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plus mémorables Batailles, Combats et Siéges, or *Atlas der merkwürdigsten Schlachten, Treffen und Belagerungen* (German and French, Carlsruhe and Freiburg, 1831), p. 417, Blatt 62.

[1] Pauli, v. 215-222; Stenzel, ii. 392-397.

Gloomy Frische Haf, wrapt in its Winter cloud-coverlids, with its wastes of tumbled sand, its poor frost-bound fishing-hamlets, pine-hillocks,—desolate-looking, stern as Greenland or more so, says Büsching, who travelled there in winter-time,[1]—hears unexpected human noises, and huge grinding and trampling; the Four-thousand, in long fleet of sledges, scouring across it, in that manner. All day they rush along, —out of the rimy hazes of morning into the olive-coloured clouds of evening again,—with huge loud-grinding rumble;—and do arrive in time at Gilge. A notable streak of things, shooting across those frozen solitudes, in the New-Year 1679; —little short of Karl Gustav's feat, which we heard of, in the other or Danish end of the Baltic, twenty years ago, when he took Islands without ships.

This Second Exploit,—suggested or not by that prior one of Karl Gustav on the ice,—is still a thing to be remembered by Hohenzollerns and Prussians. The Swedes were beaten here, on Friedrich Wilhelm's rapid arrival; were driven into disastrous rapid retreat Northward; which they executed in hunger and cold; fighting continually, like Northern bears, under the grim sky; Friedrich Wilhelm sticking to their skirts,—holding by their tail, like an angry bearward with steel whip in his hand. A thing which, on the small scale, reminds one of Napoleon's experiences. Not till Napoleon's huge fighting-flight, a Hundred-and-thirty-four years after, did I read of such a transaction in those parts. The Swedish invasion of Preussen has gone utterly to ruin.

And this, then, is the end of Sweden, and its bad neighbourhood on these shores, where it has tyrannously sat on our skirts so long? Swedish Pommern the Elector already had: last year, coming towards it ever since the Exploit of Fehrbellin, he had invaded Swedish Pommern; had besieged and taken Stettin, nay Stralsund too, where Wallenstein had failed;—cleared Pommern altogether of its Swedish guests. Who had tried next in Preussen, with what luck we see. Of

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[1] Büsching's *Beiträge* (Halle, 1789), vi. 160.

Swedish Pommern the Elector might now say: 'Surely it is mine; again mine, as it long was; well won a second time, since the first would not do!' But no:—Louis XIV. proved a gentleman to his Swedes. Louis, now that the Peace of Nimwegen had come, and only the Elector of Brandenburg was still in harness, said steadily, though anxious enough to keep well with the Elector: 'They are my allies, these Swedes; it was on my bidding they invaded you: can I leave them in such a pass? It must not be!' So Pommern had to be given back. A miss which was infinitely grievous to Friedrich Wilhelm. The most victorious Elector cannot hit always, were his right never so good.

Another miss which he had to put up with, in spite of his rights, and his good services, was that of the Silesian Duchies. The Heritage-Fraternity with Liegnitz had at length, in 1675, come to fruit. The last Duke of Liegnitz was dead: Duchies of Liegnitz, of Brieg, Wohlau, are Brandenburg's if there were right done! But Kaiser Leopold in the scarlet stockings will not hear of Heritage-Fraternity. 'Nonsense!' answers Kaiser Leopold: 'A thing suppressed at once, ages ago; by Imperial power: flat *zero* of a thing at this time;—and you, I again bid you, return me your Papers upon it!' This latter act of duty Friedrich Wilhelm would not do; but continued insisting.[1] 'Jägerndorf, at least, O Kaiser of the world,' said he; 'Jägerndorf, there is no colour for your keeping that!' To which the Kaiser again answers, 'Nonsense!'—and even falls upon astonishing schemes about it, as we shall see;—but gives nothing. Ducal Preussen is sovereign, Cleve is at Peace, Hinter-Pommern ours;—this Elector has conquered much: but the Silesian Heritages and Vor-Pommern, and some other things, he will have to do without. Louis XIV., it is thought, once offered to get him made King;[2] but that he declined for the present.

His married and domestic life is very fine and human; especially with that Oranien-Nassau Princess, who was his first

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[1] Pauli, v. 321.

[2] *Ib.* vii. 215.

Wife (1646-1667): Princess Louisa of Nassau-Orange; Aunt to our own Dutch William, King William III., in time coming. An excellent wise Princess; from whom came the Orange Heritages, which afterwards proved difficult to settle:—Orange was at last exchanged for the small Principality of Neufchatel in Switzerland, which is Prussia's ever since. 'Oranienburg (*Orange-Burg*),' a Royal Country-house, still standing, some Twenty miles northwards from Berlin, was this Louisa's place: she had trimmed it up into a little jewel, of the Dutch type,—potherb gardens, training-schools for young girls, and the like;—a favourite abode of hers, when she was at liberty for recreation. But her life was busy and earnest: she was helpmate, not in name only, to an ever-busy man. They were married young; a marriage of love withal. Young Friedrich Wilhelm's courtship, wedding in Holland; the honest trustful walk and conversation of the two Sovereign Spouses, their journeyings together, their mutual hopes, fears and manifold vicissitudes; till Death, with stern beauty, shut it in:—all is human, true and wholesome in it; interesting to look upon, and rare among sovereign persons.

Not but that he had his troubles with his womankind. Even with this his first Wife, whom he loved truly, and who truly loved him, there were scenes; the Lady having a judgment of her own about everything that passed, and the man being choleric withal. Sometimes, I have heard, 'he would dash his hat at her feet,' saying symbolically, 'Govern you, then, Madam! Not the Kurfürst-Hat; a Coif is my wear, it seems!'[1] Yet her judgment was good; and he liked to have it on the weightiest things, though her powers of silence might halt now and then. He has been known, on occasion, to run from his Privy-Council to her apartment, while a complex matter was debating, to ask her opinion, hers too, before it was decided. Excellent Louisa; Princess full of beautiful piety, good-sense and affection; a touch of the Nassau-Heroic in her. At the moment of her death, it is said, when speech had fled, he felt, from her hand which lay in his, three slight, slight pressures: 'Farewell!' thrice mutely spoken in that manner,—not easy to forget in this world.[1]

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[1] Förster, *Friedrich Wilhelm I. König von Preussen* (Potsdam, 1834), i. 177.

His second Wife, Dorothea,—who planted the Lindens in Berlin, and did other husbandries, of whom we have heard, fell far short of Louisa in many things; but not in tendency to advise, to remonstrate, and plaintively reflect on the finished and unalterable. Dreadfully thrifty lady moreover; did much in dairy produce, farming of town-rates, provision-taxes: not to speak again of that Tavern she was thought to have in Berlin, and to draw custom to in an oblique manner! What scenes she had with Friedrich her stepson, we have seen. 'Ah, I have not my Louisa now; to whom now shall I run for advice or help!' would the poor Kurfürst at times exclaim.

He had some trouble, considerable trouble now and then, with mutinous spirits in Preussen; men standing on antique Prussian franchises and parchments; refusing to see that the same were now antiquated, incompatible, not to say impossible, as the new Sovereign alleged; and carrying themselves very stiffly at times. But the Hohenzollerns had been used to such things; a Hohenzollern like this one would evidently take his measures, soft but strong, and ever stronger to the needful pitch, with mutinous spirits. One Bürgermeister of Königsberg, after much stroking on the back, was at length seized in open Hall, by Electoral writ,—soldiers having first gently barricaded the principal streets, and brought cannon to bear upon them. This Bürgermeister, seized in such brief way, lay prisoner for life; refusing to ask his liberty, though it was thought he might have had it on asking.[2]

Another gentleman, a Baron von Kalkstein, of old Teutsch-Ritter kin, of very high ways, in the Provincial Estates (*Stände*) and elsewhere, got into lofty almost solitary opposition, and at length into mutiny proper, against the new '*Non-Polish Sovereign*,' and flatly refused to do homage at his accession in that new capacity.[1] Refused, Kalkstein did, for his share; fled to Warsaw; and very fiercely, in a loud manner, carried on his mutinies in the Diets and Court-Conclaves there; his plea being, or plea for the time, 'Poland is our liege lord' (which it was not always), 'and we cannot be transferred to you, except by our consent asked and given,' which too had been a little neglected on the former occasion of transfer. So that the Great Elector knew not what to do with Kalkstein; and at length (as the case was pressing) had him kidnapped by his Ambassador at Warsaw; had him 'rolled into a carpet' there, and carried swiftly in the Ambassador's coach, in the form of luggage, over the frontier, into his native Province, there to be judged, and, in the end (since nothing else would serve him), to have the sentence executed, and his head cut off. For the case was pressing![2]—These things, especially this of Kalkstein, with a boisterous Polish Diet and parliamentary eloquence in the rear of him, gave rise to criticisms; and required management on the part of the Great Elector.

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[1] Wegführer, *Leben der Kurfürstin Luise* (Leipzig, 1838), p. 175.

[2] Horn, *Das Leben Friedrich Wilhelms des Grossen* (Berlin, 1814), p. 68.

Of all his Ancestors, our little Fritz, when he grew big, admired this one. A man made like himself in many points. He seems really to have loved and honoured this one. In the year 1750 there had been a new Cathedral got finished at Berlin; the ancestral bones had to be shifted over from the vaults of the old one,—the burying-place ever since Joachim II., that Joachim who drew his sword on Alba. 'King Friedrich, with some attendants, witnessed the operation, January 1750. When the Great Kurfürst's coffin came, he made them open it; gazed in silence on the features for some time, which were perfectly recognisable; laid his hand on the hand long dead, and said, "*Messieurs, celui-ci a fait de grandes choses* (This one did a great work)"!'[3]

He died 29th April 1688;—looking with intense interest upon Dutch William's preparations to produce a Glorious Revolution in this Island; being always of an ardent Protestant feeling, and a sincerely religious man. Friedrich, Crown-Prince, age then thirty-one, and already married a second time, was of course left Chief Heir;—who, as we see, has not declined the Kingship, when a chance for it offered. There were four Half brothers of Friedrich, too, who got apanages, appointments. They had at one time confidently looked for much more, their Mother being busy; but were obliged to be content, and conform to the *Gera Bond* and fundamental Laws of the Country. They are entitled Margraves;—two of whom left children, Margraves of Brandenburg-Schwedt, *Heermeisters* (Head of the Malta-Knighthood) at Sonnenburg, Statthalters in Magdeburg, or I know not what; whose names turn-up confusedly in the Prussian Books; and, except as temporary genealogical puzzles, are not of much moment to the Foreign reader. Happily there is nothing else in the way of Princes of the Blood, in our little Friedrich's time; and happily what concern he had with these, or how he was related to them, will not be abstruse to us, if occasion rise.

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[1] Suprà, pp. 247 sqq.

[2] Horn, pp. 80-82.

[3] See Preuss, i. 270.

CHAPTER XIX

KING FRIEDRICH I. AGAIN

We said the Great Elector never could work his Silesian Duchies out of Kaiser Leopold's grip: to all his urgencies the little Kaiser in red stockings answered only in evasions, refusals; and would quit nothing. We noticed also what quarrels the young Electoral Prince, Friedrich, afterwards King, had got into with his Stepmother; suddenly feeling poisoned after dinner, running to his Aunt at Cassel, coming back on treaty, and the like. These are two facts which the reader knows: and out of these two grew a third, which it is fit he should know.

In his last years, the Great Elector, worn-out with labour, and harassed with such domestic troubles over and above, had evidently fallen much under his Wife's management; cutting-out large apanages (clear against the Gera Bond) for *her* children;—longing probably for quiet in his family at any price. As to the poor young Prince, negotiated back from Cassel, he lived remote, and had fallen into open disfavour,—with a very ill effect upon his funds, for one thing. His father kept him somewhat tight on the money-side, it is alleged; and he had rather a turn for spending money handsomely. He was also in some alarm about the proposed apanages to his Half-Brothers, the Margraves above mentioned, of which there were rumours going.

How Austria settled the Silesian Claims

Now in these circumstances the Austrian Court, who at this time (1685) greatly needed the Elector's help against Turks and others, and found him very urgent about these Silesian Duchies of his, fell upon what I must call a very extraordinary shift for getting rid of the Silesian question. 'Serene Highness,' said they, by their Ambassador at Berlin, 'to end these troublesome talks, and to liquidate all claims, admissible and inadmissible, about Silesia, the Imperial Majesty will give you an actual bit of Territory, valuable, though not so large as you expected!' The Elector listens with both ears: What Territory, then? The 'Circle of Schwiebus,' hanging on the north-western edge of Silesia, contiguous to the Elector's own Dominions in these Frankfurt-on-Oder regions: this the generous Imperial Majesty proposes to give in fee-simple to Friedrich Wilhelm, and so to end the matter. Truly a most small patch of Territory in comparison; not bigger than an English Rutlandshire, to say nothing of soil and climate! But then again it was an actual patch of territory; not a mere parchment shadow of one: this last was a tempting point to the old harassed Elector. Such friendly offer they made him, I think, in 1685, at the time they were getting 8,000 of his troops to march against the Turks for them; a very needful service at the moment. 'By the bye, do not march through Silesia, you!—Or march faster!' said the cautious Austrians on this occasion: 'Other roads will answer better than Silesia!' said they.[1] Baron Freytag, their Ambassador at Berlin had negotiated the affair so far: 'Circle of Schwiebus,' said Freytag, 'and let us have done with these thorny talks!'

But Baron Freytag had been busy, in the mean while, with the young Prince; secretly offering sympathy, counsel, help; of all which the poor Prince stood in need enough. 'We will help you in that dangerous matter of the Apanages,' said Freytag; 'Help you in all things,'—(I suppose he would say),—'necessary pocket-money is not a thing your Highness need want!' And thus Baron Freytag, what is very curious, had managed to bargain beforehand with the young Prince, That directly on coming to power, he would give-up Schwiebus again, *should* the offer of Schwiebus be accepted by Papa. To which effect Baron Freytag held a signed Bond, duly executed by the young man, before Papa had concluded at all. Which is very curious indeed!—

Poor old Papa, worn-out with troubles, accepted Schwiebus in liquidation of all claims (8th April 1686), and a few days after set his men on march against the Turks:—and, exactly two months beforehand, on the 8th of February last, the Prince had signed *his* secret engagement, That Schwiebus should be a mere phantasm to Papa; that he, the Prince, would restore it on his accession. Both these singular Parchments, signed, sealed and done in the due legal form, lay simultaneously in Freytag's hand; and probably enough they exist yet, in some dusty corner, among the solemn sheepskins of the world. This is literally the plan hit upon by an Imperial Court, to assist a young Prince in his pecuniary and other difficulties, and get rid of Silesian claims. Plan actually not unlike that of swindling money-lenders to a young gentleman in difficulties, and of manageable turn, who has got into their hands.

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[1] Pauli, v. 327, 332.

The Great Elector died two years after; Schwiebus then in his hand. The new Elector, once instructed as to the nature of the affair, refused to give-up Schwiebus;[1] declared the transaction a swindle:—and in fact, for seven years more, retained possession of Schwiebus. But the Austrian Court insisted, with emphasis, at length with threats (no insuperable pressure from Louis, or the Turks, at this time); the poor cheated Elector had, at last, to give-up Schwiebus, in terms of his promise.[2] He took act that it had been a surreptitious transaction, palmed upon him while ignorant, and while without the least authority or power to make such a promise; that he was not bound by it, nor would be, except on compulsion thus far: and as to binding Brandenburg by it, how could he, at that period of his history, bind Brandenburg? Brandenburg was not then his to bind, any more than China was.

His Raths had advised Friedrich against giving-up Schwiebus in that manner. But his answer is on record: 'I must, I will and shall keep my own word. But my rights on Silesia, which I could not, and do not in these unjust circumstances, compromise, I leave intact for my posterity to prosecute. If God and the course of events order it no otherwise than now, we must be content. But if God shall one day send the opportunity, those that come after me will know what they have to do in such case.'[3] And so Schwiebus was given up, the Austrians paying back what Brandenburg had laid out in improving it, '250,000 *gulden* (25,000*l.*)';—and the Hand of Power had in this way, finally as it hoped, settled an old troublesome account of Brandenburg's. Settled the Silesian-Duchies Claim, by the temporary Phantasm of a Gift of Schwiebus. That is literally the Liegnitz-Jägerndorf case; and the reader is to note it and remember it. For it will turn-up again in History The Hand of Power is very strong: but a stronger may perhaps get hold of its knuckles one day, at an advantageous time, and do a feat upon it.

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[1] 19th September 1689 (Pauli, vii. 74).

[2] 31st December 1694.

[3] Pauli, vii. 150.

The 'eventual succession to East-Friesland,' which had been promised by the Reich, some ten years ago, to the Great Elector, 'for what he had done against the Turks, and what he had suffered from those Swedish Invasions, in the Common Cause': this shadow of Succession, the Kaiser now said, should not be haggled with any more; but be actually realised, and the Imperial sanction to it now given,—effect to follow *if* the Friesland Line died out. Let this be some consolation for the loss of Schwiebus and your Silesian Duchies. Here in Friesland is the ghost of a coming possession; there in Schwiebus was the ghost of a going one: phantasms you shall not want for; but the Hand of Power parts not with its realities, however come by.

His real Character

Poor Friedrich led a conspicuous life as Elector and King; but no public feat he did now concerns us like this private one of Schwiebus. Historically important, this, and requiring to be remembered, while so much else demands mere oblivion from us. He was a spirited man; did soldierings, fine Siege of Bonn (July—October 1689), sieges and campaignings, in person,—valiant in action, royal especially in patience there,—during that Third War of Louis-Fourteenth's, the Treaty-of-Ryswick one. All through the Fourth, or Spanish Succession-War, his Prussian Ten-Thousand, led by fit generals, showed eminently what stuff they were made of. Witness Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau (still a *young* Dessauer) on the field of Blenheim;—Leopold had the right wing there, and saved Prince Eugene who was otherwise blown to pieces, while Marlborough stormed and conquered on the left. Witness the same Dessauer on the field of Hochstädt the year before;[1] how he managed the retreat there. Or see him at the Bridge of Cassano (1705); in the Lines of Turin (1706);[2] wherever hot service was on hand. At Malplaquet, in those murderous inexpugnable French Lines, bloodiest of obstinate Fights (upwards of Thirty-thousand left on the ground), the Prussians brag that it was they who picked their way through a certain peat-bog, reckoned impassable; and got fairly in upon the French wing,—to the huge comfort of Marlborough, and little Eugene his brisk comrade on that occasion. Marlborough knew well the worth of these Prussian troops, and also how to stroke his Majesty into continuing them in the field.

He was an expensive King, surrounded by cabals, by Wartenbergs male and female, by whirlpools of intrigues, which, now that the game is over, become very forgettable. But one finds he was a strictly honourable man; with a certain height and generosity of mind, capable of other nobleness than the upholstery kind. He had what we may call a hard life of it; did and suffered a good deal in his day and generation, not at all in a dishonest or unmanful manner. In fact, he is quite recognisably a Hohenzollern,—with his back half broken. Readers recollect that sad accident: how the Nurse, in one of those headlong journeys which his Father and Mother were always making, let the poor child fall or jerk backward; and spoiled him much, and indeed was thought to have killed him, by that piece of inattention. He was not yet Hereditary Prince, he was only second son: but the elder died; and he became Elector, King; and had to go with his spine distorted,—distortion not glaringly conspicuous, though undeniable;—and to act the Hohenzollern *so*. Nay, who knows but it was this very jerk, and the half-ruin of his nervous system,—this doubled wish to be beautiful, and this crooked-back capable of being hid or decorated into straightness,—

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[1] Varnhagen von Ense, *Biographische Denkmale* (Berlin, 1845), ii. 155.

[2] *Des weltberühmten Fürstens Leopoldi von Anhalt-Dessau Leben und Thaten* (Leipzig, 1742, anonymous, by one *Michael Ranfft*), pp. 53, 61.

that first set the poor man on thinking of expensive ornamentalities, and Kingships in particular? History will forgive the Nurse in that case.

Perhaps History has dwelt too much on the blind side of this expensive King. Toland, on entering his country, was struck rather with the signs of good administration everywhere. No sooner have you crossed the Prussian Border, out of Westphalia, says Toland, than smooth highways, well-tilled fields, and a general air of industry and regularity, are evident: solid milestones, brass-bound, and with brass inscription, tell the traveller where he is; who finds due guidance of fingerposts, too, and the blessing of habitable inns. The people seem all to be busy, diligently occupied; villages reasonably swept and whitewashed;—never was a better set of Parish Churches; whether new-built or old, they are all in brand-new repair. The contrast with Westphalia is immediate and great; but indeed that was a sad country, to anybody but a patient Toland, who knows the causes of phenomena. No inns there, except of the naturally savage sort. 'A man is very happy if he finds clean straw to sleep on, without expecting sheets or coverings; let him readily dispense with plates, forks and napkins, if he can get anything to eat.' 'He must be content to have the cows, swine and poultry for his fellow-lodgers, and to go in at the same passage that the smoke comes out at, for there 's no other vent for it but the door; which makes foreigners commonly say that the people of Westphalia enter their houses by the chimney.' And observe withal: 'This is the reason why their beef and hams are so finely prepared and ripened; for the fireplace being backwards, the smoke must spread over all the house before it gets to the door; which makes everything within of a russet or sable colour, not excepting the hands and faces of the meaner sort.[1] If Prussia yield to Westphalia in ham, in all else she is strikingly superior.

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[1] *An Account of the Courts of Prussia and Hanover*, by Mr. Toland (cited already), p. 4.

He founded Universities, this poor King; University of Halle; Royal Academy of Berlin, Leibnitz presiding: he fought for Protestantism;—did what he could for the cause of Cosmos *versus* Chaos, after his fashion. The magnificences of his Charlottenburgs, Oranienburgs and numerous Country-houses made Toland almost poetic. An affable kindly man withal, though quick of temper; his word sacred to him. A man of many troubles, and acquainted with 'the infinitely little (*l'infiniment petit*),' as his Queen termed it.

CHAPTER XX

DEATH OF KING FRIEDRICH I

OLD King Friedrich I. had not much more to do in the world, after witnessing the christening of his Grandson of like name. His leading forth or sending forth of troops, his multiplex negotiations, solemn ceremonials, sad changes of ministry, sometimes transacted 'with tears,' are mostly ended; the ever-whirling dust-vortex of intrigues, of which he has been the centre for a five-and-twenty years, is settling down finally towards everlasting rest. No more will Marlborough come and dextrously talk him over,—proud to 'serve as cupbearer,' on occasion, to so high a King,—for new bodies of men to help in the next campaign: we have ceased to be a King worthy of such a cupbearer, and Marlborough's campaigns too are all ended.

Much is ended. They are doing the sorrowful Treaty of Utrecht; Louis XIV. himself is ending; mournfully shrunk into the corner, with his Missal and his Maintenon; looking back with just horror on Europe four times set ablaze for the sake of one poor mortal in big periwig, to no purpose. Lucky if perhaps Missal-work, orthodox litanies, and even Protestant Dragonades, can have virtue to wipe-out such a score against a man! Unhappy Louis: the sun-bright gold has become dim as copper; we rose in storms, and we are setting in watery clouds. The Kaiser himself (Karl VI., Leopold's Son, Joseph I.'s younger Brother) will have to conform to this Treaty of Utrecht: what other possibility for him?

The English, always a wonderful nation, fought and subsidied from side to side of Europe for this Spanish-Succession business; fought ten years, such fighting as they never did before or since, under 'John Duke of Marlb*o*rough,' who, as is well known, 'beat the French thorough and thorough.' French entirely beaten at last, not without heroic difficulty and as noble talent as was ever shown in diplomacy and war, are ready to do your will in all things; in this of giving-up Spain, among others:—whereupon the English turn round, with a sudden new thought, 'No, we will not have our *will* done; it shall be the other way, the way it *was*,—now that we bethink ourselves, after all this fighting for our will!' And make Peace on those terms, as if no war had been; and accuse the great Marlborough of many things, of theft for one. A wonderful People; and in the Continental Politics (which indeed consist chiefly of Subsidies) thrice wonderful. So the Treaty of Utrecht is transacting itself; which that of Rastadt, on the part of Kaiser and Empire, unable to get on without Subsidies, will have to follow: and after such quantities of powder burnt, and courageous lives wasted, general *As-you-were* is the result arrived at.

Old Friedrich's Ambassadors are present at Utrecht, jangling and pleading among the rest; at Berlin too the dispatch of business goes lumbering on; but what thing, in the shape of business, at Utrecht or at Berlin, is of much importance to the old man? Seems as if Europe itself were waxing dim, and sinking to stupid sleep,—as we, in our poor royal person, full surely are. A Crown has been achieved, and diamond buttons worth 1500*l.* apiece; but what is a Crown, and what are buttons, after all?—I suppose the tattle and *singeries* of little Wilhelmina, whom he would spend whole days with; this and occasional visits to a young Fritzchen's cradle, who is thriving moderately, and will speak and do aperies one day,—are his main solacements in the days that are passing. Much of this Friedrich's life has gone-off like the smoke of fireworks, has faded sorrowfully, and proved phantasmal. Here is an old Autograph Note, written by him at the side of that Cradle, and touching on a slight event there; which, as it connects two venerable Correspondents and their Seventeenth Century with a grand Phenomenon of the Eighteenth, we will insert here. The old King addresses his older Mother-in-law, famed Electress Sophie of Hanover, in these terms (spelling corrected):

'*Charlottenburg, den* 30 *August* 1712.

'*Ew. Churf. Durchlaucht werden sich zweifelsohne mit uns erfreuen dass der kleine Printz* (Prinz) *Fritz nuhnmero* (nunmehr) 6 *Zehne* (Zähne) *hat und ohne die geringste incommoditet* (-tät). *Daraus kann man auch die* predestination *sehen, dass alle seine Bruder haben daran sterben müssen, dieser aber bekommt sie ohne Mühe wie seine Schwester. Gott erhalte ihn uns noch lange sum trohst* (Trost), *in dessen Schutz ich dieselbe ergebe und lebenslang verbleibe,*

'*Ew. Churf. Durchl. gehorsamster Diener und treuer Sohn,*

'FRIEDRICH R.'[1]

Of which this is the literal English:

'Your Electoral Serenity will doubtless rejoice with us that the little Prince Fritz has now got his sixth tooth without the least *incommodité*. And therein we may trace a predestination, inasmuch as his Brothers died of teething' (*Not of cannon-sound and weight of head-gear, then, your Majesty thinks? That were a painful thought!*); 'and this one, as his Sister' (*Wilhelmina*) 'did, gets them' (*the teeth*) 'without trouble. God preserve him long for a comfort to us:—to whose protection I commit *Dieselbe*' (*Your Electoral Highness, in the third person*), 'and remain lifelong your Electoral Highness's most obedient Servant and true Son,

'FRIEDRICH REX.'

One of Friedrich Rex's worst adventures was his latest; commenced some five or six years ago (1708), and now not far from terminating. He was a Widower, of weakly constitution, towards fifty: his beautiful ingenious 'Serena,' with all her Theologies, pinch-of-snuff Coronations and other earthly troubles, was dead; and the task of continuing the Hohenzollern progeny, given-over to Friedrich Wilhelm the Prince Royal, was thought to be in good hands. Majesty Friedrich with the weak back had retired, in 1708, to Karlsbad, to rest from his cares; to take the salutary waters, and recruit his weak nerves a little. Here, in the course of confidential promenadings, it was hinted, it was represented to him by some pickthank of a courtier, That the task of continuing the Hohenzollern progeny did not seem to prosper in the present good hands; that Sophie Dorothee, Princess Royal, had already borne two royal infants which had speedily died; that in fact it was to be gathered from the medical men, if not from their words, then from their looks and cautious innuendos, that Sophie Dorothee, Princess Royal, would never produce a Prince or even Princess that would live: which task, therefore, did now again seem to devolve upon his Majesty, if his Majesty had not insuperable objections? Majesty had no insuperable objections; old Majesty listened to the flattering tale; and, sure enough, he smarted for it in a signal manner.

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[1] Preuss, *Friedrich der Grosse* (*Historische Skizze*, Berlin, 1838), p. 380.

By due industry, a Princess was fixed upon for Bride, Princess Sophie Louisa of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, age now twenty-four: she was got as Wife, and came home to Berlin in all pomp;—but good came not with her to anybody there. Not only did she bring the poor old man no children, which was a fault to be overlooked, considering Sophie Dorothee's success; but she brought a querulous, weak and self-sufficient female humour; found his religion heterodox,—he being Calvinist, and perhaps even lax-Calvinist, she Lutheran as the Prussian Nation is, and strict to the bone:—heterodox wholly, to the length of no salvation possible; and times rose on the Berlin Court such as had never been seen before! 'No salvation possible, says my Dearest? Hah! And an innocent Court-Mask or Dancing Soirée is criminal in the sight of God and of the Queen? And we are children of wrath wholly, and a frivolous generation; and the Queen will see us all—!'—

The end was, his Majesty, through sad solitary days and nights, repented bitterly that he had wedded such a She-Dominic; grew quite estranged from her; the poor She-Dominic giving him due return in her way,—namely, living altogether in her own apartments, upon orthodoxy, jealousy and other bad nourishment. Till at length she went quite mad; and, except the due medical and other attendants, nobody saw her, or spoke of her, at Berlin. Was this a cheering issue of such an adventure to the poor old expensive Gentleman? He endeavoured to digest in silence the bitter morsel he had cooked for himself; but reflected often, as an old King might, What dirt have I eaten!

In this way stands that matter in the Schloss of Berlin, when little Friedrich, who will one day be called the Great, is born. Habits of the expensive King, hours of rising, modes of dressing, and so forth, are to be found in Pöllnitz;[1] but we charitably omit them all. Even from foolish Pöllnitz a good eye will gather, what was above intimated, that this feeble-backed, heavy-laden old King was of humane and just disposition; had dignity in his demeanour; had reticence, patience; and, though hot-tempered like all the Hohenzollerns, that he bore himself like a perfect gentleman for one thing; and tottered along his high-lying lonesome road not in an unmanful manner at all. Had not his nerves been damaged by that fall in infancy, who knows but we might have had something else to read of him than that he was regardless of expense in this world!

His last scene, of date February 1713, is the tragical ultimatum of that fine Karlsbad adventure of the Second marriage,—Third marriage, in fact, though the First, anterior to 'Serena,' is apt to be forgotten, having lasted short while, and produced only a Daughter, not memorable except by accident. This Third marriage, which had brought so many sorrows to him, proved at length the death of the old man. For he sat one morning, in the chill February days of the Year 1713, in his Apartment, as usual; weak of nerves, but thinking no special evil; when, suddenly with huge jingle, the glass-door of his room went to shreds; and there rushed in—bleeding and dishevelled, the fatal 'White Lady' (*Weisse Frau*), who is understood to walk that Schloss at Berlin, and announce Death to the Royal inhabitants. Majesty had fainted, or was fainting. 'Weisse Frau? Oh no, your Majesty!'—not that; but indeed something almost worse. — —Mad Queen, in her Apartments, had been seized, that day, when half or quarter dressed, with unusual orthodoxy or unusual jealousy. Watching her opportunity, she had whisked into the corridor, in extreme deshabille; and gone, like the wild roe, towards Majesty's Suite of Rooms; through Majesty's glass-door, like a catapult; and emerged as we saw,—in petticoat and shift, with hair streaming, eyes glittering, arms cut, and the other sad trimmings. O Heaven, who could laugh? There are tears due to Kings and to all men. It was deep misery; deep enough '*sin* and misery,' as Calvin well says, on the one side and the other! The poor old King was carried to bed; and never rose again, but died in a few days. The date of the *Weisse Frau's* death, one might have hoped, was not distant either; but she lasted, in her sad state, for above twenty years coming.

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[1] Pöllnitz, *Memoiren zur Lebens -und Regierungs-Geschichte der Vier letzten Regenten des Preussischen Staats* (Berlin, 1791). A vague, inexact, but not quite uninstructive or uninteresting Book: Printed also in *French*, which was the Original, same place and time.

Old King Friedrich's death-day was 25th February 1713; the unconscious little Grandson being then in his Fourteenth month. To whom, after this long voyage round the world, we now gladly return.

*** *By way of reinforcement to any recollection the reader may have of these Twelve Hohenzollern Kurfürsts, I will append a continuous list of them, with here and there an indication.*

THE TWELVE HOHENZOLLERN ELECTORS

1°. Friedrich i. (as Burggraf, was Friedrich vi.): born, it is inferred, 1372 (*Rentsch*, p. 350); accession, 18th April 1417; died 21st September 1440. Had come to Brandenburg, 1412, as Statthalter. The Quitzows and *Heavy Peg.*

2°. Friedrich ii.: 19th November 1413; 21st September 1440; 10th Febr. 1472. Friedrich *Ironteeth;* tames the Berlin Burghers. Spoke Polish, was to have been Polish King. Cannon-shot upon his dinner-table shatters his nerves so, that he abdicates, and soon dies. Johannes Alchymista his elder Brother; Albert Achilles his younger.

3°. Albert (Achilles): 24th November 1414; 10th February 1471; 11th March 1486. Third son of Friedrich i.; is lineal Progenitor of all the rest.

Eldest Son, Johann Cicero, follows as Kurfürst; a Younger Son, Friedrich (by a different Mother), got Culmbach, and produced the Elder Line there. (See Genealogical Diagram, p. 318.)

4°. Johann (Cicero): 2d August 1455; 11th March 1486; 9th Jan. 1499. Big John. Friedrich of Culmbach's elder (Half-) Brother.

5°. Joachim i.: 21st February 1484; 9th January 1499; 11th July 1535. Loud in the Reformation times; finally declares peremptorily for the Conservative side. Wife (Sister of Christian ii. of Denmark) runs away.

Younger Brother Albert Kur-Mainz, whom Hutten celebrated: born 1490; Archbishop of Magdeburg and Halberstadt 1513, of Mainz 1514; died 1545: set Tetzel, and the Indulgence, on foot.

6°. Joachim ii. (Hector): 9th January 1505; 11th July 1535; 3d January 1571. Sword drawn on Alba once. *Erbverbrüderung* with Liegnitz. Staircase at Grimnitz. A weighty industrious Kurfürst.

Declared himself Protestant, 1539. First Wife (mother of his Successor) was Daughter to Duke George of Saxony, Luther's 'If it rained Duke Georges.'—Johann of Cüstrin was a younger Brother of his: died ten days after Joachim; left no Son.

7°. JOHANN GEORGE: 11th September 1525; 3d January 1571; 8th January 1598. Cannon-shot, at Siege of Wittenberg, upon Kaiser Karl and him. Gera Bond.

Married a Silesian Duke of Leignitz's Daughter (result of the *Erbverbrüderung* there,—Antea, p. 237). Had twenty-three children. It was to him that Baireuth and Anspach fell home: he settled them on his second and his third sons, Christian and Joachim Ernst; founders of the New Line of Baireuth and Anspach. (See Genealogical Diagram, p. 318.)

8°. JOACHIM FRIEDRICH: 27th January 1546; 8th January 1598; 18th July 1608. Archbishop of Magdeburg first of all,—to keep the place filled. Joachimsthal School at old Castle of Grimnitz. Very vigilant for Preussen; which was near falling due.

Two of his Younger Sons, Johann George (1577-1624) to whom he gave *Jägerndorf*, and that Archbishop of Magdeburg, who was present in Tilly's storm, got both wrecked in the Thirty-Years War;—not without results, in the Jägerndorf case.

9°. JOHANN SIGISMUND: 8th November 1572; 18th July 1608; 23d December 1619. Preussen: Cleve; Slap on the face to Neuburg.

10°. GEORGE WILHELM: 3d November 1595; 22d November 1619; 21st November 1640. The unfortunate of the Thirty-Years War. *'Que faire; ils ont des canons!'*

11°. FRIEDRICH WILHELM: 6th February 1620; 21st November 1640; 29th April 1688. The Great Elector.

12°. FRIEDRICH III.: 1st July 1657; 29th April 1688; 25th February 1713. First King (18th January 1701).

3d Kurfürst (1471-1486),
Albert Achilles.

ELDER CULMBACH LINE.

Friedrich, second son of Kurfürst Albert Achilles, younger Brother of Johannes Cicero, got ***Culmbach***; Anspach first, then Baireuth on the death of a younger Brother. Born 1460; got Anspach 1486, Baireuth 1495; followed Max in his *Venetian Campaign*, 1508; fell *imbecile* 1515; died 1536. Had a Polish Wife; from whom came interests in Hungary as well as Poland to his children. Friedrich had Three notable Sons,

1. **Casimir,** who got *Baireuth* (1515): born 1481; died 1527. Very truculent in the Peasants' War.

Albert *Alcibiades*: a man of great mark in his day (1522-1557); never married. Two Sisters, with one of whom he took shelter at last; no Brother.

2. **George the Pious,** who got *Anspach* (1515): born 1484; died 1543; got Jägerndorf, by purchase, from his Mother's Hungarian connexion, 1524. Protestant declared, 1528; and makes honourable figure in the Histories thenceforth. The George of Kaiser Karl's '*Nit-Kop-ab.*' One Son,

George Friedrich: born 1539; went to administer Preussen when Cousin became incompetent; died 1603. Heir to his Father in *Anspach* and *Jägerndorf*; also to his Cousin Alcibiades in *Baireuth*. Had been left a minor (boy of 4, as the reader sees); Alcibiades his Guardian for a little while: from which came great difficulties, and unjust ruin would have come, had not Kurfürst Joachim I. been helpful and vigorous in his behalf. George Friedrich got at length most of his Territories into hand: Anspach and Baireuth unimpaired, Jägerndorf too, except that Ratibor and Oppeln were much eaten into by the Imperial chicaneries in that quarter. Died 1603, without children;—upon which his Territories all reverted to the main Brandenburg line, namely, to Johann George Seventh Kurfürst, or his representatives, according to the *Gera Bond*; and the 'Elder Culmbach Line' had ended in this manner.

3. **Albert;** born 1490; Hochmeister of the Teutsch Ritters, 1511; declares himself Protestant, and Duke of Prussia, 1525; died 1568.

One Son, **Albert Friedrich:** born 1553; follows as Duke 1568, declared *melancholic* 1573; died 1618. His Cousin George Friedrich administered for him till 1603; after which Joachim Friedrich; and then, lastly, Joachim Friedrich's Son, Johann Sigismund, the Ninth Kurfürst. Had married the Heiress of Cleve (whence came a celebrated Cleve Controversy in after-times). No son; a good many daughters; eldest of whom was married to Kurfürst Johann Sigismund; from her came the controverted Cleve Property.

7th Kurfürst (1571-1598),
Johann George.

YOUNGER CULMBACH LINE.

Kurfürst Johann George settled Baireuth and Anspach on Two of his Younger Sons, who are Founders of the 'Younger Culmbach Line' (*Split* Line or Pair of *Lines*). Jägerndorf the new Kurfürst, Joachim Friedrich, kept; settled it on one of his younger sons. Here are the two new Founders in Baireuth and Anspach, and some indication of their 'Lines,' so far as important to us at present:

Baireuth.

(1.) **Christian,** second son of Kurfürst Johann George: born 1581; got Baireuth 1603; died 1655. A distinguished Governor in his sphere. Had two sons; the elder died before him, but left a son, Christian Ernst; who (2.) succeeded, and (3.) whose son, George Wilhelm: 1644, 1655, 1712; 1678, 1712, 1726, (are *birth*, *accession*, *end* of these two); the latter of whom had no son that lived.

Upon which the posterity of Christian's *second* son succeeded. Second son of Christian notable to us in two little ways:

First, That *he*, George Albert, Margraf of *Culm*bach, is the inscrutable 'Marquis de *Lulen*bach' of *Bromley's Letters* (antea, p. 187, let the Commentators take comfort!):

Second and better, That from him came our little Wilhelmina's Husband,—as will be afterwards explained. It was his grandson (4.) that succeeded in Baireuth, George Friedrich Karl (1688, 1726, 1735); Father of Wilhelmina's Husband. After whom (5.) his Son Friedrich (1711, 1735, 1763), Wilhelmina's Husband; who leaving (1763) nothing but a daughter, Baireuth fell to Anspach, 1769, after an old Uncle (6.), childless, had also died.

Six Baireuth Margraves of this Line; *five* generations: and then to Anspach, in 1769.

Anspach.

(1.) **Joachim Ernst,** third son of Kurfürst Johann George: born 1583; got Anspach 1603; died 1625. Had military tendencies, experiences; did not thrive as Captain of the *Evangelical Union* (1619-1620) when *Winter-King* came up and *Thirty-Years War* along with him. Left two sons; elder of whom (2.) Friedrich, nominally Sovereign, age still only eighteen, fell in the Battle of Nördlingen (worst battle of the Thirty-Years War 1634); and the younger of whom (3.) Albert, succeeded (1620, 1634, 1667), and his son (4) Johann Friedrich (1654, 1667, 1686): and (5, 6, 7), no fewer than three grandsons,—children mostly, though entitled 'sovereign,'—in a *parallel* way (Christian Albert, 1675, 1686, 1692; George Friedrich, 1678, 1692, 1703; Wilhelm Friedrich, 1685, 1703, 1723). Two little points notable here also, and no third:

First, That one of the grand-*daughters*, full-sister of the last of these three parallel figures, half-sister of the two former, was —Queen Caroline, George II.'s wife, who has still some fame with us.

Second, That the youngest of said three grandsons, Queen Caroline's full-brother, left a son then minor, who became major (8.) and wedded a Sister of our dear little Wilhelmina's, of whom we shall hear (Karl Wilhelm Friedrich, 1712, 1723, 1757); unmomentous Margraf otherwise. His and her one son it was (9.) Christian Friedrich Karl Alexander (1736, 1757, 1806), who inherited Baireuth, inherited Actress Clairon, Lady Craven, and at Hammersmith (House once Bubb Duddington's, if that has any charm) ended the affair.

Nine Anspach Margraves: in *five* generations: end, 1806.

BOOK IV

FRIEDRICH'S APPRENTICESHIP, FIRST STAGE

1713-1723

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD: DOUBLE EDUCATIONAL ELEMENT

Of Friedrich's childhood, there is not, after all our reading, much that it would interest the English public to hear tell of. Perhaps not much of knowable that deserves anywhere to be known. Books on it, expressly handling it, and Books on Friedrich Wilhelm's Court and History, of which it is always a main element, are not wanting: but they are mainly of the sad sort, which, with pain and difficulty teach us nothing. Books done by pedants and tenebrific persons, under the name of men; dwelling not on things, but, at endless length, on the outer husks of things: of unparalleled confusion, too;—not so much as an Index granted you; to the poor half-peck of cinders, hidden in these wagonloads of ashes, no sieve allowed! Books tending really to fill the mind with mere dust-whirlwinds,—if the mind did not straightway blow them out again; which it does. Of these let us say nothing. Seldom had so curious a Phenomenon worse treatment from the Dryasdust species.

Among these Books, touching on Friedrich's childhood, and treating of his Father's Court, there is hardly above one that we can characterise as fairly human: the Book written by his little Sister Wilhelmina, when she grew to size and knowledge of good and evil;[1]—and this, of what flighty uncertain nature it is, the world partly knows. A human Book, however, not a pedant one: there is a most shrill female soul busy with intense earnestness here; looking, and teaching us to look. We find it a *veracious* Book, done with heart, and from eyesight and insight; of a veracity deeper than the superficial sort. It is full of mistakes, indeed; and exaggerates dreadfully, in its shrill female way; but is above intending to deceive: deduct the due subtrahend,—say perhaps twenty-five per cent., or in extreme cases as high as seventy-five,—you will get some human image of credible actualities from Wilhelmina. Practically she is our one resource on this matter. Of the strange King Friedrich Wilhelm and his strange Court, with such an Heir-Apparent growing up in it, there is no real light to be had, except what Wilhelmina gives,—or kindles dark Books of others into giving. For that, too, on long study, is the result of her, here and there. With so flickery a wax-taper held over Friedrich's childhood,—and the other dirty tallow-dips all going out in intolerable odour,—judge if our success can be very triumphant!

We perceive the little creature has got much from Nature; not the big arena only, but fine inward gifts, for he is well-born in more senses than one;—and that in the breeding of him there are two elements noticeable, widely diverse: the French and the German. This is perhaps the chief peculiarity: best worth laying hold of, with the due comprehension, if our means allow.

First Educational Element, the French one

His nurses, governesses, simultaneous and successive, mostly of French breed, are duly set down in the Prussian Books, and held in mind as a point of duty by Prussian men; but, in foreign parts, cannot be considered otherwise than as a group, and merely with generic features. He had a Frau von Kamecke for Head Governess,—the lady whom Wilhelmina, in her famed *Mémoires*, always writes *Kamken*; and of whom, except the floating gossip found in that Book, there is nothing to be remembered. Under her, as practical superintendent, *Sous-gouvernante* and quasi-mother, was the Dame de Roucoulles, a more important person for us here. Dame de Roucoulles, once de Montbail, the same respectable Edict-of-Nantes French lady who, five-and-twenty years ago, had taken similar charge of Friedrich Wilhelm; a fact that speaks well for the character of her performance in that office. She had done her first edition of a Prussian Prince in a satisfactory manner; and not without difficult accidents and singularities, as we have heard: the like of which were spared her in this her second edition (so we may call it); a second and, in all manner of ways, an improved one. The young Fritz swallowed no shoebuckles; did not leap out of window, hanging-on by the hands; nor achieve anything of turbulent, or otherwise memorable, in his infantine history; the course of which was in general smooth, and runs, happily for it, below the ken of rumour. The Boy, it is said, and is easily credible, was of extraordinary vivacity; quick in apprehending all things, and gracefully relating himself to them. One of the prettiest, vividest little boys; with eyes, with mind and ways, of uncommon brilliancy;—only he takes less to soldiering than the paternal heart could wish; and appears to find other things in the world fully as notable as loud drums, and stiff men drawn-up in rows. Moreover, he is apt to be a little unhealthy now and then, and requires care from his nurses, over whom the judicious Roucoulles has to be very vigilant.

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[1] *Mémoires de Frédérique Sophie Wilhelmine de Prusse, Margrave de Bareith* (Brunswick, Paris et Londres, 1812), 2 vols. 8vo.

Of this respectable Madame de Roucoulles I have read, at least seven times, what the Prussian Books say of her by way of Biography; but it is always given in their dull tombstone style; it has moreover next to no importance; and I,—alas, I do not yet too well remember it! She was from Normandy;

of gentle blood, never very rich; Protestant, in the Edict-of-Nantes time; and had to fly her country, a young widow, with daughter and mother-in-law hanging on her; the whole of them almost penniless. However, she was kindly received at the Court of Berlin, as usual in that sad case; and got some practical help towards living in her new country. Queen Sophie Charlotte had liked her society; and finding her of prudent intelligent turn, and with the style of manners suitable, had given her Friedrich Wilhelm to take charge of. She was at that time Madame de Montbail; widow, as we said: she afterwards wedded Roucoulles, a refugee gentleman of her own Nation, who had gone into the Prussian Army, as was common for the like of him. She had again become a widow, Madame de Roucoulles this time, with her daughter Montbail still about her, when, by the grateful good sense of Friedrich Wilhelm, she was again intrusted as we see;—and so had the honour of governessing Frederick the Great for the first seven years of his life. Respectable lady, she oversaw his nurses, pap-boats,—'beer-soup and bread,' he himself tells us once, was his main diet in boyhood,—beer-soups, dress-frocks, first attempts at walking; and then also his little bits of intellectualities, moralities; his incipiencies of speech, demeanour, and spiritual development; and did her function very honestly, there is no doubt.

Wilhelmina mentions her, at a subsequent period; and we have a glimpse of this same Roucoulles, gliding about among the royal young-folk, 'with only one tooth left' (figuratively speaking), and somewhat given to tattle, in Princess Wilhelmina's opinion. Grown very old now, poor lady; and the dreadfulest bore, when she gets upon Hanover and her experiences, and Queen Sophie Charlotte's, in that stupendously magnificent court under Gentleman Ernst. Shun that topic, if you love your peace of mind![1]—She did certainly superintend the Boy Fritzkin for his first seven years; that is a glory that cannot be taken from her. And her pupil, too, we agreeably perceive, was always grateful for her services in that capacity. Once a-week, if he were in Berlin, during his youthful time, he was sure to appear at the Roucoulles Soirée, and say and look various pleasant things to his '*chère Maman* (dear Mamma),' as he used to call her, and to the respectable small party she had. Not to speak of other more substantial services, which also were not wanting.

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[1] *Mémoires* (above cited).

Roucoulles and the other female souls, mainly French, among whom the incipient Fritz now was, appear to have done their part as well as could be looked for. Respectable Edict-of-Nantes French ladies, with high head-gear, wide hoops; a clear, correct, but somewhat barren and meagre species, tight-laced and high-frizzled in mind and body. It is not a very fertile element for a young soul; not very much of silent piety in it; and perhaps of vocal piety more than enough in proportion. An element founding on what they call 'enlightened Protestantism,' 'freedom of thought,' and the like, which is apt to become loquacious, and too conscious of itself; tending, on the whole, rather to contempt of the false, than to deep or very effective recognition of the true.

But it is, in some important senses, a clear and pure element withal. At lowest, there are no conscious semi-falsities or volunteer hypocrisies, taught the poor Boy; honour, clearness, truth of word at least; a decorous dignified bearing; various thin good things, are honestly inculcated and exemplified; nor is any bad, ungraceful or suspicious thing permitted there, if recognised for such. It might have been a worse element; and we must be thankful for it. Friedrich, through life, carries deep traces of this French-Protestant incipiency: a very big wide-branching royal tree, in the end; but as small and flexible a seedling once as any one of us.

The good old Dame De Roucoulles just lived to witness his accession; on which grand juncture and afterwards, as he had done before, he continued to express, in graceful and useful ways, his gratitude and honest affection to her and hers.

Tea-services, presents in cut-glass and other kinds, with Letters that were still more precious to the old Lady, had come always at due intervals: and one of his earliest kingly gifts was that of some suitable small pension for Montbail, the elderly daughter of this poor old Roucoulles,[1] who was just singing her *Dimittas*, as it were, still in a blithe and pious manner. For she saw now (in 1740) her little nurseling grown to be a brilliant man and King; King gone out to the Wars, too, with all Europe inquiring and wondering what the issue would be. As for her, she closed her poor old eyes, at this stage of the business; piously, in foreign parts, far from her native Normandy; and did not see farther what the issue was. Good old Dame, I have, as was observed, read some seven times over what they call biographical accounts of her; but have seven times (by Heaven's favour, I do partly believe) mostly forgotten them again; and would not, without cause, inflict on any reader the like sorrow. To remember one worthy thing, how many thousand unworthy things must a man be able to forget!

From this Edict-of-Nantes environment, which taught our young Fritz his first lessons of human behaviour,—a polite sharp little Boy, we do hope and understand,—he learned also to clothe his bits of notions, emotions, and garrulous utterabilities, in the French dialect. Learned to speak, and likewise, what is more important, to *think*, in French; which was otherwise quite domesticated in the Palace, and became his second mother-tongue. Not a bad dialect; yet also none of the best. Very lean and shallow, if very clear and convenient; leaving much in poor Fritz unuttered, unthought, unpractised, which might otherwise have come into activity in the course of his life. He learned to read very soon, I presume; but he did not, now or afterwards, ever learn to spell. He spells indeed dreadfully *ill*, at his first appearance on the writing stage, as we shall see by and by; and he continued, to the last, one of the bad spellers of his day. A circumstance which I never can fully account for, and will leave to the reader's study.

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[1] Preuss, *Friedrich der Grosse, eine Lebensgeschichte* (5 vols. Berlin, 1832-1834), v. (Urkundenbuch, p. 4). *Œuvres de Frédéric* (same Preuss's Edition, Berlin, 1846-1850, etc.), xvi. 184, 191.—The Herr Doctor J. D. E. Preuss, 'Historiographer of Brandenburg,' devoted wholly to the study of Friedrich for five-and-twenty years past, and for above a dozen years busily engaged in editing the *Œuvres de Frédéric*,—has, besides that *Lebensgeschichte* just cited, three or four smaller Books, of indistinctly different titles, on the same subject. A meritoriously exact man; acquainted with the outer details of Friedrich's Biography (had he any way of arranging, organising or setting them forth) as few men ever were or will be. We shall mean always this *Lebensgeschichte* here, when no other title is given; and *Œuvres de Frédéric* shall signify *his* Edition unless the contrary be stated.

From all manner of sources,—from inferior valetaille, Prussian Officials, Royal Majesty itself when not in gala,—he learned, not less rootedly, the corrupt Prussian dialect of German; and used the same, all his days, among his soldiers, native officials, common subjects and wherever it was most convenient; speaking it, and writing and mis-spelling it, with great freedom, though always with a certain aversion and undisguised contempt, which has since brought him blame in some quarters. It is true, the Prussian form of German is but rude; and probably Friedrich, except sometimes in Luther's Bible, never read any German Book. What, if we will think of it, could he know of his first mother-tongue! German, to this day, is a frightful dialect for the stupid, the pedant and dullard sort! Only in the hands of the gifted does it become supremely good. It had not yet been the language of any Goethe, any Lessing; though it stood on the eve of becoming such. It had already been the language of Luther, of Ulrich Hutten, Friedrich Barbarossa, Charlemagne and others. And several extremely important things had been said in it, and some pleasant ones even sung in it, from an old date, in a very appropriate manner,—had Crown-Prince Friedrich known all that. But he could not reasonably be expected to know:—and the wiser Germans now forgive him for not knowing, and are even thankful that he did not.

CHAPTER II

THE GERMAN ELEMENT

So that, as we said, there are two elements for young Fritz, and highly diverse ones, from both of which he is to draw nourishment, and assimilate what he can. Besides that Edict-of-Nantes French element, and in continual contact and contrast with it, which prevails chiefly in the Female Quarters of the Palace,—there is the native German element for young Fritz, of which the centre is Papa, now come to be King, and powerfully manifesting himself as such. An abrupt peremptory young King; and German to the bone. Along with whom, companions to him in his social hours, and fellow-workers in his business, are a set of very rugged German sons of Nature; differing much from the French sons of Art. Baron Grumkow, Leopold Prince of Anhalt-Dessau (not yet called the '*Old* Dessauer,' being under forty yet), General Glasenap, Colonel Derschau, General Flans; these, and the other nameless Generals and Officials, are a curious counterpart to the Camases, the Hautcharmoys and Forcades, with their nimble tongues and rapiers; still more to the Beausobres, Achards, full of ecclesiastical logic, made of Bayle and Calvin kneaded together; and to the high-frizzled ladies rustling in stiff silk, with the shadow of Versailles and of the Dragonades alike present to them.

Born Hyperboreans these others; rough as hemp, and stout of fibre as hemp; native products of the rigorous North. Of whom, after all our reading, we know little.—O Heaven, they have had long lines of rugged ancestors, cast in the same rude stalwart mould, and leading their rough life there, of whom we know absolutely nothing! Dumb all those preceding busy generations; and this of Friedrich Wilhelm is grown almost dumb. Grim semi-articulate Prussian men; gone all to pipeclay and moustache for us. Strange blondcomplexioned, not unbeautiful Prussian honourable women, in hoops, brocades, and unintelligible head-gear, and hair-towers, —*ach Gott!* they too are gone; and their musical talk, in the French or German language, that also is gone; and the hollow Eternities have swallowed it, as their wont is, in a very surprising manner!—

Grumkow, a cunning, greedy-hearted, long-headed fellow, of the old Pomeranian Nobility by birth, has a kind of superficial polish put upon his Hyperboreanisms; he has been in foreign countries, doing legations, diplomacies, for which, at least for the vulpine parts of which, he has a turn. He writes and speaks articulate grammatical French; but neither in that, nor in native Pommerish Platt-Deutsch, does he show us much, except the depths of his own greed, of his own astucities and stealthy audacities. Of which we shall hear more than enough by and by.

Of the Dessauer, not yet 'Old'

As to the Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, rugged man, whose very face is the colour of gunpowder, he also knows French, and can even write in it, if he like,—having duly had a Tutor of that nation, and strange adventures with him on the grand tour and elsewhere;—but does not much practise writing, when it can be helped. His children, I have heard, he expressly did not teach to read or write, seeing no benefit in that effeminate art, but left them to pick it up as they could. His Princess, all rightly ennobled now,—whom he would not but marry, though sent on the grand tour to avoid it,—was the daughter of one Fos an Apothecary at Dessau; and is still a beautiful and prudent kind of woman, who seems to suit him well enough, no worse than if she had been born a Princess. Much talk has been of her, in princely and other circles; nor is his marriage the only strange thing Leopold has done. He is a man to keep the world's tongue wagging, not too musically always; though himself of very unvocal nature. Perhaps the biggest mass of inarticulate human vitality, certainly one of the biggest, then going about in the world. A man of vast dumb faculty; dumb, but fertile, deep; no end of ingenuities in the rough head of him :—as much mother-wit there, I often guess, as could be found in whole talking parliaments, spouting themselves away in vocables and eloquent wind!

A man of dreadful impetuosity withal. Set upon his will as the one law of Nature; storming forward with incontrollable violence: a very whirlwind of a man. He was left a minor; his Mother guardian. Nothing could prevent him from marrying this Fos the Apothecary's Daughter; no tears nor contrivances of his Mother, whom he much loved, and who took skilful measures. Fourteen months of travel in Italy; grand tour, with eligible French Tutor,—whom he once drew sword upon, getting some rebuke from him one night in Venice, and would have killed, had not the man been nimble, at once dextrous and sublime :—it availed not. The first thing he did, on reëntering Dessau, with his Tutor, was to call at Apothecary Fos's, and see the charming Mamsell; to go and see his Mother, was the second thing. Not even his grand passion for war could eradicate Fos: he went to Dutch William's wars; the wise mother still counselling, who was own aunt to Dutch William, and liked the scheme. He besieged Namur; fought and besieged up and down,—with insatiable appetite for fighting and sieging; with great honour, too, and ambitions awakening in him;—campaign after campaign; but along with the flamy-thundery ideal bride, figuratively called Bellona, there was always a soft real one, Mamsell Fos of Dessau, to whom he continued constant. The Government of his Dominions he left cheerfully to his Mother, even when he came of age: 'I am for learning War, as the one right trade; do with all things as you please, Mamma,—only not with Mamsell, not with her!'

Readers may figure this scene too, and shudder over it. Some rather handsome male Cousin of Mamsell, Medical

Graduate or whatever he was, had appeared in Dessau:—'Seems to admire Mamsell much; of course, in a Platonic way,' said rumour.—'He? Admire?' thinks Leopold;—thinks a good deal of it, not in the philosophic mood. As he was one day passing Fos's, Mamsell and the Medical Graduate are visible, standing together at the window inside. Pleasantly looking out upon Nature,—of course quite casually, say some Histories with a sneer. In fact, it seems possible this Medical Graduate may have been set to act shoeing-horn; but he had better not. Leopold storms into the House, 'Draw, scandalous canaille, and defend yourself!'—And in this, or some such way, a confident tradition says, he killed the poor Medical Graduate there and then. One tries always to hope not: but Varnhagen is positive, though the other Histories say nothing of it. God knows. The man was a Prince; no Reichshofrath, Speyer-Wetzlar *Kammer*, or other Supreme Court, would much trouble itself, except with formal shakings of the wig, about such a peccadillo. In fine, it was better for Leopold to marry the Miss Fos; which he actually did (1698, in his twenty-second year), 'with the left hand,'—and then with the right and both hands; having got her properly ennobled before long, by his splendid military services. She made, as we have hinted, an excellent Wife to him, for the fifty or sixty ensuing years.

This is a strange rugged specimen, this inarticulate Leopold; already getting mythic, as we can perceive, to the polished vocal ages; which mix all manner of fables with the considerable history he has. Readers will see him turn-up again in notable forms. A man hitherto unknown except in his own country; and yet of very considerable significance to all European countries whatsoever; the fruit of his activities, without his name attached, being now manifest in all of them. He invented the iron ramrod; he invented the equal step; in fact, he is the inventor of modern military tactics. Even so, if we knew it: the Soldiery of every civilised country still receives from this man, on parade-fields and battle-fields, its word of command; out of his rough head proceeded the essential of all that the innumerable Drill-sergeants, in various languages, daily repeat and enforce. Such a man is worth some transient glance from his fellow-creatures,—especially with a little Fritz trotting at his foot, and drawing inferences from him.

Dessau, we should have said for the English reader's behoof, was and still is a little independent Principality; about the size of Huntingdonshire, but with woods instead of bogs;—revenue of it, at this day, is 60,000*l.*, was perhaps not 20, or even 10,000 in Leopold's first time. It lies some fourscore miles south-west of Berlin, attainable by post-horses in a day. Leopold, as his Father had done, stood by Prussia as if wholly native to it. Leopold's Mother was Sister of that fine Louisa, the Great Elector's first Wife; his Sister is wedded to the Margraf of Schwedt, Friedrich Wilhelm's half-uncle. Lying in such neighbourhood, and being in such affinity to the Prussian House, the Dessauers may be said to have, in late times, their headquarters at Berlin. Leopold and Leopold's sons, as his father before him had done, without neglecting their Dessau and Principality, hold by the Prussian Army as their main employment. Not neglecting Dessau either; but going thither in winter, or on call otherwise; Leopold least of all neglecting it, who neglects nothing that can be useful to him.

He is General Field-Marshal of the Prussian Armies, the foremost man in war-matters with this new King; and well worthy to be so. He is inventing, or brooding in the way to invent, a variety of things,—'iron ramrods,' for one; a very great improvement on the fragile ineffective wooden implement, say all the Books, but give no date to it; that is the first thing; and there will be others, likewise undated, but posterior, requiring mention by and by. Inventing many things;—and always well practising what is already invented, and known for certain. In a word, he is drilling to perfection, with assiduous rigour, the Prussian Infantry to be the wonder of the world. He has fought with them, too, in a conclusive manner; and is at all times ready for fighting.

He was in Malplaquet with them, if only as volunteer on that occasion. He commanded them in Blenheim itself; stood, in the right or Eugene wing of that famed Battle of Blenheim, fiercely at bay, when the Austrian Cavalry had all fled;—fiercely volleying, charging, dextrously wheeling and manœuvring; sticking to his ground with a mastiff-like tenacity,—till Marlborough, and victory from the left, relieved him and others. He was at the Bridge of Cassano; where Eugene and Vendôme came to handgrips;—where Mirabeau's Grandfather, *Col-d'Argent*, got his six-and-thirty wounds, and was 'killed' as he used to term it.[1] 'The hottest fire I ever saw,' said Eugene, who had not seen Malplaquet at that time. While Col-d'Argent sank collapsed upon the Bridge, and the horse charged over him, and again charged, and beat and were beaten three several times,—Anhalt-Dessau, impatient of such fiddling hither and thither, swashed into the stream itself with his Prussian Foot; swashed through it, waistdeep or breastdeep; and might have settled the matter, had not his cartridges got wetted. Old King Friedrich rebuked him angrily for his impetuosity in this matter, and the sad loss of men.

Then again he was at the Storming of the Lines of Turin,—Eugene's feat of 1706, and a most volcanic business;—was the first man that got over the entrenchment there. Foremost man; face all black with the smoke of gunpowder, only channeled here and there with rivulets of sweat;—not a lovely phenomenon to the French in the interior! Who still fought like madmen, but were at length driven into heaps, and obliged to run. A while before they ran, Anhalt-Dessau, noticing some Captain posted with his company in a likely situation, stept aside to him for a moment, and asked, 'Am I wounded, think you?—No? Then have you anything to drink?' and deliberately 'drank a glass of aquavitæ,' the judicious Captain carrying a pocket-pistol of that sort, in case of accident; and likewise 'eat, with great appetite, a bit of bread from one of the soldiers' havresacks; saying, He believed the heat of the job was done, and that there was no fear now.'[1]—

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[1] Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, v. § Mirabeau.

A man that has been in many wars; in whose rough head are schemes hatching. Any religion he has is of Protestant nature; but he has not much,—on the doctrinal side, very little. Luther's Hymn, *Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott*, he calls 'God Almighty's grenadier-march.' On joining battle, he audibly utters, with bared head, some growl of rugged prayer, far from orthodox at times, but much in earnest: that lifting of his hat for prayer, is his last signal on such occasions. He is very cunning as required, withal; not disdaining the serpentine method when no other will do. With Friedrich Wilhelm, who is his second-cousin (Mother's grand-nephew, if the reader can count that), he is from of old on the best footing, and contrives to be his Mentor in many things besides War. Till his quarrel with Grumkow, of which we shall hear, he took the lead in political advising, too; and had schemes, or was thought to have, of which Queen Sophie was in much terror.

A tall, strong-boned, hairy man; with cloudy brows, vigilant swift eyes; has 'a bluish tint of skin,' says Wilhelmina, 'as if the gunpowder still stuck to him.' He wears long moustaches; triangular hat, plume and other equipments, are of thrifty practical size. Can be polite enough in speech; but hides much of his meaning, which indeed is mostly inarticulate, and not always joyful to the bystander. He plays rough pranks, too, on occasion; and has a big horse-laugh in him, where there is a fop to be roasted, or the like. We will leave him for the present, in hope of other meetings.

Remarkable men, many of those old Prussian soldiers: of whom one wishes, to no purpose, that there had more know-

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[2] *Des weltberümhten Leopoldi, etc.* (Anonymous, by Ranfft, cited above), pp. 42-45, 52, 65.

ledge been attainable. But the Books are silent; no painter, no genial seeing-man to paint with his pen, was there. Grim hirsute Hyperborean figures, they pass mostly mute before us: burly, surly; in moustaches, in dim uncertain garniture, of which the buff-belts and the steel are alone conspicuous. Growling in guttural Teutsch what little articulate meaning they had: spending, of the inarticulate, a proportion in games of chance, probably too in drinking beer; yet having an immense overplus which they do not so spend, but endeavour to utter in such working as there may be. So have the Hyperboreans lived from of old. From the times of Tacitus and Pytheas, not to speak of Odin and Japhet, what hosts of them have marched across Existence, in that manner;—and where is the memory that would, even if it could, speak of them all!—

We will hope the mind of our little Fritz has powers of assimilation. Bayle-Calvin logics, and shadows of Versailles, on this hand, and gunpowder Leopolds and inarticulate Hyperboreans on that: here is a wide diversity of nutriment, all rather tough in quality, provided for the young soul. Innumerable unconscious inferences he must have drawn in his little head! Prince Leopold's face, with the whiskers and blue skin, I find he was wont, at after periods, to do in caricature, under the figure of a Cat's;—horror and admiration not the sole feelings raised in him by the Field-Marshal.—For bodily nourishment he had 'beer-soup'; a decided Spartan tone prevailing, wherever possible, in the breeding and treatment of him.

And we need not doubt, by far the most important element of his education was the unconscious Apprenticeship he continually served to such a Spartan as King Friedrich Wilhelm. Of whose works and ways he could not help taking note, angry or other, every day and hour; nor in the end, if he *were* intelligent, help understanding them, and learning from them. A harsh Master and almost half-mad, as it many times seemed to the poor Apprentice; yet a true and solid one, whose real wisdom was worth that of all the others, as he came at length to recognise.

CHAPTER III

FRIEDRICH WILHELM IS KING

With the death of old King Friedrich, there occurred at once vast changes in the Court of Berlin; a total and universal change in the mode of living and doing business there. Friedrich Wilhelm, out of filial piety, wore at his father's funeral the grand French peruke and other sublimities of French costume; but it was for the last time: that sad duty once done, he flung the whole aside, not without impatience, and on no occasion wore such costume again. He was not a friend to French fashions, nor had ever been; far the contrary. In his boyhood, say the Biographers, there was once a grand embroidered cloth-of-gold, or otherwise supremely magnificent, little Dressing-gown given him; but he would at no rate put it on, or be concerned with it; on the contrary, stuffed it indignantly 'into the fire'; and demanded wholesome useful duffel instead.

He began his reform literally at the earliest moment. Being summoned into the apartment where his poor Father was in the last struggle, he could scarcely get across for *Kammerjunker*, *Kammerherrn*, Goldsticks, Silversticks, and the other solemn histrionic functionaries, all crowding there to do their sad mimicry on the occasion: not a lovely accompaniment in Friedrich Wilhelm's eyes. His poor Father's death-struggle once done, and all reduced to everlasting rest there, Friedrich Wilhelm looked in silence over the Unutterable, for a short space, disregardful of the Goldsticks and their eager new homaging; walked swiftly away from it to his own room, shut the door with a slam; and there, shaking the tears from his eyes, commenced by a notable duty,—the duty nearest hand,

and therefore first to be done, as it seemed to him. It was about one in the afternoon, 25th February 1713; his Father dead half-an-hour before: 'Tears at a Father's deathbed, must they be dashed with rage by such a set of greedy Histrios?' thought Friedrich Wilhelm. He summoned these his Court-people, that is to say, summoned their *Ober-Hofmarschall* and representative; and through him signified to them, That, till the Funeral was over, their service would continue; and that on the morrow after the Funeral they were, every soul of them, discharged; and from the highest Goldstick down to the lowest Page-in-waiting, the King's House should be swept entirely clean of them;—said House intending to start afresh upon a quite new footing.[1] Which spread such a consternation among the courtier people, say the Histories, as was never seen before.

The thing was done, however; and nobody durst whisper discontent with it; this rugged young King, with his plangent metallic voice, with his steady-beaming eyes, seeming dreadfully in earnest about it, and a person that might prove dangerous if you crossed him. He reduced his Household accordingly, at once, to the lowest footing of the indispensable; and discharged a whole regiment of superfluous official persons, court-flunkies, inferior, superior and supreme, in the most ruthless manner. He does not intend keeping any *Ober-Hofmarschall*, or the like idle person, henceforth; thinks a minimum of Goldsticks ought to suffice every man.

Eight Lackeys, in the ante-chambers and elsewhere, these, with each a *Jägerbursch* (what we should call an *Under-keeper*) to assist when not hunting, will suffice: Lackeys at 'eight *thalers* monthly,' which is six shillings a week. Three active Pages, sometimes two, instead of perhaps three-dozen idle that there used to be. In King Friedrich's time, there were wont to be a Thousand saddle-horses at corn and hay: but how many of them were in actual use? Very many of them were mere imaginary quadrupeds; their price and keep pocketed by some knavish *Stallmeister*, Equerry or Head-groom. Friedrich Wilhelm keeps only Thirty Horses; but these are very actual, not imaginary at all; their corn not running into any knave's pocket; but lying actually in the mangers here; getting ground for you into actual fourfooted speed, when, on turf or highway, you require such a thing. About thirty for the saddle, with a few carriage-teams, are what Friedrich Wilhelm can employ in any reasonable measure; and more he will not have about him.

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[1] Förster, i. 174; Pöllnitz, *Memoiren*, ii. 4.

In the like ruthless humour he goes over his Pension-list; strikes three-fourths of that away, reduces the remaining fourth to the very bone. In like humour, he goes over every department of his Administrative, Household and other Expenses; shears everything down, here by the Hundred thalers, there by the Ten, willing even to save *half a thaler.* He goes over all this three several times;—his Papers, the three successive Lists he used on that occasion, have been printed.[1] He has satisfied himself, in about two months, what the effective minimum is; and leaves it so. Reduced to below the fifth of what it was; 55,000 *thalers*, instead of 276,000.[2]

By degrees he went over, went into and through, every department of Prussian Business, in that fashion; steadily, warily, irresistibly compelling every item of it, large and little, to take that same character of perfect economy and solidity, of utility pure and simple. Needful work is to be rigorously well done; needless work, and ineffectual or imaginary workers, to be rigorously pitched out of doors. What a blessing on this Earth; worth purchasing almost at any price! The money saved is something, nothing if you will; but the amount of mendacity expunged, has any one computed that? Mendacity not of tongue; but the far feller sort, of hand, and of heart, and of head; short summary of all Devil's-worship whatsoever.

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[1] Rödenbeck *Beiträge zur Bereicherung der Lebensbeschreibungen Friedrich Wilhelms I. und Friedrichs des Grossen* (Berlin, 1836), pp. 99-127.

[2] Stenzel, iii. 237

Which spreads silently along, once you let it in, with full purse or with empty; some fools even praising it: the quiet *dry-rot* of Nations! To expunge such is greatly the duty of every man, especially of every King. Unconsciously, not thinking of Devil's-worship, or spiritual dry-rot, but of money chiefly, and led by Nature and the ways she has with us, it was the task of Friedrich Wilhelm's life to bring about this beneficent result in all departments of Prussian Business, great and little, public and even private. Year after year, he brings it to perfection; pushes it unweariedly forward every day and hour. So that he has Prussia, at last, all a Prussia made after his own image; the most thrifty, hardy, rigorous and Spartan country any modern King ever ruled over; and himself (if he thought of that) a King indeed. He that models Nations according to his own image, he is a King, though his sceptre were a walking-stick; and properly no other is.

Friedrich Wilhelm was wondered at, and laughed at, by innumerable mortals for his ways of doing; which indeed were very strange. Not that he figured much in what is called Public History, or desired to do so; for, though a vigilant ruler, he did not deal in protocolling and campaigning,—he let a minimum of that suffice him. But in court soirées, where elegant empty talk goes on, and of all materials for it scandal is found incomparably the most interesting, I suppose there turned-up no name oftener than that of his Prussian Majesty; and during these Twenty-seven years of his Reign, his wild pranks and explosions gave food for continual talk in such quarters.

For he was like no other King that then existed, or had ever been discovered. Wilder Son of Nature seldom came into the artificial world; into a royal throne there, probably never. A wild man, wholly in earnest, veritable as the old rocks,—and with a terrible volcanic fire in him too. He would have been strange anywhere; but among the dapper Royal gentlemen of the Eighteenth Century, what was to be done with such an Orson of a King?—Clap him in Bedlam, and bring out the ballot-boxes instead? The modern generation, too, still takes its impression of him from these rumours, —still more now from Wilhelmina's Book; which paints the outside savagery of the royal man, in a most striking manner; and leaves the inside vacant, undiscovered by Wilhelmina or the rumours.

Nevertheless it appears there were a few observant eyes even of contemporaries, who discerned in him a surprising talent for 'National Economics' at least. One Leipzig Professor, Saxon, not Prussian by nation or interest, recognises in Friedrich Wilhelm '*den grossen Wirth* (the great Manager, Husbandry-man, or Landlord) of the epoch'; and lectures on his admirable 'works, arrangements and institutions' in that kind.[1] Nay the dapper Royal gentlemen saw, with envy, the indubitable growth of this mad savage Brother; and ascribed it to 'his avarice,' to his mean ways, which were in such contrast to their sublime ones. That he understood National Economics has now become very certain. His grim semi-articulate Papers and Rescripts, on these subjects, are still almost worth reading, by a lover of genuine human talent in the dumb form. For spelling, grammar, penmanship and composition, they resemble nothing else extant; are as if done by the paw of a bear: indeed the utterance generally sounds more like the growling of a bear than anything that could be handily spelt or parsed. But there is a decisive human sense in the heart of it; and there is such a dire hatred of empty bladders, unrealities and hypocritical forms and pretences, what he calls 'wind and humbug (*Wind und blauer Dunst*),' as is very strange indeed. Strange among all mankind; doubly and trebly strange among the unfortunate species called Kings in our time. To whom,—for sad reasons that could be given,—'wind and blue vapour (*blauer Dunst*),' artistically managed by the rules of Acoustics and Optics, seem to be all we have left us!—

It must be owned that this man is inflexibly, and with a fierce slow inexorable determination, set upon having realities round him. There is a divine idea of fact put into him; the genus *sham* was never hatefuler to any man. Let it keep out of his way, well beyond the swing of that rattan of his, or it may get something to remember! A just man, too; would not wrong any man, nor play false in word or deed to any man. What is Justice but another form of the *reality* we love; a truth acted out? Of all the humbugs or 'painted vapours' known, Injustice is the least capable of profiting men or kings! A just man, I say; and a valiant and veracious: but rugged as a wild-bear; entirely inarticulate, as if dumb. No bursts of parliamentary eloquence in him, nor the least tendency that way. His talent for Stump-Oratory may be reckoned the minimum conceivable, or practically noted as *zero*. A man who would not have risen in modern Political Circles; man unchoosable at hustings or in caucus; man forever invisible, and very unadmirable if seen, to the Able-Editor and those that hang by him. In fact, a kind of savage man, as we say; but highly interesting, if you can read dumb human worth; and of inexpressible profit to the Prussian Nation.

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[1] Rödenbeck's *Beiträge* (p. 14),—Year, or Name of Lecturer, not mentioned.

For the first ten years of his reign, he had a heavy, continual struggle, getting his finance and other branches of administration extricated from their strangling imbroglios of coiled nonsense, and put upon a rational footing. His labour in these years, the first of little Fritz's life, must have been great; the pushing and pulling strong and continual. The good plan itself, this comes not of its own accord; it is the fruit of 'genius' (which means transcendent capacity of taking trouble, first of all): given a huge stack of tumbled thrums, it is not in your sleep that you will find the vital centre of it, or get the first thrum by the end! And then the execution, the realising, amid the contradiction, silent or expressed, of men and things? Explosive violence was by no means Friedrich Wilhelm's method; the amount of slow stubborn broad-shouldered strength, in all kinds, expended by the man, strikes us as very great. The amount of patience even, though patience is not reckoned his forte.

That of the *Ritter-Dienst* (Knights'-Service), for example, which is but one small item of his business, the commuting of the old feudal duty of his Landholders to do Service in War-time, into a fixed money payment: nothing could be fairer, more clearly advantageous to both parties; and most of his 'Knights' gladly accepted the proposal: yet a certain factious set of them, the Magdeburg set, stirred-up by some seven or eight of their number, 'hardly above seven or eight really against me,' saw good to stand out; remonstrated, recalcitrated; complained in the Diet (Kaiser too happy to hear of it, that he might have a hook on Friedrich Wilhelm); and for long years that paltry matter was a provocation to him.[1] But if your plan *is* just, and a bit of Nature's plan, persist in it like a law of Nature. This secret too was known to Friedrich Wilhelm. In the space of ten years, by actual human strength loyally spent, he had managed many things; saw all things in a course towards management. All things, as it were, fairly on the road; the multiplex team pulling one way, in rational human harness, not in imbroglios of coiled thrums made by the Nightmares.

How he introduced a new mode of farming his Domain Lands, which are a main branch of his revenue, and shall be farmed on regular lease henceforth, and not wasted in peculation and indolent mismanagement as heretofore; [2] new modes of levying his taxes and revenues of every kind: [3] How he at last concentrated, and harmonised into one easy-going effective *General Directory*,[4] the multifarious conflicting Boards, that were jolting and jangling in a dark use-and-wont manner, and leaving their work half-done, when he first came into power:[1] How he insisted on having daylight introduced to the very bottom of every business, fair-and-square observed as the rule of it, and the shortest road adopted for doing it: How he drained bogs, planted colonies, established manufactures, made his own uniforms of Prussian wool, in a *Lagerhaus* of his own: How he dealt with the Jew Gompert about farming his Tobacco;—how, from many a crooked case and character he, by slow or short methods, brought out something straight; would take no denial of what was his, nor make any demand of what was not; and did prove really a terror to evil-doers of various kinds, especially to prevaricators, defalcators, imaginary workers, and slippery unjust persons: How he urged diligence on all mortals, would not have the very Applewomen sit 'without knitting' at their stalls; and brandished his stick, or struck it fiercely down, over the incorrigibly idle:—All this, as well as his ludicrous explosions and unreasonable violences, is on record concerning Friedrich Wilhelm, though it is to the latter chiefly that the world has directed its unwise attention, in judging of him. He was a very arbitrary King. Yes, but then a good deal of his *arbitrium*, or sovereign will, was that of the Eternal Heavens as well; and did exceedingly behove to be done, if the Earth would prosper. Which is an immense consideration in regard to his sovereign will and him! He was prompt with his rattan, in urgent cases; had his gallows also, prompt enough, where needful. Let him see that no mistakes happen, as certainly he means that none shall!

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[1] 1717-25. Förster, ii. 162-165, iv. 31-34; Stenzel, iii. 316-319; Samuel Buchholz, *Neueste Preussisch-Brandenburgische Geschichte* (Berlin, 1775), i. 197.

[2] Förster, ii. 206, 216.

[3] *Ibid.* 190, 195.

[4] Completed 19th January 1723 (*Ib.* ii. 172).

Yearly he made his country richer; and this not in money alone (which is of very uncertain value, and sometimes has no value at all, and even less), but in frugality, diligence, punctuality, veracity,—the grand fountains from which money, and all real *values* and valours spring for men. To Friedrich Wilhelm, in his rustic simplicity, money had no lack of value; rather the reverse. To the homespun man it was a success of most excellent quality, and the chief symbol of success in all kinds. Yearly he made his own revenues, and his people's along with them and as the source of them, larger: and in all states of his revenue, he had contrived to make his expenditure less than it; and yearly saved masses of coin, and 'reposited them in barrels in the cellars of his Schloss,'—where they proved very useful, one day. Much in Friedrich Wilhelm proved useful, beyond even his expectations. As a Nation's *Husband* he seeks his fellow among Kings, ancient and modern. Happy the Nation which gets such a Husband, once in the half-thousand years. The Nation, as foolish Wives and Nations do, repines and grudges a good deal, its weak whims and will being thwarted very often; but it advances steadily, with consciousness or not, in the way of well-doing; and after long times the harvest of this diligent sowing becomes manifest to the Nation and to all Nations.

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[1] Dohm, *Denkwürdigkeiten meiner Zeit* (Lemgo und Hanover, 1814-1819), iv. 88.

Strange as it sounds in the Republic of Letters, we are tempted to call Friedrich Wilhelm a man of genius;—genius fated and promoted to work in National Husbandry, not in writing Verses or three-volume Novels. A silent genius. His melodious stanza, which he cannot bear to see halt in any syllable, is a rough fact reduced to order; fact made to stand firm on its feet, with the world-rocks under it, and looking free towards all the winds and all the stars. He goes about suppressing platitudes, ripping-off futilities, turning deceptions inside out. The realm of Disorder, which is Unveracity, Unreality, what we call Chaos, has no fiercer enemy. Honest soul, and he seemed to himself such a stupid fellow often; no tongue-learning at all; little capable to give a reason for the faith that was in him. He cannot argue in articulate logic, only in inarticulate bellowings, or worse. He must *do* a thing, leave it undemonstrated; once done, it will itself tell what kind of thing it is, by and by. Men of genius have a hard time, I perceive, whether born on the throne or off it; and must expect contradictions next to unendurable,—the plurality of blockheads being so extreme!

I find, except Samuel Johnson, no man of equal veracity with Friedrich Wilhelm in that epoch: and Johnson too, with all his tongue-learning, had not logic *enough*. In fact, it depends on how much conviction you have. Blessed be Heaven, there is here and there a man born who loves truth as truth should be loved, with all his heart and all his soul; and hates untruth with a corresponding perfect hatred. Such men, in polite circles, which understand that certainly truth is better than untruth, but that you must be polite to both, are liable to get to the end of their logic. Even Johnson had a bellow in him; though Johnson could at any time withdraw into silence, *his* kingdom lying all under his own hat. How much more Friedrich Wilhelm, who had no logic whatever; and whose kingdom lay without him, far and wide, a thing he could not withdraw from. The rugged Orson, he needed to be right. From utmost Memel down to Wesel again, ranked in a straggling manner round the half-circumference of Europe, all manner of things and persons were depending on him, and on his being right, not wrong, in his notion.

A man of clear discernment, very good natural eyesight; and irrefragably confident in what his eyes told him, in what his belief was;—yet of huge simplicity withal. Capable of being coaxed about, and led by the nose, to a strange degree, if there were an artist dextrous enough, daring enough! His own natural judgment was good, and, though apt to be hasty and headlong, was always likely to come right in the end; but internally, we may perceive, his modesty, self-distrust, anxiety and other unexpected qualities, must have been great. And then his explosiveness, impatience, excitability; his conscious dumb ignorance of all things beyond his own small horizon of personal survey! An Orson capable enough of being coaxed and tickled, by some first-rate conjuror;—first-rate; a second-rate might have failed, and got torn to pieces for his pains. But Seckendorf and Grumkow, what a dance they led him on some matters,—as we shall see, and as poor Fritz and others will see!

He was full of sensitiveness, rough as he was and shaggy of skin. His wild imaginations drove him hither and thither at a sad rate. He ought to have the privileges of genius. His tall Potsdam Regiment, his mad-looking passion for enlisting tall men; this also seems to me one of the whims of genius,—an exaggerated notion to have his 'stanza' polished to the last punctilio of perfection; and might be paralleled in the history of Poets. Stranger 'man of genius,' or in more peculiar circumstances, the world never saw!

Friedrich Wilhelm, in his Crown-Prince days, and now still more when he was himself in the sovereign place, had seen all along, with natural arithmetical intellect, That his strength in this world, as at present situated, would very much depend upon the amount of potential-battle that lay in him,—on the quantity and quality of Soldiers he could maintain, and have ready for the field at any time. A most indisputable truth, and a heartfelt one in the present instance. To augment the quantity, to improve the quality, in this thrice-essential particular: here lay the keystone and crowning summit of all Friedrich Wilhelm's endeavours; to which he devoted himself, as only the best Spartan could have done. Of which there will be other opportunities to speak in detail. For it was a thing world-notable; world-laughable, as was then thought; the extremely serious fruit of which did at length also become notable enough.

In the Malplaquet time, once on some occasion, it is said, two English Officers, not well informed upon the matter, and provoking enough in their contemptuous ignorance, were reasoning with one another in Friedrich Wilhelm's hearing, as to the warlike powers of the Prussian State, and Whether the King of Prussia could on his own strength maintain a standing army of 15,000? Without subsidies, do you think, so many as 15,000? Friedrich Wilhelm, incensed at the thing and at the tone, is reported to have said with heat: 'Yes, 30,000'![1] whereat the military men slightly wagged their heads, letting the matter drop for the present. But he makes it good by degrees; twofold or threefold;—and will have an army of from seventy to a hundred-thousand before he dies,[1] the best-drilled of fighting men; and what adds much to the wonder, a full Treasury withal. This is the Brandenburg Spartan King; acquainted with National Economics. Alone of existing Kings he lays-by money annually; and is laying-by many other and far more precious things, for Prussia and the little Boy he has here.

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[1] Förster, i. 138.

Friedrich Wilhelm's passion for drilling, recruiting and perfecting his army attracted much notice: laughing satirical notice, in the hundred mouths of common rumour, which he regarded little; and notice iracund and minatory, when it led him into collision with the independent portions of mankind, now and then. This latter sort was not pleasant, and sometimes looked rather serious; but this too he contrived always to digest in some tolerable manner. He continued drilling and recruiting,—we may say not his Army only, but his Nation in all departments of it,—as no man before or since ever did: increasing, by every devisable method, the amount of potential-battle that lay in him and it.

In a military, and also in a much deeper sense, he may be defined as the great Drill-sergeant of the Prussian Nation. Indeed this had been the function of the Hohenzollerns all along; this difficult, unpleasant and indispensable one of drilling. From the first appearance of Burggraf Friedrich, with good words and with *Heavy Peg*, in the wreck of anarchic Brandenburg, and downwards ever since, this has steadily enough gone on. And not a little good drilling these populations have had, first and last; just orders given them (wise and just, which to a respectable degree were Heaven's orders as well): and certainly Heavy Peg, for instance,—Heavy Peg, bringing Quitzow's strong House about his ears,—was a respectable drummer's-cat to enforce the same. This has been going on these Three-hundred years. But Friedrich Wilhelm completes the process; finishes it off to the last pitch of perfection. Friedrich Wilhelm carries it through every fibre and cranny of Prussian Business, and so far as possible, of Prussian Life; so that Prussia is all a drilled phalanx, ready to the word of command; and what we see in the Army is but the last consummate essence of what exists in the Nation everywhere. That was Friedrich Wilhelm's function, made ready for him, laid to his hand by his Hohenzollern foregoers; and indeed it proved a most beneficent function.

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[1] '72,000 field-troops, 30,000 garrison-troops' (*Geständnisse eines Œsterreichischen Veterans*, Breslau, 1788, i. 64).

For I have remarked that, of all things, a Nation needs first to be drilled; and no Nation that has not first been governed by so-called 'Tyrants,' and held tight to the curb till it became perfect in its paces and thoroughly amenable to rule and law, and heartily respectful of the same, and totally abhorrent of the want of the same, ever came to much in this world. England itself, in foolish quarters of England, still howls and execrates lamentably over its William Conqueror, and rigorous line of Normans and Plantagenets; but without them, if you will consider well, what had it ever been? A gluttonous race of Jutes and Angles, capable of no grand combinations; lumbering about in potbellied equanimity; not dreaming of heroic toil and silence and endurance, such as leads to the high places of this Universe, and the golden mountain-tops where dwell the Spirits of the Dawn. Their very ballotboxes and suffrages, what they call their 'Liberty,' if these mean 'Liberty,' and are such a road to Heaven, Anglo-Saxon highroad thither,—could never have been possible for them on such terms. How could they? Nothing but collision, intolerable interpressure (as of men *not* perpendicular), and consequent battle often supervening, could have been appointed those undrilled Anglo-Saxons; their potbellied equanimity itself continuing liable to perpetual interruptions, as in the Heptarchy time. An enlightened Public does not reflect on these things at present; but will again, by and by. Looking with human eyes over the England that now is, and over the America and the Australia, from pole to pole; and then listening to the Constitutional litanies of Dryasdust, and his lamentations on the old Norman and Plantagenet Kings, and *his* recognition of departed merit and causes of effects,—the mind of man is struck dumb!

CHAPTER IV

HIS MAJESTY'S WAYS

Friedrich Wilhelm's History is one of *Economics;* which study, so soon as there are Kings again in this world, will be precious to them. In that happy state of matters, Friedrich Wilhelm's History will well reward study; and teach by example, in a very simple and direct manner. In what is called the Political, Diplomatic, 'Honour-to-be' department, there is not, nor can ever be, much to be said of him; this Economist King having always kept himself well at home, and looked steadily to his own affairs. So that for the present he has, as a King, next to nothing of what is called History; and it is only as a fellow-man, of singular faculty, and in a most peculiar and conspicuous situation, that he can be interesting to mankind. To us he has, as Father and daily teacher and master of young Fritz, a continual interest; and we must note the master's ways, and the main phenomena of the workshop as they successively turned up, for the sake of the notable Apprentice serving there.

He was not tall of stature, this arbitrary King: a florid-complexioned stout-built man; of serious, sincere, authoritative face; his attitudes and equipments very Spartan in type. Man of short firm stature; stands (in Pesne's best Portraits of him) at his ease, and yet like a tower. Most solid; 'plumb and rather more'; eyes steadfastly awake; cheeks slightly compressed, too, which fling the mouth rather forward; as if asking silently, 'Anything astir, then? All right here?' Face, figure and bearing, all in him is expressive of robust insight, and direct determination; of healthy energy, practicality, unquestioned authority,—a certain air of royalty reduced to its simplest form. The face, in Pictures by Pesne and others, is not beautiful or agreeable; healthy, genuine, authoritative, is the best you can say of it. Yet it may have been, what it is described as being, originally handsome. High enough arched brow, rather copious cheeks and jaws; nose smallish, inclining to be stumpy; large gray eyes, bright with steady fire and life, often enough gloomy and severe, but capable of jolly laughter too. Eyes 'naturally with a kind of laugh in them,' says Pöllnitz;—which laugh can blaze-out into fearful thunderous rage, if you give him provocation. Especially if you lie to him; for that he hates above all things. Look him straight in the face: he fancies he can see in *your* eyes, if there is an internal mendacity in you: wherefore you must look at him in speaking; such is his standing order.

His hair is flaxen, falling into the ashgray or darker; fine copious flowing hair, while he wore it natural. But it soon got tied into clubs, in the military style; and at length it was altogether cropped away, and replaced by brown, and at last by white, round wigs. Which latter also, though bad wigs, became him not amiss, under his cocked-hat and cockade, says Pöllnitz.[1] The voice, I guess, even when not loud, was of clangorous and penetrating, quasi-metallic nature; and I learn expressly once, that it had a nasal quality in it.[2] His Majesty spoke through the nose; snuffled his speech, in an earnest ominously plangent manner. In angry moments, which were frequent, it must have been—unpleasant to listen to. For the rest, a handsome man of his inches; conspicuously well-built in limbs and body, and delicately finished-off to the very extremities. His feet and legs, says Pöllnitz, were very fine. The hands, if he would have taken care of them, were beautifully white; fingers long and thin; a hand at once nimble to grasp, delicate to feel, and strong to clutch and hold: what may be called a beautiful hand, because it is the usefulest.

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[1] Pöllnitz, *Memoiren* (Berlin, 1791), ii. 568.

[2] Büsching, *Beiträge*, i. 568.

Nothing could exceed his Majesty's simplicity of habitudes. But one loves especially in him his scrupulous attention to cleanliness of person and environment. He washed like a very Mussulman, five times a day; loved cleanliness in all things, to a superstitious extent; which trait is pleasant in the rugged man, and indeed of a piece with the rest of his character. He is gradually changing all his silk and other cloth room-furniture; in his hatred of dust, he will not suffer a floor-carpet, even a stuffed chair; but insists on having all of wood, where the dust may be prosecuted to destruction.[1] Wife and womankind, and those that take after them, let such have stuffing and sofas: he, for his part, sits on mere wooden chairs; —sits, and also thinks and acts, after the manner of a Hyperborean Spartan, which he was. He ate heartily, but as a rough farmer and hunter eats; country messes, good roast and boiled; despising the French Cook, as an entity without meaning for him. His favourite dish at dinner was bacon and greens, rightly dressed; what could the French Cook do for such a man? He ate with rapidity, almost with indiscriminate violence: his object not quality but quantity. He drank too, but did not get drunk: at the Doctor's order he could abstain; and had in later years abstained. Pöllnitz praises his fineness of complexion, the originally eminent whiteness of his skin, which he had tanned and bronzed by hard riding and hunting, and otherwise worse discoloured by his manner of feeding, and digesting: alas, at last his waistcoat came to measure, I am afraid to say how many Prussian ells, —a very considerable diameter indeed![2]

For some years after his accession he still appeared occasionally in 'burgher dress,' or unmilitary clothes; 'brown English coat, yellow waistcoat' and the other indispensables. But this fashion became rarer with him every year; and ceased altogether (say Chronologists) about the year 1719: after which he appeared always simply as Colonel of the Potsdam Guards (his own Lifeguard Regiment) in simple Prussian uniform: close military coat; blue, with red cuffs and collar, buff waistcoat and breeches; white linen gaiters to the knee. He girt his sword about the loins, well out of the mud; walked always with a thick bamboo in his hand. Steady, not slow of step; with his triangular hat, cream-white round wig (in his older days), and face tending to purple,—the eyes looking out mere investigation, sharp swift authority, and dangerous readiness to rebuke and set the cane in motion:—it was so he walked abroad in this earth; and the common run of men rather fled his approach than courted it.

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[1] Förster, i. 208.

[2] *Ibid.* i. 163.

For, in fact, he was dangerous; and would ask in an alarming manner, 'Who are you?' Any fantastic, much more any suspicious-looking person, might fare the worse. An idle lounger at the street-corner he has been known to hit over the crown; and peremptorily dispatch: 'Home, Sirrah, and take to some work!' That the Applewomen be encouraged to knit, while waiting for custom;—encouraged and quietly constrained, and at length packed away, and their stalls taken from them, if unconstrainable,—there has, as we observed, an especial rescript been put forth; very curious to read.[1]

Dandiacal figures, nay people looking like Frenchmen, idle flaunting women even,—better for them to be going. 'Who are you?' and if you lied or prevaricated ('*Er blicke mich gerade an*, Look me in the face, then!'), or even stumbled, hesitated, and gave suspicion of prevaricating, it might be worse for you. A soft answer is less effectual than a prompt clear one, to turn away wrath. 'A *Candidatus Theologiæ*, your Majesty,' answered a handfast threadbare youth one day, when questioned in this manner.—'Where from?' 'Berlin, your Majesty.'—'Hm, na, the Berliners are a good-for-nothing set.' 'Yes, truly, too many of them; but there are exceptions; I know two.'—'Two? which then?' 'Your Majesty and myself!'—Majesty bursts into a laugh: the Candidatus was got examined by the Consistoriums, and Authorities proper in that matter, and put into a chaplaincy.

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[1] In Rödenbeck, *Beiträge*, p. 15.

This King did not love the French, or their fashions, at all. We said he dismissed the big Peruke,—put it on for the last time at his Father's funeral, so far did filial piety go; and then packed it aside, dismissing it, nay banishing and proscribing it, never to appear more. The Peruke, and, as it were, all that the Peruke symbolised. For this was a King come into the world with quite other aims than that of wearing big perukes, and, regardless of expense, playing burst-frog to the ox of Versailles, which latter is itself perhaps a rather useless animal. Of Friedrich Wilhelm's taxes upon wigs; of the old 'Wig-inspectors,' and the feats they did, plucking off men's periwigs on the street, to *see* if the government-stamp were there, and to discourage wiggery, at least all but the simple scratch or useful Welsh-wig, among mankind: of these, and of other similar things, I could speak; but do not. This little incident, which occurred once in the review-ground on the outskirts of Berlin, will suffice to mark his temper in that respect. It was in the spring of 1719; our little Fritz then six years old, who of course heard much temporary confused commentary, direct and oblique, triumphant male laughter, and perhaps rebellious female sighs, on occasion of such a feat.

Count Rothenburg, Prussian by birth,[1] an accomplished and able person in the diplomatic and other lines of business, but much used to Paris and its ways, had appeared lately in Berlin, as French Envoy,—and, not unnaturally, in high French costume; cocked-hat, peruke, laced coat, and the other trimmings. He, and a group of dashing followers and adherents, were accustomed to go about in that guise; very capable of proving infectious to mankind. What is to be done with them? thinks the anxious Father of his People. They were to appear at the ensuing grand Review, as Friedrich Wilhelm understood. Whereupon Friedrich Wilhelm took his measures in private. Dressed up, namely, his Scavenger-Executioner people (what they call *Profossen* in Prussian regiments) in an enormous exaggeration of that costume; cocked-hats about an ell in diameter, wigs reaching to the houghs, with other fittings to match: these, when Count Rothenburg and his company appeared upon the ground, Friedrich Wilhelm summoned out, with some trumpet-peal or burst of field-music; and they solemnly crossed Count Rothenburg's field of vision; the strangest set of Phantasms he had seen lately. Awakening salutary reflections in him.[1] Fancy that scene in History; Friedrich Wilhelm for comic-symbolic Dramaturgist. Gods and men (or at least Houyhnm horses) might have saluted it with a Homeric laugh,—so huge and vacant is it, with a suspicion of real humour too:—but the men were not permitted, on parade, more than a silent grin, or general irrepressible rustling murmur; and only the gods laughed inextinguishably, if so disposed. The Scavenger-Executioners went back to their place; and Count Rothenburg took a plain German costume, so long as he continued in those parts.

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[1] Buchholz, *Neueste Preussisch-Brandenburgische Geschichte*, i. 28.

Friedrich Wilhelm has a dumb rough wit and mockery, of that kind, on many occasions; not without geniality in its Brobdingnag exaggeration and simplicity. Like a wild-bear of the woods taking his sport; with some sense of humour in the rough skin of him. Very capable of seeing through sumptuous costumes; and respectful of realities alone. Not in French sumptuosity, but in native German thrift, does this

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[1] Förster, i. 165; Fassmann, *Leben und Thaten des allerdurchläuchtigsten etc. Königs von Preussen Frederici Wilhelmi* (Hamburg und Breslau, 1735), pp. 223, 319.

King see his salvation; so has Nature constructed him: and the world which has long lost its Spartans, will see again an original North-German Spartan; and shriek a good deal over him; Nature keeping her own counsel the while, and as it were, laughing in her sleeve at the shrieks of the flunky world. For Nature, when she makes a Spartan, means a good deal by it; and does not expect instant applauses, but only gradual and lasting.

> 'For my own part,' exclaims a certain Editor once, 'I perceive well there was never yet any great Empire founded, Roman, English, down to Prussian or Dutch, nor in fact any great mass of work got achieved under the Sun, but it was founded even upon this humble-looking quality of Thrift, and became achievable in virtue of the same. Which will seem a strange doctrine, in these days of gold-nuggets, railway-fortunes, and miraculous sumptuosities regardless of expense. Earnest readers are invited to consider it, nevertheless. Though new, it is very old; and a sad meaning lies in it to us of these times! That you have squandered in idle fooleries, building where there was no basis, your Hundred-thousand Sterling, your Eight-hundred Million Sterling, is to me a comparatively small matter. You may still again become rich, if you have at last become wise. But if you have wasted your capacity of strenuous, devoutly-valiant labour, of patience, perseverance, self-denial, faith in the causes of effects; alas, if your once just judgment of what is worth something and what is worth nothing, has been wasted, and your silent steadfast reliance on the general veracities, of yourself and of things, is no longer there,—then indeed you have had a loss! You are, in fact, an entirely bankrupt individual; as you will find by and by. Yes; and though you had California in fee-simple; and could buy all the upholsteries, groceries, funded-properties, temporary (very temporary) landed properties of the world, at one swoop, it would avail you nothing. Henceforth for you no harvests in the Seedfield of this Universe, which reserves its salutary bounties, and noble heaven-sent gifts, for quite other than you; and I would not give a pin's value for all *you* will ever reap there. Mere imaginary harvests, sacks of nuggets and the like; empty as the east-wind;—with all the Demons laughing at you! Do you consider that Nature too is a swollen flunky, hungry for vails; and can be taken-in with your sublime airs of sumptuosity, and the large balance you actually have in Lombard-street? Go to the—General Cesspool, with your nuggets and your ducats!'

The flunky world, much stript of its plush and fat perquisites, accuses Friedrich Wilhelm bitterly of avarice and the cognate vices. But it is not so; intrinsically, in the main, his procedure is to be defined as honourable thrift,—verging towards avarice here and there; as poor human virtues usually lean to one side or the other! He can be magnificent enough too, and grudges no expense, when the occasion seems worthy. If the occasion is inevitable, and yet not quite worthy, I have known him have recourse to strange shifts. The Czar Peter, for example, used to be rather often in the Prussian Dominions, oftenest on business of his own: such a man is to be royally defrayed while with us; yet one would wish it done cheap. Posthorses, 'two-hundred and eighty-seven at every station,' he has from the Community; but the rest of his expenses, from Memel all the way to Wesel? Friedrich Wilhelm's marginal response to his *Finanz-Directorium*, requiring orders once on that subject, runs in the following strange tenour: 'Yes, all the way (except Berlin, which I take upon myself); and observe, you contrive to do it for 6,000 thalers (900*l.*),'—which is uncommonly cheap, about 1*l.* per mile;—'won't allow you one other penny (*nit einen Pfennig gebe mehr dazu*); but you are (*sollen Sie*),' this is the remarkable point, 'to give-out in the world that it costs me from Thirty to Forty Thousand!'[1] So that here is the Majesty of Prussia, who beyond all men abhors lies, giving orders to tell one? Alas, yes; a kind of lie, or fib (white fib, or even *gray*), the pinch of Thrift compelling! But what a window into the artless inner-man of his Majesty, even that *gray* fib;—not done by oneself, but ordered to be done by the servant, as if that were cheaper!

'Verging upon avarice,' sure enough: but, unless we are unjust and unkind, he can by no means be described as a *Miser* King. He collects what is his; gives you accurately what is yours. For wages paid he will see work done; he will ascertain more and more that the work done be work needful for him; and strike it off, if not. A Spartan man, as we said,—though probably he knew as little of the Spartans as the Spartans did of him. But Nature is still capable of such products: if in Hellas long ages since, why not in Brandenburg now?

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[1] 1717: Förster, i. 213.

CHAPTER V

FRIEDRICH WILHELM'S ONE WAR

One of Fritz's earliest strong impressions from the outer world chanced to be of War,—so it chanced, though he had shown too little taste that way, and could not, as yet, understand such phenomena;—and there must have been much semi-articulate questioning and dialoguing with Dame de Roucoulles, on his part, about the matter now going on.

In the year 1715, little Fritz's third year, came grand doings, not of drill only, but of actual war and fighting: the 'Stralsund Expedition,' Friedrich Wilhelm's one feat in that kind. Huge rumour of which fills naturally the maternal heart, the Berlin Palace drawing-rooms; and occupies, with new vivid interests, all imaginations young and old. For the actual battle-drums are now beating, the big cannon-wains are creaking under way; and military men take farewell, and march, tramp, tramp; Majesty in grenadier-guard uniform at their head: horse, foot and artillery; northward to Stralsund on the Baltic shore, where a terrible human Lion has taken up his lair lately. Charles XII. of Sweden, namely; he has broken out of Turkish Bender or Demotica, and ended his obstinate torpor, at last; has ridden fourteen or sixteen days, he and a groom or two, through desolate steppes and mountain wildernesses, through crowded dangerous cities;—'came by Vienna and by Cassel, then through Pommern'; leaving his 'royal train of two-thousand persons' to follow at its leisure. He, for his part, has ridden without pause, forward, ever forward, in darkest incognito, the indefatigable man ;—and finally, on Old-Hallowmas Eve (22d-11th November 1714), far in the night, a Horseman, with two others still following him, travel-splashed, and 'white with snow,' drew bridle at the gate of Stralsund ; and, to the surprise of the Swedish sentinel there, demanded instant admission to the Governor. The Governor, at first a little surly of humour, saw gradually how it was ; sprang out of bed, and embraced the knees of the snowy man ; Stralsund in general sprang out of bed, and illuminated itself, that same Hallow-Eve :—and in brief, Charles XII., after five years of eclipse, has reappeared upon the stage of things ; and menaces the world, in his old fashion, from that City. From which it becomes urgent to many parties, and at last to Friedrich Wilhelm himself, that he be dislodged.

The root of this Stralsund story belongs to the former reign, as did the grand apparition of Charles XII. on the theatre of European History, and the terror and astonishment he created there. He is now thirty-three years old ; and only the winding-up, both of him and of the Stralsund story, falls within our present field. Fifteen years ago, it was like the bursting of a cataract of bombshells in a dull ballroom, the sudden appearance of this young fighting Swede among the luxurious Kings and Kinglets of the North, all lounging about and languidly minuetting in that manner, regardless of expense ! Friedrich IV. of Denmark rejoicing over red-wine ; August the Strong gradually producing his 'three-hundred and fifty-four bastards' ;[1] these and other neighbours had confidently stept in, on various pretexts ; thinking to help themselves from the young man's properties, who was still a minor ; when the young minor suddenly developed himself as a major and maximus, and turned out to be such a Fire-King among them !

In consequence of which there had been no end of Northern troubles ; and all through the Louis-Fourteenth or Marlborough grand 'Succession War,' a special 'Northern War' had burnt or smouldered on its own score; Swedes *versus* Saxons, Russians and Danes, bickering in weary intricate contest, and keeping those Northern regions in smoke if not on fire. Charles XII., for the last five years (ever since Pultawa, and the summer of 1709), had lain obstinately dormant in Turkey; urging the Turks to destroy Czar Peter. Which they absolutely could not, though they now and then tried; and Viziers not a few lost their heads in consequence. Charles lay sullenly dormant; Danes meanwhile operating upon his Holstein interests and adjoining territories; Saxons, Russians, battering continually at Swedish Pommern, continually marching thither, and then marching home again, without success,—always through the Brandenburg Territory, as they needs must. Which latter circumstance Friedrich Wilhelm, while yet only Crown-Prince, had seen with natural displeasure, could that have helped it. But Charles XII. would not yield a whit; sent orders peremptorily, from his bed at Bender or Demotica, that there must be no surrender. Neither could the sluggish enemy compel surrender.

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[1] *Mémoires de Bareith* (Wilhelmina's Book, Londres, 1812), i. 111.

So that, at length, it had grown a feeble wearisome welter of inextricable strifes, with worn-out combatants, exhausted of all but their animosity; and seemed as if it would never end. Inveterate ineffective war; ruinous to all good interests in those parts. What miseries had Holstein from it, which last to our own day! Mecklenburg also it involved in sore troubles, which lasted long enough, as we shall see. But Brandenburg, above all, may be impatient; Brandenburg, which has no business with it except that of unlucky neighbourhood. One of Friedrich Wilhelm's very first operations, as King, was to end this ugly state of matters, which he had witnessed with impatience, as Prince, for a long while.

He had hailed even the Treaty of Utrecht with welcome, in hopes it might at least end these Northern brabbles. This the Treaty of Utrecht tried to do, but could not: however, it gave him back his Prussian Fighting Men; which he has already increased by six regiments, raised, we may perceive, on the ruins of his late court-flunkies and dismissed goldsticks;—with these Friedrich Wilhelm will try to end it himself. These he at once ordered to form a Camp on his frontier, close to that theatre of contest; and signified now with emphasis, in the beginning of 1713, that he decidedly wished there were peace in those Pommern regions. Negotiations in consequence;[1] very wide negotiations, Louis XIV. and the Kaiser lending hand, to pacify these fighting Northern Kings and their Czar: at length the Holstein Government, representing their sworn ally, Charles XII., on the occasion, made an offer which seemed promising. They proposed that Stettin and its dependencies, the strong frontier Town, and, as it were, key of Swedish Pommern, should be evacuated by the Swedes, and be garrisoned by neutral troops, Prussians and Holsteiners in equal number; which neutral troops shall prohibit any hostile attack of Pommern from without, Sweden engaging not to make any attack through Pommern from within. That will be as good as peace in Pommern, till we get a general Swedish Peace. With which Friedrich Wilhelm gladly complies.[2]

Unhappily, however, the Swedish Commandant in Stettin would not give up the place, on any representative or secondary authority; not without an express order in his King's own hand. Which, as his King was far away, in abstruse Turkish circumstances and localities, could not be had at the moment; and involved new difficulties and uncertainties, new delay which might itself be fatal. The end was, the Russians and Saxons had to cannonade the man out by regular siege: they then gave up the Town to Prussia and Holstein; but required first to be paid their expenses incurred in sieging it,—400,000 thalers, as they computed and demonstrated, or somewhere about 60,000*l.* of our money.

Friedrich Wilhelm paid the money (Holstein not having a groschen); took possession of the Town, and dependent towns

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[1] 10th June 1713: Buchholz, i. 21.

[2] 22d June 1713: *Ibid.* i. 21.

Charles XII.

and forts; intending well to keep them till repaid. This was in October 1713; and ever since, there has been actual tranquillity in those parts: the embers of the Northern War may still burn or smoulder elsewhere, but here they are quite extinct. At first, it was a joint possession of Stettin, Holsteiners and Prussians in equal number; and if Friedrich Wilhelm had been sure of his money, so it would have continued. But the Holsteiners had paid nothing; Charles XII.'s sanction never could be expressly got, and the Holsteiners were mere dependants of his. Better to increase our Prussian force, by degrees; and, in some good way, with a minimum of violence, get the Holsteiners squeezed out of Stettin: Friedrich Wilhelm has so ordered and contrived. The Prussian force having now gradually increased to double in this important garrison, the Holsteiners are quietly disarmed, one night, and ordered to depart, under penalties;—which was done. Holding such a pawnticket as Stettin, buttoned in our own pocket, we count now on being paid our 60,000*l.* before parting with it.

Matters turned out as Friedrich William had dreaded they might. Here is Charles XII. come back; inflexible as cold Swedish iron; will not hear of any Treaty dealing with his properties in that manner: Is he a bankrupt, then, that you will sell his towns by auction? Charles does not, at heart, believe that Friedrich Wilhelm ever really paid the 60,000*l.*; Charles demands, for his own part, to have his own Swedish Town of Stettin restored to him; and has not the least intention, or indeed ability, to pay money. Vain to answer: 'Stettin, for the present, is not a Swedish Town; it is a Prussian Pawnticket!'—There was much negotiation, correspondence; Louis XIV. and the Kaiser stepping in again to produce settlement. To no purpose. Louis, gallant old Bankrupt, tried hard to take Charles's part with effect. But he had, himself, no money now; could only try finessing by ambassadors, try a little menacing by them; neither of which profited. Friedrich Wilhelm, wanting only peace on his borders, after fifteen years of extraneous uproar there, has paid 60,000*l.* in hard cash to have it: repay him that sum, with promise of peace on his borders, he will then quit Stettin; till then not. Big words from a French Ambassador in big wig, will not suffice: 'Bullying goes for nothing (*Bange machen gilt nicht*),'—the thing covenanted for will need to be done! Poor Louis the Great, whom we now call '*Bankrupt*-Great,' died while these affairs were pending; while Charles, his ally, was arguing and battling against all the world, with only a grandiloquent Ambassador to help him from Louis. '*J'ai trop aimé la guerre*,' said Louis at his death, addressing a new small Louis (five years old), his great-grandson and successor: 'I have been too fond of war; do not imitate me in that, *ne m'imitez pas en cela*.'[1] Which counsel also, as we shall see, was considerably lost in air.

Friedrich Wilhelm had a true personal regard for Charles XII., a man made in many respects after his own heart; and would fain have persuaded him into softer behaviour. But it was to no purpose. Charles would not listen to reasons of policy; or believe that his estate was bankrupt, or that his towns could be put in pawn. Danes, Saxons, Russians, even George I. of England (George having just bought, of the Danish King, who had got hold of it, a great Hanover bargain, Bremen and Verden, on cheap terms, from the quasi-bankrupt estate of poor Charles),—have to combine against him, and see to put him down. Among whom Prussia, at length actually attacked by Charles in the Stettin regions, has reluctantly to take the lead in that repressive movement. On the 28th of April 1715, Friedrich Wilhelm declares war against Charles; is already on march, with a great force, towards Stettin, to coerce and repress said Charles. No help for it, so sore as it goes against us: 'Why will the very King whom I most respect compel me to be his enemy?' said Friedrich Wilhelm.[2]

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[1] 1st September 1715.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric* (*Histoire de Brandebourg*), i. 132; Buchholz, i. 28.

One of Friedrich Wilhelm's originalities is his farewell Order and Instruction, to his Three chief Ministers, on this occasion. Ilgen, Dohna, Prinzen, tacit dusky figures, whom we meet in Prussian Books, and never gain the least idea of, except as of grim, rather cunning, most reserved antiquarian gentlemen,—a kind of human iron-safes, solemnly filled (under triple and quadruple patent-locks) with what, alas, has now all grown waste-paper, dust and cobweb, to us:—these three reserved cunning Gentlemen are to keep a thrice-watchful eye on all subordinate boards and persons, and see well that nobody nod or do amiss. Brief weekly report to his Majesty will be expected; staffettes, should cases of hot haste occur: any questions of yours are 'to be put on a sheet of paper folded down, to which I can write marginalia': if nothing particular is passing, '*nit schreiben*, you don't write.' Pay out no money, except what falls due by the Books; none;—if an extraordinary case for payment arise, consult my Wife, and she must sign her order for it. Generally in matters of any moment, consult my Wife; but her only, 'except her and the Privy Councillors, no mortal is to poke into my affairs': I say no mortal, '*sonst kein Mensch*.'

'My Wife shall be told of all things,' he says elsewhere, 'and counsel asked of her.' The rugged Paterfamilias, but the human one! 'And as I am a man,' continues he, 'and may be shot dead, I command you and all to take care of Fritz (*für Fritz zu sorgen*), as God shall reward you. And I give you all, Wife to begin with, my curse (*meinen Fluch*), that God may punish you in Time and Eternity, if you do not, after my death,'—do what, O Heavens?—'bury me in the vault of the Schlosskirche,' Palace-Church at Berlin! 'And you shall make no grand to-do (*kein Fest*) on the occasion. On your body and life, no festivals and ceremonials, except that the regiments one after the other fire a volley over me.' Is not this an ursine man-of-genius, in some sort, as we once defined him? He adds suddenly, and concludes: 'I am assured you will manage everything with all the exact-ness in the world; for which I shall ever zealously, as long as I live, be your friend.'[1]

Russians, Saxons affected to intend joining Friedrich Wilhelm in his Pommern Expedition; and of the latter there did, under a so-called Field-Marshal von Wackerbarth, of high plumes and titles, some four-thousand,—of whom only Colonel von Seckendorf, commanding one of the horse-regiments, is remarkable to us,—come and serve. The rest, and all the Russians, he was as well pleased to have at a distance. Some sixteen-thousand Danes joined him, too, with the King of Denmark at their head; very furious, all, against the Swedish-iron Hero; but they were remarked to do almost no real service, except at sea a little against the Swedish ships. George I. also had a fleet in the Baltic; but only 'to protect English commerce.' On the whole, the Siege of Stralsund, to which the Campaign pretty soon reduced itself, was done mainly by Friedrich Wilhelm. He stayed two months in Stettin, getting all his preliminaries completed; his good Queen, Wife 'Feekin,' was with him for some time, I know not whether now or afterwards. In the end of June, he issued from Stettin; took the interjacent outpost places; and then opened ground before Stralsund, where, in a few days more, the Danes joined him. It was now the middle of July: a combined Army of well-nigh Forty-thousand against Charles; who, to man his works, musters about the fourth part of that number.[2]

Stralsund, with its outer lines and inner, with its marshes, ditches, ramparts and abundant cannon to them, and leaning, one side of it, on the deep sea, which Swedish ships command as yet, is very strong. Wallenstein, we know, once tried it with furious assault, with bombardment, sap and storm; swore he would have it, 'though it hung by a chain from

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[1] 26th April 1715: Cosmars und Klaproths *Staatsrath*, s. 223 (in Stenzel, iii. 269).

[2] Pauli, viii. 85-101; Buchholz, i. 31-39; Förster, ii. 34-39; Stenzel, iii. 272-278.

Heaven'; but could not get it, after all his volcanic raging; and was driven away, partly by the Swedes and armed Townsfolk, chiefly by the marsh-fevers and continuous rains. Stralsund has been taken, since that, by Prussian sieging; as old men, from the Great Elector's time, still remember.[1] To Louis Fourteenth's menacing Ambassador, Friedrich Wilhelm seems to intimate that indeed big bullying words will not take it, but that Prussian guns and men, on a just ground, still may.

The details of this Siege of Stralsund are all on record, and had once a certain fame in the world; but, except as a distant echo, must not concern us here. It lasted till midwinter, under continual fierce counter-movements and desperate sallies from the Swedish Lion, standing at bay there against all the world. But Friedrich Wilhelm was vigilance itself; and he had his Anhalt-Dessaus with him, his Borcks, Buddenbrocks, Finkensteins, veteran men and captains, who had learned their art under Marlborough and Eugene. The Lion King's fierce sallies, and desperate valour, could not avail. Point after point was lost for him. Köppen, a Prussian Lieutenant-Colonel, native to the place, who has bathed in those waters in his youth, remembers that, by wading to the chin, you could get round the extremity of Charles's main outer line. Köppen states his project, gets it approved of;—wades accordingly, with a select party, under cloud of night (4th of November, eve of Gunpowder day, a most cold-hot job); other ranked Prussian battalions awaiting intently outside, with shouldered firelock, invisible in the dark, what will become of him. Köppen wades successfully; seizes the first battery of said line,—masters said lines with its batteries, the outside battalions and he. Irrepressibly, with horrible uproar from without and from within; the flying Swedes scarcely getting up the Town drawbridge, as he chased them. That important line is lost to Charles.

Next they took the Isle of Rügen from him, which shuts up the harbour. Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau, our rugged friend, in Danish boats, which were but ill navigated, contrives, about a week after that Köppen feat, to effect a landing on Kügen at nightfall; beats off the weak Swedish party;—entrenches, palisades himself to the teeth, and lies down under arms. That latter was a wise precaution. For, about four in the morning, Charles comes in person, with eight pieces of cannon and four-thousand horse and foot: Charles is struck with amazement at the palisade and ditch ('*Mein Gott*, who would have expected this!' he was heard murmuring); dashes, like a fire-flood, against ditch and palisade; tears at the pales himself, which prove impregnable to his cannon and him. He storms and rages forward, again and again, now here, now there; but is met everywhere by steady deadly musketry; and has to retire, fruitless, about daybreak, himself wounded, and leaving his eight cannons, and four-hundred slain.

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[1] 10th-15th October 1678 (Pauli, v. 203, 205).

Poor Charles, there had been no sleep for him that night, and little for very many nights: 'on getting to horse, on the shore at Stralsund, he fainted repeatedly; fell out of one faint into another; but such was his rage, he always recovered himself, and got on horseback again.'[1] Poor Charles: a bit of right royal Swedish-German stuff, after his kind; and tragically ill bestead now at last! This is his exit he is now making,—still in a consistent manner. It is fifteen years now since he waded ashore at Copenhagen, and first heard the bullets whistle round him. Since which time, what a course has he run; crashing athwart all manner of ranked armies, diplomatic combinations, right onward, like a cannon-ball; tearing off many solemn wigs in those Northern parts, and scattering them upon the winds,—even as he did his own full-bottom wig, impatiently, on that first day at Copenhagen, finding it unfurthersome for actual business in battle.[2]

In about a month hence, the last important hornwork is forced; Charles, himself seen fiercely fighting on the place, is swept back from his last hornwork; and the general storm, now altogether irresistible, is evidently at hand. On entreaty from his followers, entreaty often renewed, with tears even (it is said) and on bended knees, Charles at last consents to go. He left no orders for surrender; would not name the word; 'left only ambiguous vague orders.' But on the 19th December 1715, he does actually depart; gets on board a little boat, towards a Swedish frigate, which is lying above a mile out; the whole road to which, between Rügen and the mainland, is now solid ice, and has to be cut as he proceeds. This slow operation, which lasted all day, was visible, and its meaning well known, in the besiegers' lines. The King of Denmark saw it; and brought a battery to bear upon it; his thought had always been, that Charles should be captured or killed in Stralsund, and not allowed to get away. Friedrich Wilhelm was of quite another mind, and had even used secret influences to that effect; eager that Charles should escape. It is said, he remonstrated very passionately with the Danish King and this battery of his; nay, some add, since remonstrances did not avail, and the battery still threatened to fire, Friedrich Wilhelm drew-up a Prussian regiment or two at the muzzles of it, and said, You shall shoot us first, then.[1] Which is a pleasant myth at least; and symbolical of what the reality was.

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[1] Buchholz, i. 36.

[2] Köhler, *Münzbelustigungen*, xiv. 213.

Charles reached his frigate about nightfall, but made little way from the place, owing to defect of wind. They say, he even heard the chamade beating in Stralsund next day, and that a Danish frigate had nearly taken him; both which statements are perhaps also a little mythical. Certain only that he vanished at this point into Scandinavia; and general Europe never saw him more. Vanished into a cloud of untenable schemes, guided by Alberoni, Baron Görtz and others; wild schemes, financial, diplomatic, warlike, nothing not chimerical in them but his own unquenchable real energy;

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[1] Buchholz, p. 138 *n*.

—and found his death (by assassination, as appears) in the trenches of Frederickshall, among the Norway Hills, one winter night, three years hence. Assassination instigated by the Swedish Official Persons, it is thought. The bullet passed through both his temples; he had clapt his hand upon the hilt of his sword, and was found leant against the parapet, in that attitude,—gone upon a long march now. So vanished Charles Twelfth; the distressed Official Persons and Nobility exploding upon him in that rather damnable way,—anxious to slip their muzzles at any cost whatever. A man of antique character; true as a child, simple, even bashful, and of a strength and valour rarely exampled among men. Open-hearted Antique populations would have much worshipped such an Appearance;—Voltaire, too, for the artificial Moderns, has made a myth of him, of another type; one of those impossible cast-iron gentlemen, heroically mad, such as they show in the Playhouses, pleasant but not profitable, to an undiscerning Public.[1] The last of the Swedish Kings died in this way; and the unmuzzled Official Persons have not made much of kinging it in his stead. Charles died; and, as we may say, took the life of Sweden along with him; for it has never shone among the Nations since, or been much worth mentioning, except for its misfortunes, spasmodic impotences and unwisdoms.

Stralsund instantly beat the chamade, as we heard; and all was surrender and subjection in those regions. Surrender; not yet pacification, not while Charles lived: nor for half-a-century after his death, could Mecklenburg, Holstein-Gottorp, and other his confederates, escape a sad coil of calamities bequeathed by him to them. Friedrich Wilhelm returned to Berlin, victorious from his first, which was also his last Prussian War, in January 1716; and was doubtless a happy man, *not* 'to be buried in the Schlosskirche (under penalty of

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[1] See Adlerfeld (*Military History of Charles XII.* London, 1740, 3 vols., 'from the Swedish,' through the French) and Köhler (*Münzbelustigungen*, ubi suprà), for some authentic traits of his life and him.

God's curse),' but to find his little Fritz and Feekin, and all the world, merry to see him, and all things put square again, abroad as at home. He forbade the 'triumphal entry' which Berlin was preparing for him; entered privately; and ordered a thanksgiving sermon in all the churches next Sunday.

The Devil in Harness: Creutz the Finance-Minister

In the King's absence nothing particular had occurred,—except indeed the walking of a dreadful Spectre, three nights over, in the corridors of the Palace at Berlin; past the doors where our little Prince and Wilhelmina slept: bringing with it not airs from Heaven, we may fear, but blasts from the Other place! The stalwart sentries shook in their paces, and became 'half-dead' from terror. 'A horrible noise, one night,' says Wilhelmina, 'when all were buried in sleep: all the world started up, thinking it was fire; but they were much surprised to find that it was a Spectre.' Evident Spectre, seen to pass this way, 'and glide along that gallery, as if toward the apartments of the Queen's Ladies.' Captain of the Guard could find nothing in that gallery, or anywhere, and withdrew again:—but lo, it returns the way it went! Stalwart sentries were found melted into actual deliquium of swooning, as the Preternatural swept-by this second time. 'They said, It was the Devil in person; raised by Swedish wizards to kill the Prince-Royal.'[1] Poor Prince-Royal; sleeping sound, we hope; little more than three years old at this time, and knowing nothing of it!—All Berlin talked of the affair. People dreaded it might be a 'Spectre' of Swedish tendencies; aiming to burn the Palace, spirit-off the Royal Children, and do one knew not what?

Not that at all, by any means! The Captain of the Guard, reinforcing himself to defiance even of the Preternatural, does, on the third or fourth apparition, clutch the Spectre; finds him to be—a prowling Scullion of the Palace, employed here he will not say how; who is straightway locked in prison, and so exorcised at least. Exorcism is perfect; but Berlin is left guessing as to the rest,—secret of it discoverable only by the Queen's Majesty and some few most interior parties. To the following effect.

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[1] Wilhelmina, *Mémoires de Bareith*, i. 18.

Spectre-Scullion, it turns out, had been employed by Grumkow, as spy upon one of the Queen's Maids of Honour,—suspected by him to be a No-maid of Dishonour, and of ill intentions too,—who lodges in that part of the Palace: of whom Herr Grumkow wishes intensely to know, 'Has she an intrigue with Creutz the new Finance-Minister, or has she not?' 'Has, beyond doubt!' the Spectre-Scullion hopes he has discovered, before exorcism. Upon which Grumkow, essentially illuminated as to the required particular, manages to get the Spectre-Scullion loose again, not quite hanged; glozing the matter off to his Majesty on his return: for the rest, ruins entirely the Creutz speculation; and has the No-maid called of Honour,—with whom Creutz thought to have seduced the young King also, and made the young King amenable,—dismissed from Court in a peremptory irrefragable manner. This is the secret of the Spectre-Scullion, fully revealed by Wilhelmina many years after.

This one short glance into the Satan's Invisible-World of the Berlin Palace, we could not but afford the reader, when an actual Goblin of it happened to be walking in our neighbourhood. Such an Invisible-World of Satan exists in most human houses, and in all human Palaces;—with its imps familiar-demons, spies, go-betweens, and industrious bad angels, continually mounting and descending by *their* Jacob's-Ladder, or Palace Backstairs: operated upon by Conjurors of the Grumkow-Creutz or other sorts. Tyrannous Mamsell Leti,[1] treacherous Mamsell Ramen, valet-surgeon Eversmann, and plenty more: readers of Wilhelmina's Book are too well acquainted with them. Nor are expert Conjurors wanting; capable to work strange feats with so plastic an element as Friedrich Wilhelm's mind. Let this one short glimpse of such Subterranean-World be sufficient indication to the reader's fancy.

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[1] Leti, Governess to Wilhelmina, but soon dismissed for insolent cruelty and other bad conduct, was daughter of that Gregorio Leti ('Protestant Italian' Refugee, 'Historiographer of Amsterdam,' etc. etc.), who once had a pension in this country; and who wrote History-Books, a *Life of Cromwell* one of them, so regardless of the difference between true and false.

Creutz was not dismissed, as some people had expected he might be. Creutz continues Finance-Minister; makes a great figure in the fashionable Berlin world in these coming years, and is much talked of in the old Books,—though, as he works mostly underground, and merely does budgets and finance-matters with extreme talent and success, we shall hope to hear almost nothing more of him. Majesty, while Crown-Prince, when he first got his regiment from Papa, had found this Creutz 'Auditor' in it; a poor but handsome fellow, with perhaps seven shillings a week to live upon; but with such a talent for arranging, for reckoning and recording, in brief for controlling finance, as more and more charmed the royal mind.[1]

One of Majesty's first acts was to appoint him Finance-Minister;[2] and there he continued steady, not to be overset by little flaws of wind like this of the Spectre-Scullion's raising. It is certain he did, himself, become rich; and helped well to make his Majesty so. We are to fancy him his Majesty's bottle-holder in that battle with the Finance Nightmares and Imbroglios, when so much had to be subjugated, and drilled into step, in that department. Evidently a long-headed cunning fellow, much of the Grumkow type;—standing very low in Wilhelmina's judgment; and ill-seen, when not avoidable altogether, by the Queen's Majesty. 'The man was a poor Country Bailiff's (*Amtmann's*, kind of Tax-manager's) son: from Auditor of a regiment,' Papa's own regiment, 'he had risen to be Director of Finance, and a Minister of State. His soul was as low as his birth; it was an assemblage of all the vices,'[1] says Wilhelmina, in the language of exaggeration.—Let him stand by his budgets; keep well out of Wilhelmina's and the Queen's way;—and very especially beware of coming on Grumkow's field again.

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[1] Mauvillon ('Elder Mauvillon,' *Anonymous*), *Histoire de Frédéric Guillaume I.*, par M. de M * * * (Amsterdam et Leipzig, 1741), i. 47. A vague flimsy Compilation;—gives abundant 'State-Papers' (to such as want them), and echoes of old Newspaper rumour. Very copious on Creutz.

[2] 4th May 1713: Preuss, i. 349 n.

CHAPTER VI

THE LITTLE DRUMMER

THIS Siege of Stralsund, the last military scene of Charles XII., and the *first* ever practically heard of by our little Fritz, who is now getting into his fourth year, and must have thought a great deal about it in his little head,—Papa and even Mamma being absent on it, and such a marching and rumouring going on all round him,—proved to be otherwise of some importance to little Fritz.

Most of his Tutors were picked up by the careful Papa in this Stralsund business. Duhan de Jandun, a young French gentleman, family-tutor to General Count Dohna (a cousin of our Minister Dohna's), but fonder of fighting than of teaching grammar; whom Friedrich Wilhelm found doing soldier's work in the trenches, and liked the ways of; he, as the foundation-stone of tutorage, is to be first mentioned. And then Count Fink von Finkenstein, a distinguished veteran, high in command (of whose qualities as Head-Tutor, or occasional travelling-guardian, Friedrich Wilhelm had experience in his own young days[2]); and Lieutenant-Colonel Kalkstein, a prisoner-of-war from the Swedish side, whom

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[1] Wilhelmina, i. 16.

[2] *Biographisches Lexikon aller Helden und Militair Personen, welche sich in Preussischen Diensten berümht gemacht haben* (4 vols. Berlin, 1788), i. 418, § Finkenstein.—A praiseworthy, modest, highly correct Book, of its kind; which we shall, in future, call *Militair-Lexikon* when referring to it.

Friedrich Wilhelm, judging well of him, adopts into his own service with this view: these Three come all from Stralsund Siege; and were of vital moment to our little Fritz in the subsequent time. Colonel Seckendorf, again, who had a command in the Four-thousand Saxons here, and refreshed into intimacy a transient old acquaintance with Friedrich Wilhelm,—is not he too of terrible importance to Fritz and him? As we shall see in time!—

For the rest, here is another little incident. We said it had been a disappointment to Papa that his little Fritz showed almost no appetite for soldiering, but found other sights more interesting to him than the drill-ground. Sympathise, then, with the earnest Papa, as he returns home one afternoon, —date not given, but to all appearance of that year 1715, when there was such war-rumouring, and marching towards Stralsund;—and found the little Fritz, with Wilhelmina looking over him, strutting about, and assiduously beating a little drum.

The paternal heart ran over with glad fondness, invoking Heaven to confirm the omen. Mother was told of it; the phenomenon was talked of,—beautifulest, hopefulest of little drummers. Painter Pesne, a French Immigrant, or Importee, of the last reign, a man of great skill with his brush, whom History yet thanks on several occasions, was sent for; or he heard of the incident, and volunteered his services. A Portrait of little Fritz drumming, with Wilhelmina looking on; to which, probably for the sake of colour and pictorial effect, a Blackamoor, aside with parasol in hand, grinning approbation, has been added,—was sketched, and dextrously worked out in oil, by Painter Pesne. Picture approved by mankind there and then. And it still hangs on the wall, in a perfect state, in Charlottenburg Palace; where the judicious tourist may see it without difficulty, and institute reflections on it.

A really graceful little Picture; and certainly, to Prussian men, not without weight of meaning. Nor perhaps to Picture-

Collectors and Cognoscenti generally, of whatever country,—if they could forget, for a moment, the coreggiosity of Coreggio, and the learned babble of the Sale-room and varnishing Auctioneer; and think, 'Why it is, probably, that Pictures exist in this world, and to what end the divine art of Painting was bestowed, by the earnest gods, upon poor mankind?' I could advise it once, for a little! Flaying of Saint Bartholomew, Rape of Europa, Rape of the Sabines, Piping and Amours of goat-footed Pan, Romulus suckled by the Wolf: all this, and much else of fabulous, distant, unimportant, not to say impossible, ugly and unworthy, shall pass without undue severity of criticism, in a Household of such opulence as ours, where much goes to waste, and where things are not on an earnest footing for this long while past! As Created Objects, or as Phantasms of such, pictorially done, all this shall have much worth, or shall have little. But I say, Here withal is one not phantasmal; of indisputable certainty, homegrown, just commencing business, who carried it far!

Fritz is still, if not in 'long-clothes,' at least in longish and flowing clothes, of the petticoat sort, which look as of dark-blue velvet, very simple, pretty and appropriate; in a cap of the same; has a short raven's feather in the cap; and looks up, with a face and eyes full of beautiful vivacity and child's enthusiasm, one of the beautifulest little figures, while the little drum responds to his bits of drumsticks. Sister Wilhelmina, taller by some three years, looks on in pretty marching attitude, and with a graver smile. Blackamoor, and accompaniments elegant enough; and finally the figure of a grenadier, on guard, seen far off through an opening,—make up the background.

We have Engravings of this Picture; which are of clumsy poor quality, and misrepresent it much: an excellent Copy in oil, what might be called almost a facsimile and the perfection of a Copy, is now (1854) in Lord Ashburton's Collection here in England. In the Berlin Galleries,—which are made up, like other Galleries, of goat-footed Pan, Europa's Bull, Romulus's She-Wolf, and the coreggiosity of Coreggio; and contain, for instance, no Portrait of Frederick the Great; no Likenesses at all, or next to none at all, of the noble series of Human Realities, or of any part of them, who have sprung *not* from the idle brains of dreaming Dilettanti, but from the Head of God Almighty, to make this poor authentic Earth a little memorable for us, and to do a little work that may be eternal there:—in those expensive Halls of 'High Art' at Berlin, there were, to my experience, few Pictures more agreeable than this of Pesne's. Welcome, like one tiny islet of Reality amid the shoreless sea of Phantasms, to the reflective mind, seriously loving and seeking what is worthy and memorable, seriously hating and avoiding what is the reverse, and intent not to play the dilettante in this world.

The same Pesne, an excellent Artist, has painted Friedrich as Prince-Royal: a beautiful young man with *moist*-looking enthusiastic eyes of extraordinary brilliancy, smooth oval face; considerably resembling his Mother. After which period, authentic Pictures of Friedrich are sought for to little purpose. For it seems he never sat to any Painter, in his reigning days; and the Prussian Chodowiecki,[1] Saxon Graff, English Cunningham had to pick-up his physiognomy from the distance, intermittently, as they could. Nor is Rauch's grand equestrian Sculpture a thing to be believed, or perhaps pretending much to be so. The commonly-received Portrait of Friedrich, which all German limners can draw at once,—the cocked-hat, big eyes and alert air, reminding you of some uncommonly brisk Invalid Drill-sergeant or Greenwich Pensioner, as much as of a Royal Hero,—is nothing but a general extract and average of all the faces of Friedrich, such as has been tacitly agreed upon; and is definable as a received pictorial-myth, by no means as a fact, or credible resemblance of life.

But enough now of Pictures. This of the Little Drummer, the painting and the thing painted which remain to us, may be taken as Friedrich's first appearance on the stage of the world; and welcomed accordingly. It is one of the very few visualities or definite certainties we can lay hold of, in those young years of his, and bring conclusively home to our imagination, out of the waste Prussian dust-clouds of uninstructive garrulity which pretend to record them for us. Whether it came into existence as a shadowy emanation from the Stralsund Expedition, can only be matter of conjecture. To judge by size, these figures must have been painted about the year 1715; Fritz some three or four years old, his sister Wilhelmina seven.

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[1] Pronounce *Kodov-yetski*;—and endeavour to make some acquaintance with this 'Prussian Hogarth,' who has real worth and originality.

It remains only to be intimated, that Friedrich Wilhelm, for his part, had got all he claimed from this Expedition: namely, Stettin with the dependent Towns, and quietness in Pommern. Stettin was, from of old, the capital of his own part of Pommern; thrown-in along with the other parts of Pommern, and given to Sweden (from sheer necessity, it was avowed), at the Peace of Westphalia, sixty years ago or more:—and now, by good chance, it has come back. Wait another hundred years, and perhaps Swedish Pommern altogether will come back! But from all this Friedrich Wilhelm is still far. Stettin and quiet are all he dreams of demanding there.

Stralsund he did not reckon his; left it with the Danes, to hold in pawn till some general Treaty. Nor was there farther outbreak of war in those regions; though actual Treaty of Peace did not come till 1720, and make matters sure. It was the new Queen of Sweden, Ulrique Eleonora (Charles's younger Sister, wedded to the young Landgraf of Hessen-Cassel),—much aided by an English Envoy,—who made this Peace with Friedrich Wilhelm. A young English Envoy, called Lord Carteret, was very helpful in this matter; one of his first feats in the diplomatic world. For which Peace[1] Friedrich Wilhelm was so thankful, good pacific armed-man, that happening to have a Daughter born to him just about that time, he gave the little creature her Swedish Majesty's name; a new 'Ulrique,' who grew to proper stature, and became notable in Sweden, herself, by and by.[1]

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[1] Stockholm, 21st January 1720: in Mauvillon (i. 380-417) the Document itself at large.

CHAPTER VII

TRANSIT OF CZAR PETER

In the Autumn of 1717, Peter the Great, coming home from his celebrated French journey, paid Friedrich Wilhelm a visit; and passed four days at Berlin. Of which let us give one glimpse, if we can with brevity.

Friedrich Wilhelm and the Czar, like in several points, though so dissimilar in others, had always a certain regard for one another; and at this time, they had been brought into closer intercourse by their common peril from Charles XII., ever since that Stralsund business. The peril was real, especially with a Görtz and Alberoni putting hand to it; and the alarm, the rumour, and uncertainty were great in those years. The wounded Lion driven indignant into his lair, with Plotting Artists now operating upon the rage of the noble animal: who knows what spring he will next take?

George I. had a fleet cruising in the Baltic Sounds, and again a fleet;—paying, in that oblique way, for Bremen and Verden; which were got, otherwise, such a bargain to his Hanover. Czar Peter had marched an Army into Denmark; united Russians and Danes count Fifty-thousand there; for a conjunct invasion, and probable destruction, of Sweden: but that came to nothing; Charles looking across upon it too dangerously, 'visible in clear weather over from the Danish side.'[2] So Peter's troops have gone home again; Denmark too glad to get them away. Perhaps they would have staid in Denmark altogether; much liking the green pastures and convenient situation,—had not Admiral Norris with his cannon been there! Perhaps? And the Pretender is coming again, they say? And who knows what is coming? —How Görtz, in about a year hence was laid hold of, and let go, and then ultimately tried and beheaded (once his lion Master was disposed of);[1] how, Ambassador Cellamare, and the Spanish part of the Plot, having been discovered in Paris, Cardinal Alberoni at Madrid was discovered, and the whole mystery laid bare; all that mad business, of bringing the Pretender into England, throwing out George I., throwing out the Regent d'Orléans, and much more,—is now sunk silent enough, not worthy of reawakening; but it was then a most loud matter; filling the European Courts, and especially that of Berlin, with rumours and apprehensions. No wonder Friedrich Wilhelm was grateful for that Swedish Peace of his, and named his little daughter 'Ulrique' in honour of it. Tumultuous cloud-world of Lapland Witchcraft had ceased hereby, and daylight had begun: old women (or old Cardinals) riding through the sky, on broomsticks, to meet Satan, where now are they? The fact still dimly perceptible is, Europe, thanks to that pair of Black-Artists, Görtz and Alberoni, not to mention Law the Finance-Wizard and his French incantations, had been kept generally, for these three or four years past, in the state of a Haunted House; riotous Goblins, of unknown dire intent, walking now in this apartment of it, now in that; no rest anywhere for the perturbed inhabitants.

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[1] Louisa Ulrique, born 24th July 1720; Queen of Sweden in time coming.

[2] 1716: Fassmann, p. 171.

As to Friedrich Wilhelm, his plan in 1717, as all along, in this bewitched state of matters, was: To fortify his Frontier Towns; Memel, Wesel, to the right and left, especially to fortify Stettin, his new acquisition;—and to put his Army, and his Treasury (or Army-*Chest*), more and more in order. In that way we shall better meet whatever goblins there may be, thinks Friedrich Wilhelm. Count Lottum, hero of the Prussians at Malplaquet, is doing his scientific uttermost in Stettin and those Frontier Towns. For the rest, his Majesty, invited by the Czar and France, has been found willing to make paction with them, as he is with all pacific neighbours. In fact, the Czar and he had their private Conference, at Havelberg, last year,—Havelberg, some sixty miles from Berlin, on the road towards Denmark, as Peter was passing that way;—ample Conference of five days;[1]—privately agreeing there, about many points conducive to tranquillity.

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[1] 19th March 1719: see Köhler (*Münzbelustigungen*, vi. 233-240, xvii. 297-304) for many curious details of Görtz and his end.

And it was on that same errand, though ostensibly to look after Art and the higher forms of Civilisation so-called, that Peter had been to France on this celebrated occasion of 1717. We know he saw much Art withal; saw Marly, Trianon and the grandeurs and politenesses;—saw, among other things, 'a Medal of himself fall accidentally at his feet'; polite Medal 'just getting struck in the Mint, with a rising sun on it; and the motto, VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.'[2] Ostensibly it was to see *cette belle France*; but privately withal the Czar wished to make his bargain, with the Regent d'Orléans, as to these goblins walking in the Northern and Southern parts, and what was to be done with them. And the result has been, the Czar, Friedrich Wilhelm and the said Regent have just concluded an Agreement;[3] undertaking in general, that the goblins shall be well watched; that they Three will stand by one another in watching them. And now the Czar will visit Berlin in passing homewards again. That is the position of affairs, when he pays this visit. Peter had been in Berlin more than once before; but almost always in a succinct rapid condition; never with his 'Court' about him till now. This is his last, and by far his greatest, appearance in Berlin.

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[1] 23d-28th November 1716: Fassmann, p. 172.

[2] Voltaire, *Œuvres Complètes* (*Histoire du Czar Pierre*), xxxi. 336.—Köhler, in *Münzbelustigungen*, xvii. 386-392 (this very *Medal* the subject), gives authentic account, day by day, of the Czar's visit there.

[3] 4th August 1717: Buchholz, i. 43.

Such a transit, of the Barbaric semi-fabulous Sovereignties, could not but be wonderful to everybody there. It evidently struck Wilhelmina's fancy, now in her ninth year, very much. What her little Brother did in it, or thought of it, I nowhere find hinted; conclude only that it would remain in his head too, visible occasionally to the end of his life. Wilhelmina's Narrative, very loose, dateless or misdated, plainly wrong in various particulars, has still its value for us: human *eyes*, even a child's, are worth something, in comparison to human want-of-eyes, which is too frequent in History-books and elsewhere!—Czar Peter is now forty-five, his Czarina Catherine about thirty-one. It was in 1698 that he first passed this way, going towards Saardam and practical Shipbuilding: within which twenty years what a spell of work done! Victory of Pultawa is eight years behind him;[1] victories in many kinds are behind him: by this time he is to be reckoned a triumphant Czar; and is certainly the strangest mixture of heroic virtue and brutish Samoeidic savagery the world at any time had.

It was Sunday 19th September 1717, when the Czar arrived in Berlin. Being already sated with scenic parades, he had begged to be spared all ceremony; begged to be lodged in Monbijou, the Queen's little Garden-Palace with river and trees round it, where he hoped to be quietest. Monbijou has been set apart accordingly; the Queen, not in the benignest humour, sweeping all her crystals and brittle things away; knowing the manners of the Muscovites. Nor in the way of ceremony was there much: King and Queen drove out to meet him; rampart-guns gave three big salvos, as the Czarish Majesty stept forth. 'I am glad to see you, my Brother Friedrich,' said Peter, in German, his only intelligible language; shaking hands with the Brother Majesty, in a cordial human manner. The Queen he, still more cordially, 'would have kissed'; but this she evaded, in some graceful effective way. As to the Czarina,—who, for *obstetric* and other reasons, of no moment to us, had staid in Wesel all the time he was in France,—she followed him now at two-days distance; not along with him, as Wilhelmina has it. Wilhelmina says, she kissed the Queen's hand, and again and again kissed it; begged to present her Ladies,—'about four-hundred so-called Ladies, who were of her Suite.'—Surely not so many as Four-hundred, you too-witty Princess? 'Mere German serving-maids for the most part,' says the witty Princess; 'Ladies when there is occasion, then acting as chambermaids, cooks, washerwomen, when that is over.'

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[1] 27th June, 1709.

Queen Sophie was averse to salute these creatures; but the Czarina Catherine making reprisals upon our Margravines, and the King looking painfully earnest in it, she prevailed upon herself. Was there ever seen such a travelling tag-raggery of a Sovereign Court before? 'Several of these creatures' (*presque toutes*, says the exaggerative Princess) 'had, in their arms, a baby in rich dress; and if you asked, "Is that yours, then?" they answered, making salaams in Russian style, "The Czar did me the honour (*m'a fait l'honneur de me faire cet enfant*)!"'—

Which statement, if we deduct the due 25 per cent, is probably not mythic, after all. A day or two ago, the Czar had been at Magdeburg, on his way hither, intent upon inspecting matters there; and the Official Gentlemen,—President Cocceji (afterwards a very celebrated man) at the head of them,—waited on the Czar, to do what was needful. On entering, with the proper Address or complimentary Harangue, they found his Czarish Majesty 'standing between two Russian Ladies,' clearly Ladies of the above sort; for they stood close by him, one of his arms was round the neck of each, and his hands amused themselves by taking liberties in that posture, all the time Cocceji spoke. Nay, even this was as nothing among the Magdeburg phenomena. Next day, for instance, there appeared in the audience-chamber a certain serene high-pacing Duke of Mecklenburg, with his Duchess;—thrice-unfortunate Duke, of whom we shall too often hear again; who, after some adventures, under Charles XII. first of all, and then under the enemies of Charles, had, about a year ago, after divorcing his first Wife, married a Niece of Peter's:—Duke and Duchess arrive now, by order or gracious invitation of their Sovereign Uncle, to accompany him in those parts; and are announced to an eager Czar, giving audience to his select Magdeburg public. At sight of which most desirable Duchess and Brother's Daughter, how Peter started up, satyrlike, clasping her in his arms, and snatching her into an inner room, with the door left ajar, and there—It is too Samoeidic for human speech! and would excel belief, were not the testimony so strong.[1] A Duke of Mecklenburg, it would appear, who may count himself the *Non-plus-ultra* of Husbands in that epoch;—as among Sovereign Rulers, too, in a small or great way, he seeks his fellow for ill-luck!

Duke and Duchess accompanied the Czar to Berlin, where Wilhelmina mentions them, as presentees; part of those 'four-hundred' anomalies. They took the Czar home with them to Mecklenburg: where indeed some Russian Regiments of his, left here on their return from Denmark, had been very useful in coercing the rebellious Ritterschaft (*Knightage*, or Landed-Gentry) of this Duke,—till at length the general outcry, and voice of the Reich itself, had ordered the said Regiments to get on march again, and take themselves away.[2] For all is rebellion, passive-rebellion, in Mecklenburg; taxes being so indispensable; and the Knights so disinclined; and this Duke a Sovereign,—such as we may construe from his quarrelling with almost everybody, and his *not* quarrelling with an Uncle Peter of that kind.[3] His troubles as Sovereign Duke, his flights to Dantzig, oustings, returns, law-pleadings and foolish confusions, lasted all his life, thirty years to come;

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[1] Pöllnitz (*Memoiren*, ii. 95) gives Friedrich Wilhelm as voucher, 'who used to relate it as from eye-and-ear witnesses.'

[2] The *last* of them, 'July 1717'; two months ago. (Michaelis, ii. 418.)

[3] One poor hint, on his behalf, let us not omit: '*Wife* quitted him in 1719, and lived at Moscow afterwards!' (General Mannstein, *Memoirs of Russia*, London, 1770, p. 27 n.).

and were bequeathed as a sorrowful legacy to Posterity and the neighbouring Countries. Voltaire says, the Czar wished to buy his Duchy from him.[1] And truly, for this wretched Duke, it would have been good to sell it at any price: but there were other words than his to such a bargain, had it ever been seriously meditated. By this extraordinary Duchess he becomes Father (real or putative) of a certain Princess whom we may hear of; and through her again is Grandfather of an unfortunate Russian Prince, much bruited about, as 'the murdered Iwan,' in subsequent times. With such a Duke and Duchess let our acquaintance be the *minimum* of what necessity compels.

Wilhelmina goes by hearsay hitherto; and, it is to be hoped, had heard nothing of these Magdeburg-Mecklenburg phenomena; but after the Czarina's arrival, the little creature saw with her own eyes:

'Next day,' that is, Wednesday 22d, 'the Czar and his Spouse came to return the Queen's visit; and I saw the Court myself.' Palace Grand-Apartments; Queen advancing a due length, even to the outer guard-room; giving the Czarina her right hand, and leading her into her audience-chamber in that distinguished manner: King and Czar followed close;—and here it was that Wilhelmina's personal experiences began. 'The Czar at once recognised me, having seen me before, five years ago' (March 1713). 'He caught me in his arms; fell to kissing me, like to flay the skin off my face. I boxed his ears, sprawled, and struggled with all my strength; saying I would not allow such familiarities, and that he was dishonouring me. He laughed greatly at this idea; made peace, and talked a long time with me. I had got my lesson: I spoke of his fleet and his conquests;—which charmed him so much, that he said more than once to the Czarina, "If he could have a child like me, he would willingly give one of his Provinces in exchange." The Czarina also caressed me a good deal. The Queen' (Mamma) 'and she placed themselves under the dais, each in an armchair' of proper dignity; 'I was at the Queen's side, and the Princesses of the Blood,' Margravines above spoken of, 'were opposite to her,'—all in a standing posture, as is proper.

'The Czarina was a little stumpy body, very brown, and had neither air nor grace; you needed only look at her, to guess her low extraction.' It is no secret, she had been a kitchen-wench in her Lithuanian native country; afterwards a female of the kind called unfortunate, under several figures: however, she saved the Czar once, by her ready-wit and courage, from a devouring Turkish Difficulty, and he made her fortunate and a Czarina, to sit under the dais as now. 'With her huddle of clothes, she looked for all the world like a German Playactress; her dress, you would have said, had been bought at a secondhand shop; all was out of fashion, all was loaded with silver and greasy dirt. The front of her bodice she had ornamented with jewels in a very singular pattern: A double-eagle in embroidery, and the plumes of it set with poor little diamonds, of the smallest possible carat, and very ill mounted. All along the facing of her gown were Orders and little things of metal; a dozen Orders, and as many Portraits of saints, of relics and the like; so that when she walked, it was with a jingling, as if you heard a mule with bells to its harness.'—Poor little Czarina; shifty nutbrown fellow-creature, strangely chased about from the bottom to the top of this world; it is evident she does not succeed at Queen Sophie Dorothee's Court!—

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[1] Ubi suprà, xxxi. 414.

'The Czar, on the other hand, was very tall, and might be called handsome,' continues Wilhelmina: 'his countenance was beautiful, but had something of savage in it which put you in fear.' Partly a kind of Milton's-Devil physiognomy? The Portraits give it rather so. Archangel not quite ruined, yet in sadly ruinous condition; its heroism so bemired, —with a turn for strong drink, too, at times! A physiognomy to make one reflect. 'His dress was of sailor fashion, coat altogether plain.'

'The Czarina, who spoke German very ill herself, and did not understand well what the Queen said, beckoned to her Fool to come near,'—a poor female creature, who had once been a Princess Galitzin, but having got into mischief, had been excused to the Czar by her high relations as mad, and saved from death or Siberia, into her present strange harbour of refuge. With her the Czarina talked in unknown Russ, evidently 'laughing much and loud,' till Supper was announced.

'At table,' continues Wilhelmina, 'the Czar placed himself beside the Queen. It is understood this Prince was attempted with poison in his youth, and that something of it had settled on his nerves ever after. One thing is certain, there took him very often a sort of convulsion, like Tic or St.-Vitus, which it was beyond his power to control. That happened at table now. He got into contortions, gesticulations; and as the knife was in his hand, and went dancing about within armslength of the Queen, it frightened her, and she motioned several times to rise. The Czar begged her not to mind, for he would do her no ill; at the same time he took her by the hand, which he grasped with such violence that the Queen was forced to shriek out. This set him heartily laughing; saying she had not bones of so hard a texture as his Catherine's. Supper done, a grand Ball had been got ready; but the Czar escaped at once, and walked home by himself to Monbijou, leaving the others to dance.'

Wilhelmina's story of the Cabinet of Antiques; of the Indecent little Statue there, and of the orders Catherine got to kiss it, with a '*Kopf ab* (Head off, if you won't)!' from the bantering Czar, whom she had to obey,—is not incredible, after what we have seen. It seems, he begged this bit of Antique Indecency from Friedrich Wilhelm; who, we may fancy, would give him such an article with especial readiness. That same day, fourth of the Visit, Thursday 23d of the month, the august Party went its ways again; Friedrich Wilhelm convoying 'as far as Potsdam'; Czar and Suite taking that route towards Mecklenburg, where he still intends some little pause before proceeding homeward. Friedrich Wilhelm took farewell; and never saw the Czar again.

It was on this Journey, best part of which is now done, that the famous Order bore, 'Do it for six-thousand thalers; won't allow you one other penny (*nit einen Pfennig gebe mehr dazu*); but give out to the world that it costs me thirty or forty thousand!' Nay, it is on record that the sum proved abundant, and even superabundant, near half of it being left as overplus.[1] The hospitalities of Berlin, Friedrich Wilhelm took upon himself, and he has done them as we see. You shall defray his Czarish Majesty, to the last Prussian milestone; punctually, properly, though with thrift!

Peter's *viaticum*, the Antique Indecency, Friedrich Wilhelm did not grudge to part with; glad to purchase the Czar's goodwill by coin of that kind. Last year, at Havelberg, he had given the Czar an entire Cabinet of Amber Articles, belonging to his late Father. Amber Cabinet, in the lump; and likewise such a Yacht, for shape, splendour and outfit, as probably Holland never launched before;—Yacht also belonging to his late Father, and without value to Friedrich

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[1] Förster, i. 215.

Wilhelm. The old King had got it built in Holland regardless of expense,—15,000*l.*, they say, perhaps as good as 50,000*l.* now;—and it lay at Potsdam: good for what? Friedrich Wilhelm sent it down the Havel, down the Elbe, silk sailors and all, towards Hamburg and Petersburg, with a great deal of pleasure. For the Czar, and peace and goodwill with the Czar, was of essential value to him. Neither, at any rate, is the Czar a man to take gifts without return. Tall fellows for soldiers: that is always one prime object with Friedrich Wilhelm; for already these Potsdam Guards of his are getting ever more gigantic. Not less an object, though less an ideal or *poetic* one (as we once defined), was this other, to find buyers for the Manufactures, new and old, which he was so bent on encouraging. 'It is astonishing, what quantities of cloth, of hardware, salt, and all kinds of manufactured articles the Russians buy from us,' say the old Books;—'see how our "Russian Company" flourishes!' In both these objects, not to speak of peace and goodwill in general, the Czar is our man.

Thus, this very Autumn, there arrive, astonished and astonishing, no fewer than a Hundred-and-fifty human figures (one-half *more* than were promised), probably from seven to eight feet high; the tallest the Czar could riddle out from his Dominions: what a windfall to the Potsdam Guard and its Colonel-King! And all succeeding Autumns the like, so long as Friedrich Wilhelm lived; every Autumn, out of Russia a hundred of the tallest mortals living. Invaluable,—to a 'man of genius' mounted on his hobby! One's 'stanza' can be polished at this rate.

In return for these Russian sons of Anak, Friedrich Wilhelm grudged not to send German smiths, millwrights, drill-sergeants, cannoneers, engineers; having plenty of them. By whom, as Peter well calculated, the inert opaque Russian mass might be kindled into luminosity and vitality; and drilled to know the Art of War, for one thing. Which followed accordingly. And it is observable, ever since, that the Russian

Art of War has a tincture of *German* in it (solid German, as contradistinguished from unsolid Revolutionary-French); and hints to us of Friedrich Wilhelm and the Old Dessauer, to this hour.— —*Exeant* now the Barbaric semi-fabulous Sovereignties, till wanted again.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CROWN-PRINCE IS PUT TO HIS SCHOOLING

In his seventh year, young Friedrich was taken out of the hands of the women; and had Tutors and Sub-Tutors of masculine gender, who had been nominated for him some time ago, actually set to work upon their function. These we have already heard of; they came from Stralsund Siege, all the principal hands.

Duhan de Jandun, the young French gentleman who had escaped from grammar-lessons to the trenches, he is the practical teacher. Lieutenant-General Graf Fink von Finkenstein and Lieutenant-Colonel von Kalkstein, they are Head Tutor (*Oberhofmeister*) and Sub-Tutor; military men both, who had been in many wars besides Stralsund. By these Three he was assiduously educated, subordinate schoolmasters working under them when needful, in such branches as the paternal judgment would admit; the paternal object and theirs being to infuse useful knowledge, reject useless, and wind-up the whole into a military finish. These appointments, made at different precise dates, took effect, all of them, in the year 1719.

Duhan, independently of his experience in the trenches, appears to have been an accomplished, ingenious and conscientious man; who did credit to Friedrich Wilhelm's judgment; and to whom Friedrich professed himself much indebted in after life. Their progress in some of the technical branches, as we shall perceive, was indisputably unsatisfactory. But the mind of the Boy seems to have been opened by this Duhan, to a lively, and in some sort genial, perception of things round him;—of the strange confusedly opulent Universe he had got into; and of the noble and supreme function which Intelligence holds there; supreme, in Art as in Nature, beyond all other functions whatsoever. Duhan was now turned of thirty: a cheerful amiable Frenchman; poor, though of good birth and acquirements; originally from Champagne. Friedrich loved him very much; always considered him his spiritual father; and to the end of Duhan's life, twenty years hence, was eager to do him any good in his power. Anxious always to repair, for poor Duhan, the great sorrows he came to on his account, as we shall see.

Of Graf Fink von Finkenstein, who has had military experiences of all kinds and all degrees, from marching as prisoner into France, 'wounded and without his hat,' to fighting at Malplaquet, at Blenheim, even at Steenkirk, as well as Stralsund; who is now in his sixtieth year, and seems to have been a gentleman of rather high solemn manners, and indeed of undeniable perfections,—of this supreme Count Fink we learn almost nothing farther in the Books, except that his little Pupil did not dislike him either. The little Pupil took not unkindly to Fink; welcoming any benignant human ray, across these lofty gravities of the *Oberhofmeister*; went often to his house in Berlin; and made acquaintance with two young Finks about his own age, whom he found there, and who became important to him, especially the younger of them, in the course of the future.[1] This Pupil, it may be said, is creditably known for his attachment to his Teachers and others; an attached and attaching little Boy.

Of Kalkstein, a rational, experienced and earnest kind of man, though as yet but young, it is certain also that the little Fritz loved him; and furthermore that the Great Friedrich was grateful to him, and had a high esteem of his integrity and sense. 'My master, Kalkstein,' used to be his designation of him, when the name chanced to be mentioned in after times. They continued together, with various passages of mutual history, for forty years afterwards, till Kalkstein's death. Kalkstein is at present twenty-eight, the youngest of the three Tutors; then, and ever after, an altogether downright correct soldier and man. He is of Preussen, or Prussia Proper, this Kalkstein;—of the same kindred as that mutinous Kalkstein, whom we once heard of, who was 'rolled in a carpet,' and kidnapped out of Warsaw, in the Great Elector's time. Not a direct descendant of that beheaded Kalkstein's, but, as it were, his *nephew* so many times removed. Preussen is now far enough from mutiny; subdued, with all its Kalksteins, into a respectful silence, not lightly using the right even of petition, or submissive remonstrance, which it may still have. Nor, except on the score of parliamentary eloquence and newspaper copyright, does it appear that Preussen has suffered by the change.

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[1] Zedlitz-Neukirch, *Preussisches Adels-Lexikon* (Leipzig, 1836), ii. 168. *Militair-Lexikon*, i. 420.

How these Fink-Kalkstein functionaries proceeded in the great task they had got,—very great task, had they known what Pupil had fallen to them,—is not directly recorded for us, with any sequence or distinctness. We infer only that everything went by inflexible routine; not asking at all, *What* pupil?—nor much, Whether it would suit any pupil? Duhan, with the tendencies we have seen in him, who is willing to soften the inflexible when possible, and to 'guide Nature' by a rather loose rein, was probably a genial element in the otherwise strict affair. Fritz had one unspeakable advantage, rare among princes and even among peasants in these ruined ages: that of *not* being taught, or in general not, by the kind called 'Hypocrites, and even Sincere-Hypocrites,'—fatalest species of the class *Hypocrite*. We perceive he was lessoned, all along, not by enchanted Phantasms of that dangerous sort, breathing mendacity of mind, unconsciously, out of every look;

but by real Men, who believed from the heart outwards, and were daily doing what they taught. To which unspeakable advantage we add a second, likewise considerable: That his masters, though rigorous, were not unlovable to him;—that his affections, at least, were kept alive; that whatever of seed (or of chaff and hail, as was likelier) fell on his mind, had *sunshine* to help in dealing with it. These are two advantages still achievable, though with difficulty, in our epoch, by an earnest father in behalf of his poor little son. And these are, at present, nearly all; with these well achieved, the earnest father and his son ought to be thankful. Alas, in matter of education, there are no highroads at present; or there are such only as do *not* lead to the goal. Fritz, like the rest of us, had to struggle his way, Nature and Didactic Art differing very much from one another: and to do battle, incessant partial battle, with his schoolmasters for any education he had.

A very rough Document, giving Friedrich Wilhelm's regulations on this subject, from his own hand, has come down to us. Most dull, embroiled, heavy Document; intricate, gnarled, and, in fine, rough and stiff as natural bullheadedness helped by Prussian pipeclay can make it;—contains some excellent hints, too; and will show us something of Fritzchen and of Friedrich Wilhelm both at once. That is to say, always, if it can be read! If by aid of abridging, elucidating and arranging, we can get the reader engaged to peruse it patiently;—which seems doubtful. The points insisted on, in a ponderous but straggling confused manner, by his didactic Majesty, are chiefly these:

1°. 'Must impress my Son with a proper love and fear of God, as the foundation and sole pillar of our temporal and eternal welfare. No false religions, or sects of Atheist, Arian (Ar*r*ian), Socinian, or whatever name the poisonous things have, which can so easily corrupt a young mind, are to be even named in his hearing: on the other hand, a proper abhorrence (*Abscheu*) of Papistry, and insight into its baselessness and nonsensicality (*Ungrund und Absurdität*), is to be communicated to him:'—Papistry, which is false enough, like the others, but impossible to be ignored like them ; mention that, and give him due abhorrence for it. For we are Protestant to the bone in this country ; and cannot stand *Absurdität*, least of all hypocritically-religious ditto ! But the grand thing will be, 'To impress on him the true religion, which consists essentially in this, That Christ died for all men,' and generally that the Almighty's justice is eternal and omnipresent,—'which consideration is the only means of keeping a sovereign person (*souveraine Macht*), or one freed from human penalties, in the right way.'

2°. 'He is to learn no Latin ;' observe that, however it may surprise you. What has a living German man and King, of the eighteenth Christian *Sæculum*, to do with dead old Heathen Latins, Romans, and the lingo *they* spoke their fraction of sense and nonsense in ? Frightful, how the young years of the European Generations have been wasted, for ten centuries back ; and the Thinkers of the world have become mere walking Sacks of Marine-stores, '*Gelehrten*, Learned,' as they call themselves ; and gone *lost* to the world, in that manner, as a set of confiscated Pedants ; —babbling about said Heathens, and *their* extinct lingo and fraction of sense and nonsense, for the thousand years last past ! Heathen Latins, Romans ;—who perhaps were no great things of Heathen, after all, if well seen into ? I have heard judges say, they were *in*ferior, in real worth and grist, to German homegrowths we have had, if the confiscated Pedants could have discerned it ! At any rate, they are dead, buried deep, these two-thousand years ; well out of our way ;—and nonsense enough of our own left, to keep sweeping into corners. Silence about their lingo and them, to this new Crown-Prince ? 'Let the Prince learn French and German,' so as to write and speak, 'with brevity and propriety,' in these two languages, which may be useful to him in life. That will suffice for languages,—provided he have anything effectually rational to say in them. For the rest,

3°. 'Let him learn Arithmetic, Mathematics, Artillery,—Economy to the very bottom.' And, in short, useful knowledge generally ; useless ditto not at all. 'History in particular ;—Ancient History only slightly (*nur überhin*) ;—but the History of the last Hundred-and-fifty Years to the exactest pitch. The *Jus Naturale* and *Jus Gentium*,' by way of hand-lamp to History, 'he must be completely master of ; as also of Geography, whatever is remarkable in each Country. And in Histories, most especially the History of the House of Brandenburg ; where he will find domestic examples, which are always of more force than foreign. And along with Prussian History, chiefly that of the Countries which have been connected with it, as England, Brunswick, Hessen and the others. And in reading of wise History-books there must be considerations made (*sollen beym Lesen kluger Historiarum Betrachtungen gemacht werden*) upon the causes of the events.'—Surely, O King !

4°. 'With increasing years, you will more and more, to a most especial degree, go upon Fortification,'—mark you !—'the Formation of a Camp, and the other War-Sciences; that the Prince may, from youth upwards, be trained to act as Officer and General, and to seek all his glory in the soldier profession.' This is whither it must all tend. You, Finkenstein and Kalkstein, 'have both of you, in the highest measure, to make it your care to infuse into my Son' (*einzuprägen*, stamp into him), 'a true love for the Soldier business, and to impress on him that, as there is nothing in the world which can bring a Prince renown and honour like the sword, so he would be a despised creature before all men, if he did not love it, and seek his sole glory (*die einzige Gloria*) therein.'[1] Which is an extreme statement of the case; showing how much we have it at heart.

These are the chief Friedrich Wilhelm traits; the rest of the document corresponds in general to what the late Majesty had written for Friedrich Wilhelm himself on the like occasion.[2] Ruthless contempt of Useless Knowledge; and passionate insight into the distinction between Useful and Useless, especially into the worth of Soldiering as a royal accomplishment, are the chief peculiarities here. In which latter point too Friedrich Wilhelm, himself the most pacific of men, unless you pulled the whiskers of him, or broke into his goods and chattels, knew very well what he was meaning,—much better than we of the 'Peace Society' and 'Philanthropic Movement' could imagine at first sight! It is a thing he, for his part, is very decided upon.

Already, a year before this time,[3] there had been instituted, for express behoof of little Fritz, a miniature Soldier Company, above a hundred strong; which grew afterwards to be near three-hundred, and indeed rose to be a permanent Institution by degrees; called *Kompagnie der Kronprinzlichen Kadetten* (Company of Crown-Prince Cadets). A hundred-and-ten boys about his own age, sons of noble families, had been selected from the three Military Schools then extant, as a kind of tiny regiment for him; where, if he was by no means commander all at once, he might learn his exercise in fellowship with others. Czar Peter, it is likely, took a glance of this tiny regiment just getting into rank and file there; which would remind the Czar of his own young days. An experienced Lieutenant-Colonel was appointed to command in chief. A certain handy and correct young fellow, Rentzel by name, about seventeen, who already knew his fugling to a hairsbreadth, was Drillmaster; and exercised them all, Fritz especially, with due strictness; till, in the course of time and of attainments, Fritz could himself take the head charge. Which he did duly, in a year or two: a little soldier thenceforth; properly strict, though of small dimensions; in tight blue bit of coat and cocked-hat:—miniature image of Papa (it is fondly hoped and expected), resembling him as a sixpence does a half-crown. In 1721 the assiduous Papa set-up a 'little arsenal' for him, 'in the Orange Hall of the Palace': there let him, with perhaps a chosen comrade or two, mount batteries, fire exceedingly small brass ordnance,—his Engineer-Teacher, one Major von Senning, limping about (on cork leg), and superintending if needful.

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[1] Preuss, i. 11-14 (of date 13th August 1718).

[2] Stenzel, iii. 572.

[3] 1st September 1717: Preuss, i. 13.

Rentzel, it is known, proved an excellent Drill-sergeant;—had good talents everyway, and was a man of probity and sense. He played beautifully on the flute too, and had a cheerful conversible turn; which naturally recommended him still farther to Fritz; and awoke or encouraged, among other faculties, the musical faculty in the little Boy. Rentzel continued about him, or in sight of him, through life; advancing gradually, not too fast, according to real merit and service (Colonel in 1759); and never did discredit to the choice Friedrich Wilhelm had made of him. Of Senning, too, Engineer-Major von Senning, who gave Fritz his lessons in Mathematics, Fortification and the kindred branches, the like, or better, can be said. He was of graver years; and lost a leg in the Marlborough Campaigns, poor gentleman; but had abundant sense, native worth and cheery rational talk, in him: so that he too could never be parted with by Friedrich, but was kept on hand till the last, a permanent and variously serviceable acquisition.

Thus, at least, is the military education of our Crown-Prince cared for. And we are to fancy the little fellow, from his tenth year or earlier, going about in miniature soldier figure, for most part; in strict Spartan-Brandenburg costume, of body as of mind. Costume little flattering to his own private taste for finery; yet by no means unwholesome to him, as he came afterwards to know. In October 1723, it is on record, when George I. came to visit his Son-in-law and Daughter at Berlin, his Britannic Majesty, looking out from his new quarters on the morrow, saw Fritzchen 'drilling his Cadet Company'; a very pretty little phenomenon. Drilling with clear voice, military sharpness, and the precision of clock-work on the Esplanade (*Lustgarten*) there;—and doubtless the Britannic Majesty gave some grunt of acquiescence, perhaps even a smile, rare on that square heavy-laden countenance of his. That is the record:[1] and truly it forms for us by far the liveliest little picture we have got, from those dull old years of European History. Years already sunk, or sinking, into lonesome unpeopled Dusk for all men; and fast verging towards vacant Oblivion and eternal Night;—which (if some few articles were once saved out of them) is their just and inevitable portion from afflicted human nature.

Of riding-masters, fencing-masters, swimming-masters; much less of dancing-masters, music-masters (celebrated Graun, 'on the organ,' with Psalm-tunes), we cannot speak; but the reader may be satisfied they were all there, good of their kind, and pushing on at a fair rate. Nor is there lack anywhere of paternal supervision to our young Apprentice. From an early age, Papa took the Crown-Prince with him on his annual Reviews. From utmost Memel on the Russian border, down to Wesel on the French, all Prussia, in every nook of it, garrison, marching-regiment, board of management, is rigorously reviewed by Majesty once a year. There travels little military Fritz, beside the military Majesty, amid the generals and official persons, in their hardy Spartan manner; and learns to look into everything like a Rhadamanthine Argus, and how the eye of the master, more than all other appliances, fattens the cattle.

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[1] Förster, i. 215.

On his hunts, too, Papa took him. For Papa was a famous hunter, when at Wusterhausen in the season:—hot Beagle-chase, hot Stag-hunt, your chief game deer; huge 'Force-Hunt' (*Parforce-Jagd*, the woods all beaten, and your wild-beasts driven into straits and caudine-forks for you); Boar-hunting (*Sauhetze*, 'sow-baiting,' as the Germans call it), Partridge-shooting, Fox- and Wolf-hunting:—on all grand expeditions of such sort, little Fritz shall ride with Papa and party. Rough furious riding; now on swift steed, now at places on *Wurstwagen*,—*Wurstwagen*, 'Sausage-Car' so-called, most Spartan of vehicles, a mere *stuffed pole* or 'sausage' with wheels to it, on which you sit astride, a dozen or so of you, and career;—regardless of the summer heat and sandy dust, of the winter's frost-storms and muddy rain. All this the little Crown-Prince is bound to do;—but likes it less and less, some of us are sorry to observe! In fact he could not take to hunting at all, or find the least of permanent satisfaction in shooting partridges and baiting sows,—'with such an expenditure of industry and such damage to the seedfields,' he would sometimes allege in extenuation. In later years he has been known to retire into some glade of the thickets, and hold a little Flute-Hautbois Concert with his musical comrades, while the sows were getting baited. Or he would converse with Mamma and her Ladies, if her Majesty chanced to be there, in a day for open driving. Which things by no means increased his favour with Papa, a sworn hater of 'effeminate practices.'

He was 'nourished on beer-soup,' as we said before. Frugality, activity, exactitude were lessons daily and hourly brought home to him, in everything he did and saw. His very sleep was stingily meted out to him: 'Too much sleep stupefies a fellow!' Friedrich Wilhelm was wont to say;—so that the very doctors had to interfere, in this matter, for little Fritz. Frugal enough, hardy enough; urged in every way to look with indifference on hardship, and take a Spartan view of life.

Money-allowance completely his own, he does not seem to have had till he was seventeen. Exiguous pocket-money, counted in *groschen* (English *pence*, or hardly more), only his Kalkstein and Finkenstein could grant as they saw good;—about eighteenpence in the month, to start with, as would appear. The other small incidental moneys, necessary for his use, were likewise all laid out under sanction of his Tutors, and accurately entered in Day-books by them, audited by Friedrich Wilhelm; of which some specimens remain, and one whole month, September 1719 (the Boy's eighth year), has been published. Very singular to contemplate, in these days of gold-nuggets and irrational man-mountains fattened by mankind at such a price! The monthly amount appears to have been some *3l.* 10*s.*:—and has gone, all but the eighteenpence of sovereign pocket-money, for small furnishings and very minute necessary luxuries;—as thus:

> 'To putting his Highness's shoes on the last;' for stretching them to the little feet,—and only one 'last,' as we perceive. 'To twelve yards of Hairtape' (*Haarband*, for our little queue, which becomes visible here). 'For drinkmoney to the Postillions.' 'For the Housemaids at Wusterhausen' (Don't I pay them myself? objects the auditing Papa, at that latter kind of items: No more of that). 'For mending the flute, four *groschen* (or pence);' 'Two Boxes of Colours, sixteen ditto;' 'For a live snipe, twopence;' 'For grinding the hanger' (little swordkin); 'To a Boy whom the dog bit;'—and chiefly of all, 'To the *Klingbeutel*' (Collection-plate, or bag, at Church), which comes upon us once, nay twice, and even thrice a week, eighteenpence each time, and eats deep into our straitened means.[1]

On such terms can a little Fritz be nourished into a Friedrich the Great; while irrational man-mountains, of the beaverish or beaverish-vulpine sort, take such a price to fatten them into monstrosity! The Art-manufacture of your

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[1] Preuss, i. 17.

Friedrich can come very cheap, it would appear, if once Nature have done her part in regard to him, and there be mere honest will on the part of the bystanders. Thus Samuel Johnson, too, cost next to nothing in the way of board and entertainment in this world. And a Robert Burns, remarkable modern Thor, a Peasant-god of these sunk ages, with a touch of melodious *runes* in him (since all else lay under ban for the poor fellow), was raised on frugal oatmeal, at an expense of perhaps half-a-crown a week. Nuggets and ducats are divine; but they are not the most divine. I often wish the Devil had the lion's share of them,—at once, and not circuitously as now. It would be an unspeakable advantage to the bewildered sons of Adam, in this epoch!

But with regard to our little Crown-Prince's intellectual culture, there is another Document, specially from Papa's hand, which, if we can redact, adjust and abridge it, as in the former case, may be worth the reader's notice, and elucidate some things for him. It is of date, Wusterhausen, 3d September 1721; little Fritz now in his tenth year, and out there, with his Duhans and Finkensteins, while Papa is rusticating for a few weeks. The essential title is, or might be:

To Head-Governor von Finkenstein, Sub-Governor von Kalkstein, Preceptor Jacques Egide Duhan de Jandun, and others whom it may concern: Regulations for schooling, at Wusterhausen, 3d September 1721;[1]—in greatly abridged form.

Sunday. 'On Sunday he is to rise at 7; and as soon as he has got his slippers on, shall kneel down at his bedside, and pray to God, so as all in the room may hear it' (that there be no deception or short measure palmed upon us), 'in these words: "Lord God, blessed Father, I thank thee from my heart that thou hast so graciously preserved me through this night. Fit me for what thy holy will is; and grant that I do nothing this day, nor all the days of my life, which can divide me from thee. For the Lord Jesus my Redeemer's sake. Amen." After which the Lord's Prayer. Then rapidly and vigorously (*geschwinde und hurtig*) wash himself clean, dress and powder and comb himself:' we forget to say, that while they are combing and queuing him, he breakfasts, with brevity, on tea: 'Prayer, with washing, breakfast and the rest, to be done pointedly within fifteen minutes,'—that is, at a quarter-past 7.

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[1] Preuss, i. 19.

'This finished, all his Domestics and Duhan shall come in, and do family worship (*das grosse Gebet zu halten*): Prayer on their knees, Duhan withal to read a Chapter of the Bible, and sing some proper Psalm or Hymn' (as practised in well-regulated families):—'It will then be a quarter to 8. All the Domestics then withdraw again; and Duhan now reads with my Son the Gospel of the Sunday; expounds it a little, adducing the main points of Christianity;'—'questioning from Noltenius's Catechism' (which Fritz knows by heart):—'it will then be 9 o'clock.

'At 9 he brings my Son down to me; who goes to Church, and dines, along with me' (dinner at the stroke of Noon): 'the rest of the day is then his own' (Fritz's and Duhan's). 'At half-past 9 in the evening, he shall come and bid me goodnight. Shall then directly go to his room; very rapidly (*sehr geschwind*) get off his clothes, wash his hands' (get into some tiny dressing-gown or *cassaquin*, no doubt); and so soon as that is done, Duhan makes a prayer on his knees, and sings a hymn; all the Servants being again there. Instantly after which, my Son shall get into bed; shall be *in* bed at half-past 10;'—and fall asleep how soon, your Majesty? This is very strict work.

Monday. 'On Monday, as on all weekdays, he is to be called at 6; and so soon as called he is to rise; you are to stand to him (*anhalten*) that he do not loiter or turn in bed, but briskly and at once get up; and say his prayers, the same as on Sunday morning. This done, he shall as rapidly as possible get on his shoes and spatterdashes; also wash his face and hands, but not with soap. Farther shall put on his *cassaquin*' (short dressing-gown), 'have his hair combed out and queued, but not powdered. While getting combed and queued, he shall at the same time take breakfast of tea, so that both jobs go on at once; and all this shall be ended before half-past 6.' Then enter Duhan and the Domestics, with worship, Bible, Hymn, all as on Sunday; this is done by 7, and the Servants go again.

'From 7 till 9 Duhan takes him on History; at 9 comes Noltenius' (a sublime Clerical Gentleman from Berlin) with the 'Christian Religion, till a quarter to 11. Then Fritz rapidly (*geschwind*) washes his face with water, hands with soap-and-water; clean shirt; powders, and puts on his coat;—about 11 comes to the King. Stays with the King till 2,' —perhaps promenading a little; dining always at Noon; after which Majesty is apt to be slumbrous, and light amusements are over.

'Directly at 2, he goes back to his room. Duhan is there, ready; takes him upon the Maps and Geography, from 2 to 3,—giving account' (gradually!) 'of all the European Kingdoms; their strength and weakness; size, riches and poverty of their towns. From 3 to 4, Duhan treats of Morality (*soll die Moral tractiren*). From 4 to 5, Duhan shall write German Letters with him, and see that he gets a good *stylum*' (which he never in the least did). 'About 5, Fritz shall wash his hands, and go to the King;—ride out; divert himself, in the air and not in his room; and do what he likes, if it is not against God.'

There, then, is a Sunday, and there is one Weekday; which latter may serve for all the other five;—though they are strictly specified in the royal monograph, and every hour of them marked out: How, and at what points of time, besides this of *History*, of *Morality*, and *Writing in German*, of Maps and *Geography* with the strength and weakness of Kingdoms, you are to take-up *Arithmetic* more than once; *Writing of French Letters*, so as to acquire a good *stylum*: in what nook you may intercalate 'a little getting by heart of something, in order to strengthen the memory'; how instead of Noltenius, Panzendorf (another sublime Reverend Gentleman from Berlin, who comes out express) gives the clerical drill on Tuesday morning;—with which two onslaughts, of an hour-and-half each, the Clerical Gentlemen seem to withdraw for the week, and we hear no more of them till Monday and Tuesday come round again.

On Wednesday we are happy to observe a liberal slice of holiday come in. At half-past 9, having done his *History*, and 'got something by heart to strengthen the memory' (very little, it is to be feared), 'Fritz shall rapidly dress himself, and come to the King. And the rest of the day belongs to little Fritz (*gehört vor Fritzchen*).' On Saturday, too, there is some fair chance of half-holiday:

'*Saturday*, forenoon till half-past 10, come History, Writing and Ciphering; especially repetition of what was done through the week, and in *Morality* as well' (adds the rapid Majesty), 'to see whether he has profited. And General Graf von Finkenstein, with Colonel von Kalkstein, shall be present during this. If Fritz has profited, the afternoon shall be his own. If he has not profited, he shall, from 2 to 6, repeat and learn rightly what he has forgotten on the past days.' And so the labouring week winds itself up. Here, however, is one general rule which cannot be too much impressed upon you, with which we conclude:

'In undressing and dressing, you must accustom him to get out of, and into, his clothes as fast as is humanly possible (*hurtig so viel als menschenmöglich ist*). You will also look that he learn to put on and put off his clothes himself, without help from others; and that he be clean and neat, and not so dirty (*nicht so schmutzig*).' 'Not so dirty,' that is my last word; and here is my sign-manual.

'FRIEDRICH WILHELM.'[1]

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[1] Preuss, i. 21.

CHAPTER IX

WUSTERHAUSEN

WUSTERHAUSEN, where for the present these operations go on, lies about twenty English miles south-east of Berlin, as you go towards Schlesien (Silesia);—on the old Silesian road, in a flat moory country made of peat and sand;—and is not distinguished for its beauty at all among royal Hunting-lodges. The Göhrde at Hanover, for example, what a splendour there in comparison! But it serves Friedrich Wilhelm's simple purposes: there is game abundant in the scraggy woodlands, otter-pools, fish-pools, and miry thickets, of that old 'Schenkenland' (belonged all once to the '*Schenken* Family,' till old King Friedrich bought it for his Prince); retinue sufficient find nooks for lodgment in the poor old Schloss so-called; and Noltenius and Panzendorf drive out each once a week, in some light vehicle, to drill Fritz in his religious exercises.

One Zöllner, a Tourist to Silesia, confesses himself rather pleased to find even Wusterhausen in such a country of sandy bent-grass, lean cattle, and flat desolate languor.

'Getting to the top of the ridge' (most insignificant 'ridge,' made by hand, Wilhelmina satirically says), Tourist Zöllner can discern with pleasure 'a considerable Brook,'—visible, not audible, smooth Stream, or chain of meres and lakelets, flowing languidly northward towards Köpenik. Inaudible big Brook or Stream; which, we perceive, drains a slightly hollowed Tract; too shallow to be called valley,—of several miles in width, of several yards in depth;—Tract with wood here and there on it, and signs of grass and culture, welcome after what you have passed. On the foreground close to you is the Hamlet of Königs-Wusterhausen, with tolerable Lime-tree Avenue leading to it, and the air of something sylvan from your Hilltop. Königs-Wusterhausen was once *Wendish*-Wusterhausen, and not far off is *Deutsch*-Wusterhausen, famed, I suppose, by faction-fights in the Vandalic times: both of them are now *King's*-Wusterhausen (since the King came thither), to distinguish them from other Wusterhausens that there are.

Descending, advancing through your Lime-tree Avenue, you come upon the backs of officehouses, outhouses, stables or the like,—on your left hand I have guessed,—extending along the Highway. And in the middle of these you come at last to a kind of Gate or vaulted passage (*Art von Thor*, says Zöllner), where, if you have liberty, you face to the left, and enter. Here, once through into the free light again, you are in a Court: four-square space, not without prospect; right side and left side are lodgings for his Majesty's gentlemen; behind you, well in their view, are stables and kitchens: in the centre of the place is a Fountain 'with hewn steps and iron railings'; where his simple Majesty has been known to sit and smoke, on summer evenings. The fourth side of your square, again, is a palisade; beyond which, over bridge and moat and intervening apparatus, you perceive, on its trim terraces, the respectable old Schloss itself. A rectangular mass, not of vast proportions, with tower in the centre of it (tower for screw-stair, the general roadway of the House); and looking though weatherbeaten yet weathertight, and as dignified as it can. This is Wusterhausen; Friedrich Wilhelm's Hunting-seat from of old.

A dreadfully crowded place, says Wilhelmina, where you are stuffed into garrets, and have not room to turn. The terraces are of some magnitude, trimmed all round with a row of little clipped trees, one big lime-tree at each corner;—under one of these big lime-trees, aided by an awning, it is his Majesty's delight to spread his frugal but substantial dinner, four-and-twenty covers, at the stroke of 12, and so dine *sub dio.* If rain came on, says Wilhelmina, you are wet to midleg, the ground being hollow in that place,—and indeed in all weathers your situation everyway, to a vehement young Princess's idea, is rather of the horrible sort. After dinner, his Majesty sleeps, stretched perhaps on some wooden settle or garden-chair, for about an hour; regardless of the flaming heat, under his awning or not; and we poor Princesses have to wait, praying all the Saints that they would resuscitate him soon. This is about 2 P.M.; happier Fritz is gone to his lessons in the interim.

These four Terraces, this rectangular Schloss with the four big lindens at the corners, are surrounded by a Moat; black abominable ditch, Wilhelmina calls it; of the hue of Tartarean Styx, and of a far worse smell, in fact enough to choke one, in hot days after dinner, thinks the vehement Princess. Three Bridges cross this Moat or ditch, from the middle of three several Terraces or sides of the Schloss; and on the fourth it is impassable. Bridge first, coming from the palisade and Officehouse Court, has not only human sentries walking at it; but two white Eagles perch near it, and two black ditto, symbols of the heraldic Prussian Eagle, screeching about in their littery way; item two black Bears, ugly as Sin, which are vicious wretches withal, and many times do passengers a mischief. As perhaps we shall see, on some occasion.

This is Bridge first, leading to the Court and to the outer Highway; a King's gentleman, going to bed at night, has always to pass these Bears. Bridge second leads us southward to a common Mill which is near by; its clacking audible upon the common Stream of the region, and not unpleasant to his Majesty, among its meadows fringed with alders, in a country of mere and moor. Bridge third, directly opposite to Bridge first and its Bears, leads you to the Garden; whither Mamma, playing tocadille all day with her women, will not, or will not often enough, let us poor girls go.'[1]

Such is Wusterhausen, as delineated by a vehement Princess, some years hence,—who becomes at last intelligible, by study and the aid of our Silesian Tourist. It is not distinguished among Country Palaces: but the figure of Friedrich Wilhelm asleep there after dinner, regardless of the flaming sun (should he sleep too long and the shadow of his Linden quit him),—this is a sight which no other Palace in the world can match; this will long render Wusterhausen memorable to me. His Majesty, early always as the swallows, hunts, I should suppose, in the morning; dines and sleeps, we may perceive, till towards three, or later. His Official business he will not neglect, nor shirk the hours due to it; toward sunset there may be a walk or ride with Fritz, or Feekin and the womankind: and always, in the evening, his Majesty holds *Tabagie, Tabaks-Collegium* (Smoking College, kind of Tobacco-Parliament, as we might name it), an Institution punctually attended to by his Majesty, of which we shall by and by speak more. At Wusterhausen his Majesty holds his Smoking Session mostly in the open air, oftenest 'on the steps of the Great Fountain' (how arranged, as to seating and canvas-screening, I cannot say);—smokes there, with his Grumkows, Derschaus, Anhalt-Dessaus, and select Friends, in various slow talk; till Night kindle her mild starlights, shake down her dark curtains over all Countries, and admonish weary mortals that it is now bedtime.

Not much of the Picturesque in this autumnal life of our little Boy. But he has employments in abundance; and these make the permitted open air, under any terms, a delight. He can rove about with Duhan among the gorse and heath, and their wild summer tenantry winged and wingless. In the woodlands are wild swine, in the meres are fishes, otters; the drowsy Hamlets, scattered round, awaken in an interested manner at the sound of our pony-hoofs and dogs. Mittenwalde, where are shops, is within riding distance; we could even stretch to Köpenik, and visit in the big Schloss there, if Duhan were willing, and the cattle fresh. From some church-steeple or sand-knoll, it is to be hoped, some blue streak of the Lausitz Hills may be visible: the Sun and the Moon and the Heavenly Hosts, these full certainly are visible; and on an Earth which everywhere produces miracles of all kinds, from the daisy or heather-bell up to the man, one place is nearly equal to another for a brisk little Boy.

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[1] Zöllner, *Briefe über Schlesien* (Berlin, 1792), i. 2, 3; Wilhelmina, i. 364, 365.

Fine Palaces, if Wusterhausen be a sorry one, are not wanting to our young Friend: whatsoever it is in the power of architecture and upholstery to do for him, may be considered withal as done. Wusterhausen is but a Hunting-lodge for some few Autumn weeks: the Berlin Palace and the Potsdam, grand buildings both, few Palaces in the world surpass them; and there, in one or the other of these, is our usual residence.—Little Fritz, besides his young Finkensteins and others of the like, has Cousins, children of his Grandfather's Half-brothers, who are comrades of his. For the Great Elector, as we saw, was twice wedded, and had a second set of sons and daughters: two of the sons had children; certain of these are about the Crown-Prince's own age, 'Cousins' of his (strictly speaking, Half-cousins of *his Father's*), who are much about him in his young days,—and more or less afterwards, according to the worth they proved to have. Margraves and Margravines of Schwedt,—there are five or six of such young Cousins. Not to mention the eldest, Friedrich Wilhelm by name, who is now come to manhood (born 1700);—who wished much in after years to have

Wilhelmina to wife; but had to put-up with a younger Princess of the House, and ought to have been thankful. This one has a younger Brother, Heinrich, slightly Fritz's senior, and much his comrade at one time; of whom we shall transiently hear again. Of these two the Old Dessauer is Uncle: if both his Majesty and the Crown-Prince should die, one of these would be king. A circumstance which Wilhelmina and the Queen have laid well to heart, and build many wild suspicions upon, in these years! As that the Old Dessauer, with his gunpowder face, has a plot one day to assassinate his Majesty,—plot evident as sunlight to Wilhelmina and Mamma, which providentially came to nothing;—and other spectral notions of theirs.[1] The Father of these two Margraves (elder of the two Half-brothers that have children) died in the time of old King Friedrich, eight or nine years ago. Their Mother, the scheming old Margravine, whom I always fancy to dress in high colours, is still living,—as Wilhelmina well knows!

Then, by another, the younger of those old Half-brothers, there is a Karl, a second Friedrich Wilhelm, Cousin-Margraves: plenty of Cousins;—and two young Margravines among them,[2] the youngest about Fritz's own age.[3] No want of Cousins;

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[1] Wilhelmina, i. 35, 41.

[2] Michaelis, i. 425.

[3] *Note of the Cousin-Margraves.*—Great Elector, by his Second Wife had Five Sons, Two of whom left Children;—as follows (so far as they concern us,—the others *omitted*):

1°. Son *Philip's* Children (Mother the Old Dessauer's Sister) are: Friedrich Wilhelm (1700), who wished much, but in vain, to marry Wilhelmina. Heinrich Friedrich (1709), a comrade of Fritz's in youth; sometimes getting into scrapes;—misbehaved, some way, at the Battle of Molwitz (first of Friedrich's Battles), 1741, and was inexorably *cut* by the new King, and continued under a cloud thenceforth.—This *Philip* ('Philip Wilhelm') died 1711, his forty-third year; Widow long survived him.

2°. Son *Albert's* Children (Mother a Courland Princess) are: Karl (1705); lived near Cüstrin; became a famed captain, in the Silesian Wars, under his Cousin Friedrich (1701); fell at Molwitz, 1741. Friedrich Wilhelm (a Margraf Friedrich Wilhelm 'No. 2,'—*namesake* of his now Majesty, it is like); born 1714; killed at Prag, by a cannon-shot (at King Friedrich's hand, reconnoitring the place), 1744.—This *Albert* ('Albert Friedrich') died suddenly 1731, age fifty-nine.

the Crown-Prince seeing much of them all; and learning pleasantly their various qualities, which were good in most, in some not so good, and did not turn out supreme in any case. But, for the rest, Sister Wilhelmina is his grand confederate and companion; true in sport and in earnest, in joy and in sorrow. Their truthful love to one another, now and till death, is probably the brightest element their life yielded to either of them.

What might be the date of Fritz's first appearance in the Roucoulles 'Soiree held on Wednesdays,' in the Finkenstein or any other Soirée, as an independent figure, I do not know. But at the proper time, he does appear there, and with distinction not extrinsic alone;—talks delightfully in such places; can discuss, even with French Divines, in a charmingly ingenious manner. Another of his elderly consorts I must mention: Colonel Camas, a highly cultivated Frenchman (French altogether by parentage and breeding, though born on Prussian land), who was Tutor, at one time, to some of those young Margraves. He has lost an arm,—left it in those Italian Campaigns, under Anhalt-Dessau and Eugene;—but by the aid of a cork substitute, dextrously managed, almost hides the want. A gallant soldier, fit for the diplomacies too; a man of fine high ways.[1] And then his Wife—In fact, the Camas House, we perceive, had from an early time been one of the Crown-Prince's haunts. Madam Camas is a German Lady; but for genial elegance, for wit and wisdom and goodness, could not readily be paralleled in France or elsewhere. Of both these Camases there will be honourable and important mention by and by; especially of the Lady, whom he continues to call 'Mamma' for fifty years to come, and corresponds with in a very beautiful and human fashion.

Under these auspices, in such environment, dimly visible to us, at Wusterhausen and elsewhere, is the remarkablest little Crown-Prince of his Century growing up,—prosperously as yet.

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[1] *Militair-Lexikon*, i. 308.

CHAPTER X

THE HEIDELBERG PROTESTANTS

FRIEDRICH WILHELM holds Tabagie nightly; but at Wusterhausen or wherever he may be, there is no lack of intricate Official Labour, which, even in the Tabagie, Friedrich Wilhelm does not forget. At the time he was concocting those Instructions for his little Prince's Schoolmasters, and smoking meditative under the stars, with Magdeburg '*Ritter-Dienst*' and much else of his own to think of,—there is an extraneous Political Intricacy, making noise enough in the world, much in his thoughts withal, and no doubt occasionally murmured of amid the tobacco-clouds. The Business of the Heidelberg Protestants; which is just coming to a height in those Autumn months of 1719.

Indeed this Year 1719 was a particularly noisy one for him. This is the year of the 'nephritic cholic,' which befell at Brandenburg on some journey of his Majesty's; with alarm of immediate death; Queen Sophie sent for by express; testament made in her favour; and intrigues, very black ones, Wilhelmina thinks, following thereupon.[1] And the 'Affair of Clement,' on which the old Books are so profuse, falls likewise, the crisis of it falls, in 1719. Of Clement the 'Hungarian Nobleman,' who was a mere Hungarian Swindler, and Forger of Royal Letters; sowing mere discords, black suspicions, between Friedrich Wilhelm and the neighbouring Courts, Imperial and Saxon: 'Your Majesty to be snapt up, some day, by hired ruffians, and spirited away, for behoof of those treacherous Courts': so that Friedrich Wilhelm fell into a gloom of melancholy, and for long weeks 'never slept

[1] *Mémoires de Bareith*, i. 26-29.

but with a pair of loaded pistols under his pillow':—of this Clement, an adroit Phenomenon of the kind, and intensely agitating to Friedrich Wilhelm;—whom Friedrich Wilhelm had at last to lay hold of, try, this very year, and ultimately hang,[1] amid the rumour and wonder of mankind:—of him, noisy as he was, and still filling many pages of the old Books, a hint shall suffice, and we will say nothing farther. But this of the Heidelberg Protestants, though also rather an extinct business, has still some claims on us. This, in justice to the 'inarticulate man of genius,' and for other reasons, we must endeavour to resuscitate a little.

Of Kur-Pfalz Karl Philip: How he got a Wife long since, and did Feats in the World

There reigns, in these years, at Heidelberg, as Elector-Palatine, a kind-tempered but abrupt and somewhat unreasonable old gentleman, now verging towards sixty, Karl Philip by name; who has come athwart the Berlin Court and its affairs more than once; and will again do so, in a singularly disturbing way. From before Friedrich Wilhelm's birth, all through Friedrich Wilhelm's life and farther, this Karl Philip is a stone-of-stumbling there. His first feat in life was that of running off with a Prussian Princess from Berlin; the rumour of which was still at its height when Friedrich Wilhelm, a fortnight after, came into the world,—the gossips still talking of it, we may fancy, when Friedrich Wilhelm was first swaddled. An unheard-of thing; the manner of which was this.

Readers have perhaps forgotten, that old King Friedrich I.

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[1] Had arrived in Berlin, 'end of 1717'; staid about a year, often privately in the King's company, poisoning the royal mind; withdrew to the Hague, suspecting Berlin might soon grow dangerous;—is wiled out of that Territory into the Prussian, and arrested, by one of Friedrich Wilhelm's Colonels, 'end of 1718'; lies in Spandau, getting tried, for seventeen months; hanged, with two Accomplices, 18th April 1720. (See, in succession, Stenzel, iii. 298, 302; Fassmann, p. 321; Förster, ii. 272, and iii. 320-324.)

once had a Brother; elder Brother, who died, to the Father's great sorrow, and made way for Friedrich as Crown-Prince. This Brother had been married a short time; he left a Widow without children; a beautiful Lithuanian Princess, born Radzivil, and of great possessions in her own country: she, in her crapes and close-cap, remained an ornament to the new Berlin Court for some time;—not too long. The mourning-year once out, a new marriage came on foot for the brilliant widow; the Bridegroom, a James Sobieski, eldest Prince of the famous John, King Sobieski; Prince with fair outlooks towards Polish Sovereignty, and handy for those Lithuanian Possessions of hers . altogether an eligible match.

This marriage was on foot, not quite completed; when Karl Philip, Cadet of the Pfalz, came to Berlin;—a rather idle young man, once in the clerical way; now gone into the military, with secular outlooks, his elder Brother, Heir-Apparent of the Pfalz, 'having no children':—came to Berlin, in the course of visiting, and roving about. The beautiful Widow-Princess seemed very charming to Karl Philip; he wooed hard; threw the Princess into great perplexity. She had given her Yes to James Sobieski; inevitable wedding-day was coming on with James; and here was Karl Philip wooing so:—in brief, the result was, she galloped off with Karl Philip, on the eve of said wedding-day; married Karl Philip (24th July 1688); and left Prince James standing there, too much like Lot's Wife, in the astonished Court of Berlin.[1] Judge if the Berlin public talked,—unintelligible to Friedrich Wilhelm, then safe in swaddling-clothes.

King Sobieski, the Father, famed Deliverer of Vienna, was in high dudgeon. But Karl Philip apologised, to all lengths; made his peace at last, giving a Sister of his own to be Wife to the injured James. This was Karl Philip's first outbreak in life; and it was not his only one. A man not ill-disposed, all grant; but evidently of headlong turn, with a tendency to leap fences in this world. He has since been soldiering about, in a loose way, governing Innspruck, fighting the Turks. But, lately, his elder Brother died childless (year 1716); and left him Kurfürst of the Pfalz. His fair Radzivil is dead long ago; she, and a successor, or it may be two. Except one Daughter, whom the fair Radzivil left him, he has no children; and in these times, I think, lives with a third Wife, of the *left-hand* kind.

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[1] Michaelis, ii. 93.

His scarcity of progeny is not so indifferent to my readers as they might suppose. This new *Kur-Pfalz* (Elector-Palatine) Karl Philip is by genealogy—who, thinks the reader? Pfalz-*Neuburg* by line; own Grandson of that Wolfgang Wilhelm, who got the slap on the face long since, on account of the Cleve-Jülich matter! So it has come round. The Line of Simmern died out, Winter-King's Grandson the last of that; and then, as right was, the Line of Neuburg took the top place, and became Kur-Pfalz. The first of these was this Karl Philip's Father, son of the Beslapped; an old man when he succeeded. Karl Philip is the third Kur-Pfalz of the Neuburg Line; his childless elder Brother (he who collected the Pictures at Düsseldorf, once notable there) was second of the Neuburgs. They now, we say, are Electors-Palatine, Head of the House;—and, we need not add, along with their Electorate and Neuburg Country, possess the Cleve-Jülich Moiety of Heritage, about which there was such worrying in time past. Nay the last Kur-Pfalz resided there, and collected the 'Düsseldorf Gallery,' as we have just said; though Karl Philip prefers Heidelberg hitherto.

To Friedrich Wilhelm the scarcity of progeny is a thrice-interesting fact. For if this actual Neuburg should leave no male heir, as is now humanly probable,—the Line of Neuburg too is out; and then great things ought to follow for our Prussian House. Then, by the last Bargain, made in 1666, with all solemnity, between the Great Elector, our Grandfather of famous memory, and your serene Father the then Pfalz-Neuburg, subsequently Kur-Pfalz, likewise of famous memory, son of the Beslapped,—the whole Heritage falls to Prussia, no other Pfalz Branch having thenceforth the least claim to it. Bargain was express; signed, sealed, sanctioned, drawn-out on the due extent of sheepskin, which can still be read. Bargain clear enough: but will this Karl Philip incline to keep it?

That may one day be the interesting question. But that is not the question of controversy at present: not that, but another; for Karl Philip, it would seem, is to be a frequent stone-of-stumbling to the Prussian House. The present question is of a Protestant-Papist matter; into which Friedrich Wilhelm has been drawn by his public spirit alone.

Karl Philip and his Heidelberg Protestants

The Pfalz population was, from of old, Protestant-Calvinist; the Electors-Palatine used to be distinguished for their forwardness in that matter. So it still is with the Pfalz population; but with the Electors, now that the House of Simmern is out, and that of Neuburg in, it is not so. The Neuburgs, ever since that slap on the face, have continued Popish; a sore fact for this Protestant population, when it got them for Sovereigns. Karl Philip's Father, an old soldier at Vienna, and the elder Brother, a Collector of Pictures at Düsseldorf, did not outwardly much molest the creed of their subjects. Protestants, and the remnant of Catholics (remnant naturally rather expanding now that the Court shone on it), were allowed to live in peace, according to the Treaty of Westphalia, or nearly so; dividing the churches and church-revenues equitably between them, as directed there. But now that Karl Philip is come in, there is no mistaking his procedures. He has come home to Heidelberg with a retinue of Jesuits about him; to whom the poor old gentleman, looking before and after on this troublous world, finds it salutary to give ear.

His nibblings at Protestant rights, his contrivances to slide Catholics into churches which were not theirs, and the like foul-play in that matter, had been sorrowful to see, for some time past. The Elector of Mainz, Chief-Priest of Germany, is busy in the same bad direction; he and others. Indeed, ever since the Peace of Ryswick, where Louis XIV. surreptitiously introduced a certain 'Clause,' which could never be got rid of again,[1] nibbling aggressions of this kind have gone on more and more. Always too sluggishly resisted by the *Corpus Evangelicorum*, in the Diets or otherwise, the 'United Protestant Sovereigns' not being an active 'Body' there. And now more sluggishly than ever;—said *Corpus* having August Elector of Saxony, Catholic (Sham-Catholic) King of Poland, for its Official Head; 'August the Physically Strong,' a man highly unconcerned for matters Evangelical! So that the nibblings go on worse and worse. An offence to all Protestant Rulers who had any conscience; at length an unbearable one to Friedrich Wilhelm, who, alone of them all, decided to intervene effectually, and say, at whatever risk there might be, We will not stand it!

Karl Philip, after some nibblings, took-up the Heidelberg Catechism (which candidly calls the Mass 'idolatrous'), and ordered said Catechism, an Authorised Book, to cease in his dominions. Hessen-Cassel, a Protestant neighbour, pleaded, remonstrated, Friedrich Wilhelm glooming in the rear; but to no purpose. Our old gentleman, his Priests being very diligent upon him, decided next to get possession of the *Heilige-Geist Kirche* (Church of the Holy Ghost, principal Place of Worship at Heidelberg), and make it his principal Cathedral Church there. By Treaty of Westphalia, or peaceably otherwise, the Catholics are already in possession of the Choir: but the whole Church would be so much better. 'Was it not Catholic once?' thought Karl Philip to himself: 'built by our noble Ancestor Kaiser Rupert of the Pfalz, Rupert *Klemm* ('Pincers,' so-named for his firmness of mind):—why should these Heretics have it? I will build them another!' These thoughts, in 1719, the third year of Karl Philip's rule, had broken out into open action (29th August, 4th September the consummation of it);[1] and precisely in the time when Friedrich Wilhelm was penning that first Didactic Morsel which we read, grave clouds from the Palatinate were beginning to overshadow the royal mind more or less.

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[1] '*Clause of the Fourth Article*' is the technical name of it. *Fourth Article* stipulates that King Louis XIV. shall punctually restore all manner of towns and places, in the Palatinate etc. (much *burnt*, somewhat *be-jesuited* too, in late Wars, by the said King, during his occupancy): *Clause* of *Fourth Article* (added to it, by a quirk, 'at midnight,' say the Books) contains merely these words, '*Religione tamen Catholicâ Romanâ, in locis sic restitutis, in statu quo nunc est remanente*: Roman-Catholic religion to continue as it now is' (as *we* have made it to be) 'in such towns and places.'—Which *Clause* gave rise to very great but ineffectual lamenting and debating. (Schöll, *Traités de Paix* (Par. 1817), i. 433-8; Buchholz; Spittler, *Geschichte Würtembergs*; etc.)

For the poor Heidelberg Consistorium, as they could not undertake to give-up their Church on request of his Serenity,—'How dare we, or can we?' answered they,—had been driven out by compulsion and stratagem. Partly strategic was the plan adopted, to avoid violence; smith's picklocks being employed, and also mason's crowbars: but the end was, On the 31st of August 1719, Consistorium and Congregation found themselves fairly in the street, and the *Heilige-Geist Kirche* clean gone from them. Screen of the Choir is torn down; one big Catholic edifice now; getting decorated into a Court Church, where Serene Highness may feel his mind comfortable.

The poor Heidelbergers, thus thrown into the street, made applications, lamentations; but with small prospect of help: to whom apply with any sure prospect? Remonstrances from Hessen-Cassel have proved unavailing with his bigoted Serene Highness. *Corpus Evangelicorum*, so presided over as at present, what can be had of such a Corpus? Long-winded lucubrations at the utmost; real action, in such a matter, none. Or will the Kaiser, his Jesuits advising him, interfere to do us justice? Kur-Mainz and the rest;—it is everywhere one story. Everywhere unhappy Protestantism getting bad usage, and ever worse; and no *Corpus Evangelicorum*, or appointed Watch-dog doing other than hang its ears, and look sorry for itself and us!—

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[1] Mauvillon, i. 340-345.

The Heidelbergers, however, had applied to Friedrich Wilhelm among others. Friedrich Wilhelm, who had long looked on these Anti-Protestant phenomena with increasing anger, found now that this of the Heidelberg Catechism and *Heilige-Geist Kirche* was enough to make one's patience run over. Your unruly Catholic bull, plunging about, and goring men in that mad absurd manner, it will behove that somebody take him by the horns, or by the tail, and teach him manners. Teach him, not by vocal precepts, it is likely, which would avail nothing on such a brute, but by practical cudgelling and scourging to the due pitch. Pacific Friedrich Wilhelm perceived that he himself would have to do that disagreeable feat:—the growl of him, on coming to such resolution, must have been consolatory to these poor Heidelbergers, when they applied!—His plan is very simple, as the plans of genius are; but a plan leading direct to the end desired, and probably the only one that would have done so, in the circumstances. Cudgel in hand, he takes the Catholic bull,—shall we say, by the horns?—more properly perhaps by the tail; and teaches him manners.

Friedrich Wilhelm's Method;—proves remedial in Heidelberg

Friedrich Wilhelm's first step, of course, was to remonstrate pacifically with his Serene Highness on the Heidelberg-Church affair: from this he probably expected nothing; nor did he get anything. Getting nothing from this, and the countenance of external Protestant Powers, especially of George I. and the Dutch, being promised him in ulterior measures, he directed his Administrative Officials in Magdeburg, in Minden, in Hamersleben, where are Catholic Foundations of importance, to assemble the Catholic Canons, Abbots, chief Priests and all whom it might concern in these three Places, and to signify to them as follows :

'From us, your Protestant Sovereign, you yourselves and all men will witness, you have hitherto had the best of usage, fair-play, according to the Laws of the *Reich*, and even more. With the Protestants of Heidelberg, on the part of the Catholic Powers, it is different. It must cease to be different ; it must become the same. And to make it do so, you are the implement I have. Sorry for it, but there is no other handy. From this day your Churches also are closed, your Public Worship ceases, and furthermore your Revenues cease ; and all makes dead halt, and falls torpid in respect of you. From this day ; and so continues, till the day (may it be soon !) when the Heidelberg Church of the Holy Ghost is opened again, and right done in that question. Be it yours to speed such day : it is you that can and will, you who know those high Catholic regions, inaccessible to your Protestant Sovereign. Till then you are as dead men ; temporarily fallen dead for a purpose. And herewith God have you in his keeping !'[1]

That was Friedrich Wilhelm's plan ; the simplest, but probably the one effectual plan. Infallible this plan, if you dare stand upon it ; which Friedrich Wilhelm does. He has a formidable Army, ready for fight ; a Treasury or Army-chest in good order. George I. seconds, according to bargain ; shuts the Catholic Church at Zelle in his Lüneberg Country, in like fashion ; Dutch, too, and Swiss will endorse the matter, should it grow too serious. All which, involving some diplomacy and correspondence, is managed with the due promptitude, moreover.[2] And so certain doors are locked ; and Friedrich Wilhelm's word, unalterable as gravitation, has gone forth. In this manner is the mad Catholic bull taken by the *tail*: keep fast hold, and apply your cudgel duly in that attitude, he will not gore you any more!

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[1] Mauvillon, i. 347, 349.

[2] Church of Zelle shut up, 4th November ; Minden, 28th November ; Monastery of Hamersleben, 3d December, etc. (Pütter, *Historische Entwickelung der heutigen Staatsverfassung des Teutschen Reichs*, Göttingen, 1788, ii. 384, 390).

The Magdeburg-Hamersleben people shrieked piteously; not to Friedrich Wilhelm, whom they knew to be deaf on that side of his head, but to the Kaiser, to the Pope, to the Serenity of Heidelberg. Serene Highness of Heidelberg was much huffed; Kaiser dreadfully so, and wrote heavy menacing rebukes. To which Friedrich Wilhelm listened with a minimum of reply; keeping firm hold of the tail, in such bellowing of the animal. The end was, Serene Highness had to comply; within three months, Kaiser, Serene Highness and the other parties interested, found that there would be nothing for it but to compose themselves, and do what was just. April 16th, 1720, the Protestants are reinstated in their *Heilige-Geist Kirche*; Heidelberg Catechism goes its free course again, May 16th; and one Baron Reck[1] is appointed Commissioner, from the *Corpus Evangelicorum*, to Heidelberg; who continues rigorously inspecting Church matters there for a considerable time, much to the grief of Highness and Jesuits, till he can report that all is as it should be on that head. Karl Philip felt so disgusted with these results, he removed his Court, that same year, to Mannheim; quitted Heidelberg; to the discouragement and visible decay of the place; and, in spite of humble petitions and remonstrances, never would return; neither he nor those that followed him would shift from Mannheim again, to this day.

Prussian Majesty has displeased the Kaiser and the King of Poland

Friedrich Wilhelm's praises from the Protestant public were great, on this occasion. Nor can we, who lie much farther from it in every sense, refuse him some grin of approval. Act, and manner of doing the act, are creditably of a piece with Friedrich Wilhelm; physiognomic of the rugged veracious man. It is one of several such acts done by him: for it was a duty apt to recur in Germany, in his day. This duty Friedrich Wilhelm, a solid Protestant after his sort, and convinced of the 'nothingness and nonsensicality (*Ungrund und Absurdität*) of Papistry,' was always honourably prompt to do. There is an honest bacon-and-greens conscience in the man; almost the one conscience you can find in any royal man of that day. Promptly, without tremulous counting of costs, he always starts up, solid as oak, on the occurrence of such a thing, and says, 'That is unjust; contrary to the Treaty of Westphalia; you will have to put down that!'—And if words avail not, his plan is always this same: Clap a similar thumbscrew, pressure equitably calculated, on the Catholics of Prussia; these can complain to their Popes and Jesuit Dignitaries: these are under thumbscrew till the Protestant pressure be removed. Which always did rectify the matter in a little time. One other of these instances, that of the Salzburg Protestants, the last such instance, as this of Heidelberg was the first, will by and by claim notice from us.

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[1] Michaelis, ii. 95; Pütter, ii. 384, 390; Buchholz, pp. 61-63.

It is very observable, how Friedrich Wilhelm, hating quarrels, was ever ready to turn out for quarrel on such an occasion; though otherwise conspicuously a King who staid well at home, looking after his own affairs; meddling with no neighbour that would be at peace with him. This properly is Friedrich Wilhelm's 'sphere of political activity' among his contemporaries, this small quasi-domestic sphere, of forbidding injury to Protestants. A most small sphere, but then a genuine one. nor did he seek even this, had it not forced itself upon him. And truly we might ask, What has become of the other more considerable 'spheres' in that epoch? The supremest loud-trumpeting 'political activities' which then filled the world and its newspapers, what has the upshot of them universally been? Zero and oblivion; no other. While this poor Friedrich-Wilhelm sphere is perhaps still a countable quantity. Wise is he who stays well at home, and does the duty he finds lying there!—

Great favour from the Protestant public: but, on the other hand, his Majesty had given offence in high places. What help for it? The thing was a point of conscience with him; natural to the surly Royal Overseer, going his rounds in the world, stick in hand! However, the Kaiser was altogether gloomy of brow at such disobedience. A Kaiser unfriendly to Friedrich Wilhelm . witness that of the *Ritter-Dienst* (our unreasonable Magdeburg Ritters, countenanced by him, on such terms, in such style too), and other offensive instances that could be given. Perhaps the Kaiser will not always continue gloomy of brow; perhaps the thoughts of the Imperial breast may alter, on our behalf or his own, one day?—

Nor could King August the Physically Strong be glad to see his 'Director' function virtually superseded, in this triumphant way. A year or two ago, Friedrich Wilhelm had with the due cautions and politic reserves, inquired of the *Corpus Evangelicorum*, 'If they thought the present Directorship (that of August the Physically Strong) a good one?' and 'Whether he, Friedrich Wilhelm, ought not perhaps himself to be Director?'—To which, though the answer was clear as noonday, this poor Corpus had only mumbled some '*Quieta non movere*,' or other wise-foolish saw; and helplessly shrugged its shoulders.[1] But King August himself,—though a jovial social kind of animal, quite otherwise occupied in the world; busy producing his Three-hundred and fifty-four Bastards there, and not careful of Church matters at all,—had expressed his indignant surprise. And now, it would seem nevertheless, though the title remains where it was, the function has fallen to another, who actually does it: a thing to provoke comparisons in the public.

Clement the Hungarian Forger, vendor of false statesecrets, is well hanged; went to the gallows (18th April 1720) with much circumstance, just two days before that Heidelberg Church was got reopened. But the suspicions sown by Clement cannot quite be abolished by the hanging of him: Forger indisputably; but who knows whether he had not something of fact for basis? What with Clement, what with this Heidelberg business, the Court of Berlin has fallen wrong with Dresden, with Vienna itself, and important clouds have risen.

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[1] 1717-1719, when August's *Kurprinz*, Heir-Apparent, likewise declared himself Papist, to the horror and astonishment of poor Saxony, and wedded the late Kaiser Joseph's Daughter:—not to Father August's horror; who was steering towards 'popularity in Poland,' 'hereditary Polish Crown,' etc. with the young man. (Buchholz, i. 53-56.)

There is an absurd Flame of War, blown out by Admiral Byng; and a new Man of Genius announces himself to the dim Populations.

The poor Kaiser himself is otherwise in trouble of his own, at this time. The Spaniards and he have fallen out, in spite of Utrecht Treaty and Rastadt ditto; the Spaniards have taken Sicily from him; and precisely in those days while Karl Philip took to shutting-up the *Heilige-Geist* Church at Heidelberg, there was, loud enough in all the Newspapers, silent as it now is, a 'Siege of Messina' going on; Imperial and Piedmontese troops doing duty by land, Admiral Byng still more effectively by sea, for the purpose of getting Sicily back. Which was achieved by and by, though at an extremely languid pace.[1] One of the most tedious Sieges; one of the paltriest languid Wars (of extreme virulence and extreme feebleness, neither party having any cash left), and for an object which could not be excelled in insignificance. Object highly interesting to Kaiser Karl VI. and Elizabeth Farnese Termagant Queen of Spain. These two were red, or even were pale, with interest in it; and to the rest of Adam's

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[1] Byng's Seafight, 10th August 1718 (Campbell's *Lives of the Admirals*, iii. 468); whereupon the Spaniards, who had hardly yet completed *their* capture of Messina, are besieged *in* it;—29th October 1719, Messina retaken (this is the 'Siege of Messina'): February 1720, Peace is clapt up (the chief article, that Alberoni shall be packed away), and a 'Congress of Cambrai' is to meet, and settle everything.

Posterity it was not intrinsically worth an ounce of gunpowder, many tons of that and of better commodities as they had to spend upon it. True, the Spanish Navy got well lamed in the business; Spanish Fleet blown mostly to destruction,—'Roads of Messina, 10th August 1718,' by the dextrous Byng (a creditable handy figure both in Peace and War) and his considerable Seafight there:—if that was an object to Spain or mankind, that was accomplished. But the 'War,' except that many men were killed in it, and much vain babble was uttered upon it, ranks otherwise with that of Don Quixote, for conquest of the enchanted Helmet of Mambrino, which when looked into proved to be a Barber's Basin.

Congress of Cambrai, and other high Gatherings and convulsive Doings, which all proved futile, and look almost like Lapland witchcraft now to us, will have to follow this futility of a War. It is the first of a long series of enchanted adventures, on which Kaiser Karl,—duelling with that Spanish Virago, Satan's Invisible World in the rear of her,—has now embarked, to the woe of mankind, for the rest of his life. The first of those terrifico-ludicrous paroxysms of crisis into which he throws the European Universe; he with his Enchanted Barber's-Basin enterprises;—as perhaps was fit enough, in an epoch presided over by the Nightmares. Congress of Cambrai is to follow; and much else equally spectral. About all which there will be enough to say anon! For it was a fearful operation, though a ludicrous one, this of the poor Kaiser; and it tormented not the big Nations only, and threw an absurd Europe into paroxysm after paroxysm; but it whirled up, in its wide-sweeping skirts, our little Fritz and his Sister, and almost dashed the lives out of them, as we shall see! Which last is perhaps the one claim it now has to a cursory mention from mankind.

Byng's Seafight, done with due dexterity of manœuvering, and then with due emphasis of broadsiding, decisive of that absurd War, and almost the one creditable action in it, dates itself 10th August 1718. And about three months later, on the mimic stage at Paris there came out a piece, *Œdipe* the title of it,[1] by one François Arouet, a young gentleman about twenty-two; and had such a run as seldom was;—apprising the French Populations that, to all appearance, a new man of genius had appeared among them (not intimating what work he would do); and greatly angering old M. Arouet of the Chamber of Accounts; who thereby found his Son as good as cast into the whirlpools, and a solid Law-career thenceforth impossible for the young fool.—The name of that 'M. Arouet junior' changes itself, some years hence, into *M. de Voltaire*; under which latter designation he will conspicuously reappear in this Narrative.

And now we will go to our little Crown-Prince again;—ignorant, he, of all this that is mounting up in the distance, and that it will envelop him one day.

CHAPTER XI

OF THE CROWN-PRINCE'S PROGRESS IN HIS SCHOOLING

WILHELMINA says,[2] her Brother was 'slow' in learning: we may presume, she means idle, volatile, not always prompt in fixing his attention to what did not interest him. Moreover, he was often weakly in health, as she herself adds; so that exertion was not recommendable for him. Herr von Loen (a witty Prussian Official, and famed man-of-letters once, though forgotten now) testifies expressly that the Boy was of bright parts, and that he made rapid progress. 'The Crown-Prince manifests in this tender age' (his seventh year) 'an uncommon capacity; nay we may say, something quite extraordinary (*etwas ganz Ausserordentliches*). He is a most alert and vivacious Prince; he has fine and sprightly manners; and shows a certain kindly sociality, and so affectionate a disposition that all things may be hoped of him. The French Lady who' (under Roucoulles) 'has had charge of his learning hitherto, cannot speak of him without enthusiasm. "*C'est un esprit angélique* (A little angel)," she is wont to say. He takes up, and learns, whatever is put before him, with the greatest facility.'[1]

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[1] 18th November 1718.

[2] *Mémoires*, i. 22.

For the rest, that Friedrich Wilhelm's intentions and Rhadamanthine regulations, in regard to him, were fulfilled in every point, we will by no means affirm. Rules of such exceeding preciseness, if grounded here and there only on the *sic-volo*, how could they be always kept, except on the surface and to the eye merely? The good Duhan, diligent to open his pupil's mind, and give Nature fair-play, had practically found it inexpedient to tie him too rigorously to the arbitrary formal departments where no natural curiosity, but only order from without, urges the ingenious pupil. What maximum strictness in school-drill there can have been, we may infer from one thing, were there no other: the ingenious Pupil's mode of *spelling*. Fritz learned to write a fine, free-flowing, rapid and legible business-hand; 'Arithmetic' too, 'Geography,' and many other Useful Knowledges that had some geniality of character, or attractiveness in practice, were among his acquisitions; much, very much he learned in the course of his life; but to *spell*, much more to punctuate, and subdue the higher mysteries of Grammar to himself, was always an unachievable perfection. He did improve somewhat in after life; but here is the length to which he had carried that necessary art in the course of nine-years' exertion, under Duhan and the subsidiary preceptors; it is in the following words and alphabetic letters that he gratefully bids Duhan farewell, —who surely cannot have been a very strict drill-sergeant in the arbitrary branches of schooling!

'*Mon cher Duhan Je Vous promais* (promets) *que quand j'aurez* (j'aurai) *mon propre argent en main, je Vous donnerez* (donnerai) *enuelement*

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[1] Von Loen *Kleine Schriften*, ii. 27 (as cited in Rödenbeck, No. iv. 479).

(annuellement) 2400 *ecu* (écus) *par an, et je vous aimerais* (aimerai) *toujour encor* (toujours encore) *un peu plus q'asteure* (qu'à cette heure) *s'il me l'est* (m'est) *posible* (possible).'

'My dear Duhan,—I promise to you, that when I shall have my money in my own hands, I will give you *annually* 2400 crowns' (say 350*l.*) '*every year*; and that I will love you always even a little more than at present, if that be possible.

'FRIDERIC P.R.' (Prince-Royal).

'*Potsdam le* 20 *de juin* 1727.' [1]

The Document has otherwise its beauty; but such is the spelling of it. In fact his Grammar, as he would himself now and then regretfully discern, in riper years, with some transient attempt or resolution to remedy or help it, seems to have come mainly by nature; so likewise his '*stylus*' both in French and German,—a very fair style, too, in the former dialect:—but as to his spelling, let him try as he liked, he never came within sight of perfection.

The things ordered with such rigorous minuteness, if but arbitrary things, were apt to be neglected; the things forbidden, especially in the like case, were apt to become doubly tempting. It appears, the prohibition of Latin gave rise to various attempts, on the part of Friedrich, to attain that desirable Language. Secret lessons, not from Duhan, but no doubt with Duhan's connivance, were from time to time undertaken with this view: once, it is recorded, the vigilant Friedrich Wilhelm, going his rounds, came upon Fritz and one of his Preceptors (not Duhan but a subaltern) actually engaged in this illicit employment. Friedrich himself was wont to relate this anecdote in after life.[2] They had Latin books, dictionaries, grammars on the table, all the contrabrand apparatus; busy with it there, like a pair of coiners taken in the fact. Among other Books was a copy of the Golden Bull of Kaiser Karl IV.,—*Aurea Bulla*, from the little golden *bullets* or pellets hung to it,—by which sublime Document, as perhaps we hinted long ago, certain so-called Fundamental Constitutions, or at least formalities and solemn practices, method of election, rule of precedence, and the like, of the Holy Roman Empire, had at last been settled on a sure footing, by that busy little Kaiser, some three-hundred and fifty years before; a Document venerable almost next to the Bible in Friedrich Wilhelm's loyal eyes. 'What is this; what are you venturing upon here?' exclaims Paternal Vigilance, in an astonished dangerous tone. '*Ihro Majestät, ich explicire dem Prinzen Auream Bullam*,' exclaimed the trembling pedagogue: 'Your Majesty, I am explaining *Aurea Bulla* (Golden Bull) to the Prince!'—'Dog, I will Golden-Bull you!' said his Majesty, flourishing his rattan, '*Ich will dich, Schurke, be-auream-bullam!*' which sent the terrified wretch off at the top of his speed, and ended the Latin for that time.[1]

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[1] Preuss, i. 22.

[2] Büsching, *Beiträge zu der Lebensgeschichte denkwürdiger Personen* v. 33. Preuss, i. 24.

Friedrich's Latin could never come to much, under these impediments. But he retained some smatterings of it in mature life; and was rather fond of producing his classical scraps,—often in an altogether mouldy, and indeed hitherto inexplicable condition. '*De gustibus non est disputandus*,' '*Beati possedentes*,' '*Compille intrare*,' '*Beat*us *pauperes spiritus*;' the meaning of these can be guessed. but '*Tot verbas tot spondera*,' for example, what can any commentator make of that? '*Festina lente*,' '*Dominus vobiscum*,' '*Flectamus genua*,' '*Quod bene notandum*'; these phrases too, and some three or four others of the like, have been riddled from his Writings by diligent men:[2] '*O tempora, O mores!* You see I don't forget my Latin,' writes he once.

The worst fruit of these contraband operations was, that they involved the Boy in clandestine practices, secret disobediences, apt to be found out from time to time, and tended to alienate his Father from him. Of which sad mutual humour we already find traces in that early Wusterhausen Document:

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[1] Förster, i. 356.

[2] Preuss (i. 24) furnishes the whole stock of them.

'Not to be so dirty,' says the reproving Father. And the Boy does not take to hunting at all, likes verses, story-books, flute-playing better; seems to be of effeminate tendencies, an *effeminirter Kerl*; affects French modes, combs-out his hair like a cockatoo, the foolish French fop, instead of conforming to the Army-regulation, which prescribes close-cropping and a club!

This latter grievance Friedrich Wilhelm decided, at last, to abate, and have done with; this, for one. It is an authentic fact, though not dated,—dating perhaps from about Fritz's fifteenth year. 'Fritz is a *Querpfeifer und Poet*,' not a Soldier! would his indignant Father growl; looking at those foreign effeminate ways of his. *Querpfeife*, that is simply 'German-flute,' '*Cross-pipe*' (or *fife* of any kind, for we English have thriftily made two useful words out of the Deutsch root); 'Cross-pipe,' being held *across* the mouth horizontally. Worthless employment, if you are not born to be of the regimental band! thinks Friedrich Wilhelm. Fritz is celebrated, too, for his fine foot; a dapper little fellow, altogether pretty in the eyes of simple female courtiers, with his blond locks combed-out at the temples, with his bright eyes, sharp wit and sparkling capricious ways. The cockatoo locks, these at least we will abate! decides the Paternal mind.

And so, unexpectedly, Friedrich Wilhelm has commanded these bright locks, as contrary to military fashion, of which Fritz has now unworthily the honour of being a specimen, to be ruthlessly shorn away. Inexorable: the *Hof-Chirurgus* (Court-Surgeon, of the nature of Barber-Surgeon), with scissors and comb, is here; ruthless Father standing by. Crop him, my jolly Barber; close down to the accurate standard; soaped club, instead of flowing locks; we suffer no exceptions in this military department: I stand here till it is done. Poor Fritz, they say, had tears in his eyes; but what help in tears? The judicious Chirurgus, however, proved merciful. The judicious Chirurgus struck in as if nothing loath, snack, snack; and made a great show of clipping. Friedrich Wilhelm took a newspaper till the job were done; the judicious Barber, still making a great show of work, combed back rather than cut off these Apollo locks; did Fritz accurately into soaped club, to the cursory eye; but left him capable of shaking-out his chevelure again on occasion,—to the lasting gratitude of Fritz.[1]

The Noltenius-and-Panzendorf Drill-exercise

On the whole, as we said, a youth needs good assimilating power, if he is to grow in this world! Noltenius and Panzendorf, for instance, they were busy 'teaching Friedrich religion.' Rather a strange operation this too, if we were to look into it. We will not look too closely. Another pair of excellent most solemn drill-sergeants, in clerical black serge; they also are busy instilling dark doctrines into the bright young Boy, so far as possible; but do not seem at any time to have made too deep an impression on him. May we not say that, in matter of religion too, Friedrich was but ill-bestead? Enlightened Edict-of-Nantes Protestantism, a cross between Bayle and Calvin: that was but indifferent babe's-milk to the little creature. Nor could Noltenius's Catechism, and ponderous drill-exercise in orthodox theology, much inspire a clear soul with pieties, and tendencies to soar Heavenward.

Alas, it is a dreary litter indeed, mere wagonload on wagonload of shot-rubbish, that is heaped round this new human plant, by Noltenius and Company, among others. A wonder only that they did not extinguish all Sense of the Highest in the poor young soul, and leave only a Sense of the Dreariest and Stupidest. But a healthy human soul can stand a great deal. The healthy soul shakes off, in an unexpectedly victorious manner, immense masses of dry rubbish that have been shot upon it by its assiduous pedagogues and professors. What would become of any of us otherwise! Duhan, opening the young soul, by such modest gifts as Duhan had, to recognise black from white a little, in this embroiled high Universe, is probably an exception in some small measure. But, Duhan excepted, it may be said to have been in spite of most of his teachers, and their diligent endeavours, that Friedrich did acquire some human piety; kept the sense of truth alive in his mind; *knew*, in whatever words he phrased it, the divine eternal nature of Duty; and managed, in the muddiest element and most eclipsed Age ever known, to steer by the heavenly loadstars and (so we must candidly term it) to *follow* God's Law, in some measure, with or without Noltenius for company.

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[1] Preuss, i. 16.

Noltenius's *Catechism*, or ghostly Drill-manual for Fritz, at least the Catechism he had plied Wilhelmina with, which no doubt was the same, is still extant.[1] A very abstruse Piece; orthodox Lutheran - Calvinist, all proved from Scripture; giving what account it can of this unfathomable Universe, to the young mind. To modern Prussians it by no means shines as the indubitablest Theory of the Universe. Indignant modern Prussians produce excerpts from it, of an abstruse nature; and endeavour to deduce therefrom some of Friedrich's aberrations in matters of religion, which became notorious enough by and by. Alas, I fear, it would not have been easy, even for the modern Prussian, to produce a perfect Catechism for the use of Friedrich; this Universe still continues a little abstruse!

And there is another deeper thing to be remarked · the notion of 'teaching' religion, in the way of drill-exercise; which is a very strange notion, though a common one, and not peculiar to Noltenius and Friedrich Wilhelm. Piety to God, the nobleness that inspires a human soul to struggle Heavenward, cannot be 'taught' by the most exquisite catechisms, or the most industrious preachings and drillings. No; alas, no. Only by far other methods,—chiefly by silent continual Example, silently waiting for the favourable mood and moment, and aided then by a kind of miracle, well enough named 'the grace of God,'--can that sacred contagion pass from soul into soul. How much beyond whole Libraries of orthodox Theology is, sometimes, the mute action, the unconscious look of a father, of a mother, who *had* in them 'Devoutness, pious Nobleness'! In whom the young soul, not unobservant, though not consciously observing, came at length to recognise it; to read it, in this irrefragable manner: a seed planted thenceforth in the centre of his holiest affections forevermore!

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[1] Preuss, i. 15;—specimens of it in Rödenbeck.

Noltenius wore black serge; kept the corners of his mouth well down; and had written a Catechism of repute; but I know not that Noltenius carried much seed of living piety about with him; much affection from, or for, young Fritz he could not well carry. On the whole, it is a bad outlook on the religious side; and except in Apprenticeship to the rugged and as yet repulsive Honesties of Friedrich Wilhelm, I see no good element in it. Bayle-Calvin, with Noltenius and Catechisms of repute: there is no 'religion' to be had for a little Fritz out of all that. Endless Doubt will be provided for him out of all that, probably disbelief of all that;—and, on the whole, if any form at all, a very scraggy form of moral existence; from which the Highest shall be hopelessly absent; and in which anything High, anything not Low and Lying, will have double merit.

It is indeed amazing what quantities and kinds of extinct ideas apply for belief, sometimes in a menacing manner, to the poor mind of man, and poor mind of child, in these days. They come bullying in upon him, in masses, as if they were quite living ideas; ideas of a dreadfully indispensable nature, the evident counterpart, and salutary interpretation, of Facts round him, which, it is promised the poor young creature, he *shall* recognise to correspond with them, one day. At which 'correspondence,' when the Facts are once well recognised, he has at last to ask himself with amazement, 'Did I ever recognise it, then?' Whereby come results incalculable; not good results any of them;—some of them unspeakably bad! The case of Crown-Prince Friedrich in Berlin is not singular; all cities and places can still show the like. And when it will end, is not yet clear. But that it ever should have begun, will one day be the astonishment. As if the divinest function of a human being were not even that of believing; of discriminating, with his god-given intellect, what is from what is not; and as if the point were, to render that either an impossible function, or else what we must sorrowfully call a revolutionary, rebellious and mutinous one. O Noltenius, O Panzendorf, do for pity's sake take away your Catechetical ware; and say either nothing to the poor young Boy, or some small thing he will find to be *beyond* doubt when he can judge of it! Fever, pestilence, are bad for the body; but Doubt, impious mutiny, doubly impious hypocrisy, are these nothing for the mind? Who would go about inculcating Doubt, unless he were far astray indeed, and much at a loss for employment?

But the sorest fact in Friedrich's schooling, the sorest, for the present, though it ultimately proved perhaps the most beneficent one, being well dealt with by the young soul, and nobly subdued to his higher uses, remains still to be set forth. Which will be a long business, first and last!

CHAPTER XII

CROWN-PRINCE FALLS INTO DISFAVOUR WITH PAPA

THOSE vivacities of young Fritz, his taste for music, finery, those furtive excursions into the domain of Latin and forbidden things, were distasteful and incomprehensible to Friedrich Wilhelm: Where can such things end? They begin in disobedience and intolerable perversity; they will be the ruin of Prussia and of Fritz!—Here, in fact, has a great sorrow risen. We perceive the first small cracks of incurable divisions in the royal household; the breaking-out of fountains of bitterness, which by and by spread wide enough. A young sprightly, capricious and vivacious Boy, inclined to self-will, had it been permitted; developing himself into foreign tastes, into French airs and ways; very ill seen by the heavy-footed practical Germanic Majesty.

The beginnings of this sad discrepancy are traceable from Friedrich's sixth or seventh year: 'Not so dirty, Boy!' And there could be no lack of growth in the mutual ill-humour, while the Boy himself continued growing; enlarging in bulk and in activity of his own. Plenty of new children come, to divide our regard withal, and more are coming; five new Princesses, wise little Ulrique the youngest of them (named of Sweden and the happy Swedish Treaty), whom we love much for her grave staid ways. Nay, next after Ulrique comes even a new Prince; August Wilhelm, ten years younger than Friedrich; and is growing up much more according to the paternal heart. Pretty children, all of them, more or less; and towardly, and comfortable to a Father;—and the worst of them a paragon of beauty, in comparison to perverse, clandestine, disobedient Fritz, with his French fopperies, flutings, and cockatoo fashions of hair!—

And so the silent divulsion, silent on Fritz's part, exploding loud enough now and then on his Father's part, goes steadily on, splitting ever wider; new offences ever superadding themselves. Till, at last, the rugged Father has grown to hate the son; and longs, with sorrowful indignation, that it were possible to make August Wilhelm Crown-Prince in his stead. This Fritz ought to fashion himself according to his Father's pattern, a well-meant honest pattern; and he does not! Alas, your Majesty, it cannot be. It is the new generation come; which cannot live quite as the old one did. A perennial controversy in human life; coeval with the genealogies of men.

This little Boy should have been the excellent paternal Majesty's exact counterpart; resembling him at all points, 'as a little sixpence does a big half-crown': but we perceive he cannot. This is a new coin, with a stamp of its own. A surprising *Friedrich d'or* this; and may prove a good piece yet; but will never be the half-crown your Majesty requires!—

Conceive a rugged thick-sided Squire Western, of supreme degree,—for this Squire Western is a hot Hohenzollern, and wears a crown royal;—conceive such a burly *ne-plus-ultra* of a Squire, with his broad-based rectitudes and surly irrefragabilities; the honest German instincts of the man, convictions certain as the Fates, but capable of no utterance, or next to none, in words; and that he produces a Son who takes unto Voltairism, piping, fiddling and belles-lettres, with apparently a total contempt for Grumkow and the giant-regiment! Sulphurous rage, in gusts or in lasting tempests, rising from a fund of just implacability, is inevitable. Such as we shall see.

The Mother, as mothers will, secretly favours Fritz; anxious to screen him in the day of high-wind. Withal she has plans of her own in regard to Fritz, and the others; being a lady of many plans. That of the 'Double-Marriage,' for example; of marrying her Prince and Princess to a Princess and Prince of the English-Hanoverian House; it was a pleasant eligible plan, consented to by Papa and the other parties; but when it came to be perfected by treaty, amid the rubs of external and internal politics, what new amazing discrepancies rose upon her poor children and her! Fearfully aggravating the quarrel of Father and Son, almost to the fatal point. Of that 'Double-Marriage,' whirled up in a universe of intriguing diplomacies, in the 'skirts of the Kaiser's huge Spectre-Hunt,' as we have called it, there will be sad things to say by and by.

Plans her Majesty has; and silently a will of her own. She loves all her children, especially Fritz, and would so love that they loved her.—For the rest, all along, Fritz and Wilhelmina are sure allies. We perceive they have fallen into a kind of cipher-speech;[1] they communicate with one another by telegraphic signs. One of their words, '*Ragotin* (Stumpy),' whom does the reader think it designates? Papa himself, the Royal Majesty of Prussia, Friedrich Wilhelm I., he to his rebellious children is tyrant 'Stumpy,' and no better; being indeed short of stature, and growing ever thicker, and surlier in these provocations!—

Such incurable discrepancies have risen in the Berlin Palace: fountains of bitterness flowing ever wider, till they made life all bitter for Son and for Father; necessitating the proud Son to hypocrisies towards his terrible Father, which were very foreign to the proud youth, had there been any other resource. But there was none, now or afterwards. Even when the young man, driven to reflection and insight by intolerable miseries, had begun to recognise the worth of his surly Rhadamanthine Father, and the intrinsic wisdom of much that he had meant with him, the Father hardly ever could, or could only by fits, completely recognise the Son's worth. Rugged suspicious Papa requires always to be humoured, cajoled, even when our feeling towards him is genuine and loyal. Friedrich, to the last, we can perceive, has to assume masquerade in addressing him, in writing to him,—and, in spite of real love, must have felt it a relief when such a thing was *over*.

That is, all along, a sad element of Friedrich's education! Out of which there might have come incalculable damage to the young man, had his naturally assimilative powers, to extract benefit from all things, been less considerable. As it was, he gained self-help from it; gained reticence, the power to keep his own counsel; and did not let the hypocrisy take hold of him, or be other than a hateful compulsory masquerade. At an uncommonly early age, he stands before us accomplished in endurance, for one thing; a very bright young Stoic of his sort; silently prepared for the injustices of men and things. And as for the masquerade, let us hope it was essentially foreign even to the skin of the man! The reader will judge as he goes on. '*Je n'ai jamais trompé personne durant ma vie*, I have never deceived anybody during my life; still less will I deceive posterity,'[1] writes Friedrich when his head was now grown very gray.

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[1] *Mémoires de Bareith*, i. 168.

CHAPTER XIII

RESULTS OF THE CROWN-PRINCE'S SCHOOLING

NEITHER as to intellectual culture, in Duhan's special sphere, and with all Duhan's goodwill, was the opportunity extremely golden. It cannot be said that Friedrich, who *spells* in the way we saw, '*asteure*' for '*à cette heure*,' has made shining acquisitions on the literary side. However, in the longrun it becomes clear, his intellect, roving on devious courses, or plodding along the prescribed tram-roads, had been wide awake; and busy all the while, bringing-in abundant pabulum of an irregular nature.

He did learn 'Arithmetic,' 'Geography,' and the other useful knowledges that were indispensable to him. He knows History extensively; though rather the Roman, French, and general European as the French have taught it him, than that of 'Hessen, Brunswick, England,' or even the 'Electoral and Royal House of Brandenburg,' which Papa had recommended. He read History, where he could find it readable, to the end of his life; and had early begun reading it,—immensely eager to learn, in his little head, what strange things had been, and were, in this strange Planet he was come into.

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[1] *Mémoires depuis la Paix de Hubertsbourg*, 1763-1774 (Avant-Propos), *Œuvres*, vii. 8.

We notice with pleasure a lively taste for facts in the little Boy; which continued to be the taste of the Man, in an eminent degree. Fictions he also knows; an eager extensive reader of what is called Poetry, Literature, and himself a performer in that province by and by: but it is observable how much of Realism there always is in his Literature; how close, here as elsewhere, he always hangs on the practical truth of things; how Fiction itself is either an expository illustrative garment of Fact, or else is of no value to him. Romantic readers of his Literature are much disappointed in consequence, and pronounce it bad Literature;—and sure enough, in several senses, it is not to be called good! Bad Literature, they say; shallow, barren, most unsatisfactory to a reader of romantic appetites. Which is a correct verdict, as to the romantic appetites and it. But to the man himself, this quality of mind is of immense moment and advantage; and forms truly the basis of all he was good for in life. Once for all, he has no pleasure in dreams, in particoloured clouds and nothingnesses. All his curiosities gravitate towards what exists, what has being and reality round him. That is the significant thing to him; that he would right gladly know, being already related to that, as friend or as enemy; and feeling an unconscious indissoluble kinship, who shall say of what importance, towards all that. For he too is a little Fact, big as can be to himself; and in the whole Universe there exists nothing as fact but is a fellow-creature of his.

That our little Fritz tends that way, ought to give Noltenius, Finkenstein and other interested parties, the very highest satisfaction. It is an excellent symptom of his intellect, this of gravitating irresistibly towards realities. Better symptom of its quality (whatever *quantity* there be of it), human intellect cannot show for itself. However it may go with Literature, and satisfaction to readers of romantic appetites, this young soul promises to become a successful

Worker one day, and to *do* something under the Sun. For work is of an extremely unfictitious nature; and no man can roof his house with clouds and moonshine, so as to turn the rain from him.

It is also to be noted that his style of French, though he spelt it so ill, and never had the least mastery of punctuation, has real merit. Rapidity, easy vivacity, perfect clearness, here and there a certain quaint expressiveness: on the whole, he had learned the Art of Speech, from those old French Governesses, in those old and new French Books of his. We can also say of his Literature, of what he hastily wrote in mature life, that it has much more worth, even as Literature, than the common romantic appetite assigns to it. A vein of distinct sense, and good interior articulation, is never wanting in that thin-flowing utterance. The true is well riddled out from amid the false; the important and essential are alone given us, the unimportant and superfluous honestly thrown away. A lean wiry veracity (an immense advantage in any Literature, good or bad!) is everywhere beneficently observable; the *quality* of the intellect always extremely good, whatever its quantity may be.

It is true, his spelling,—'*asteure*' for '*à cette heure*,'—is very bad. And as for punctuation, he never could understand the mystery of it; he merely scatters a few commas and dashes, as if they were shaken out of a pepper-box upon his page, and so leaves it. These are deficiencies lying very bare to criticism; and I confess I never could completely understand them in such a man. He that would have ordered arrest for the smallest speck of mud on a man's buff-belt, indignant that any pipe-clayed portion of a man should not be perfectly pipe-clayed: how could he tolerate false spelling, and commas shaken as out of a pepper-box over his page? It is probable he cared little about Literature, after all; cared, at least, only about the essentials of it; had practically no ambition for himself, or none considerable, in that kind;—and so might reckon exact obedience and punctuality, in a soldier, more important than good spelling to an amateur literary man. He never minded snuff upon his own chin, not even upon his waistcoat and breeches: A merely superficial thing, not worth bothering about, in the press of real business!—

That Friedrich's Course of Education did on the whole prosper, in spite of every drawback, is known to all men. He came out of it a man of clear and ever-improving intelligence; equipped with knowledge, true in essentials, if not punctiliously exact, upon all manner of practical and speculative things, to a degree not only unexampled among modern Sovereign Princes so-called, but such as to distinguish him even among the studious class. Nay many 'Men-of-Letters' have made a reputation for themselves with but a fraction of the real knowledge concerning men and things, past and present, which Friedrich was possessed of. Already at the time when action came to be demanded of him, he was what we must call a well-informed and cultivated man; which character he never ceased to merit more and more; and as for the action, and the actions,—we shall see whether he was fit for these or not.

One point of supreme importance in his Education was all along made sure of, by the mere presence and presidence of Friedrich Wilhelm in the business: That there was an inflexible law of discipline everywhere active in it; that there was a Spartan rigour, frugality, veracity inculcated upon him. 'Economy he is to study to the bottom'; and not only so, but, in another sense of the word, he is to practise economy; and does, or else suffers for not doing it. Economic of his time, first of all: generally every other noble economy will follow out of that, if a man once understand and practise that. Here was a truly valuable foundation laid; and as for the rest, Nature, in spite of shot-rubbish, had to do what she could in the rest.

But Nature had been very kind to this new child of hers. And among the confused hurtful elements of his Schooling, there was always, as we say, this eminently salutary and most potent one, of its being, in the gross, *an Apprenticeship to Friedrich Wilhelm* the Rhadamanthine Spartan King, who hates from his heart all empty Nonsense, and Unveracity most of all. Which one element, well aided by docility, by openness and loyalty of mind, on the Pupil's part, proved at length sufficient to conquer the others; as it were to burn-up all the others, and reduce their sour dark smoke, abounding everywhere, into flame and illumination mostly. This radiant swift-paced Son owed much to the surly, irascible, sure-footed Father that bred him. Friedrich did at length see into Friedrich Wilhelm, across the abstruse, thunderous, sulphurous embodiments and accompaniments of the man;—and proved himself, in all manner of important respects, the filial sequel of Friedrich Wilhelm. These remarks of a certain Editor are perhaps worth adding:

'Friedrich Wilhelm, King of Prussia, did not set-up for a Pestalozzi; and the plan of Education for his Son is open to manifold objections. Nevertheless, as Schoolmasters go, I much prefer him to most others we have at present. The wild man had discerned, with his rugged natural intelligence (not wasted away in the idle element of speaking and of being spoken to, but kept wholesomely silent for most part), That human education is not, and cannot be, a thing of *vocables*. That it is a thing of earnest facts; of capabilities developed, of habits established, of dispositions well dealt with, of tendencies confirmed and tendencies repressed:—a laborious separating of the character into two *firmaments*; shutting down the subterranean, well down and deep; an earth and waters, and what lies under them; then your everlasting azure sky, and immeasurable depths of æther, hanging serene overhead. To make of the human soul a Cosmos, so far as possible, that was Friedrich Wilhelm's dumb notion: not to leave the human soul a mere Chaos;—how much less a Singing or eloquently Spouting Chaos, which is ten times worse than a Chaos left *mute*, confessedly chaotic and not cosmic! To develop the man into *doing* something; and withal into doing it as the Universe and the Eternal Laws require,—which is but another name for really doing and not merely seeming to do it:—that was Friedrich Wilhelm's dumb notion: and it was, I can assure you, very far from being a foolish one, though there was no Latin in it, and much of Prussian pipeclay!'

But the Congress of Cambrai is met, and much else is met and parted: and the Kaiser's Spectre-Hunt, especially his Duel with the She-Dragon of Spain, is in full course; and it is time we were saying something of the Double-Marriage in a directly narrative way.

END OF VOL. I

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